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ARYAN MYTHOLOGY.

VOL. II.

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THE MYTHOLOGY

OF

THE ARYAN NATIONS.

BY

illiam

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE MYTHOLOGY

OF

THE ARYAN NATIONS.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

THE LIGHT.

SECTION VII.—APHRODITÊ.

CHAP. II.

Birth of Aphroditê.

THE story told in the Hesiodic Theogony is manifestly a comparatively late form of the legend of Aphroditê. Yet it resolves itself almost at the first touch into the early mythical phrases. From the blood of the mutilated Ouranos which fell upon the sea sprang the beautiful goddess who made Kythêra and Kypros her home, as Phoibos dwelt in Lykia and in Delos. This is but saying in other words that the morning, the child of the heaven, springs up first from the sea,[1] as Athênê also is born by the water-side. But as Athênê became the special embodiment of the keen wisdom which Phoibos alone shared with her, so on Aphroditê, the child of the froth or foam of the sea, was lavished all the wealth of words denoting the loveliness of the morning; and thus the Hesiodic poet goes on at once to say that the grass sprung up under her feet as she moved, that Erôs, Love, walked by her side, and Himeros, Longing, followed after her.[1] At her birth she is not only the beautiful Anadyomene of Apelles, as the sun whom Selênê comes to greet is Endymiôn,[2] but she is also Enalia and Pontia, the deity of the deep sea.[3] In our Iliad and Odyssey the myth is scarcely yet crystallised. In the former poem Aphroditê is the daughter of Zeus and Dionê, in whom was seen the mother of Dionysos after her resurrection. In the Odyssey she is the wife of Hephaistos, whose love for Arês forms the subject of the lay of Demodokos. Here she is attended by the Charites who wash her and anoint her with oil at Paphos. In the Iliad, however, the wife of Hephaistos is Charis, and thus we are brought back to the old myth in which both Charis and Aphroditê are mere names for the glistening dawn. In Charis we have simply the brilliance produced by fat or ointment,[4] which is seen again in Liparai Athenai, the gleaming city of the morning. In the Vedic hymns this epithet has already passed from the dawn or the sun to the shining steeds which draw their chariot, and the Haris and Harits are the horses of Indra, the sun, and the dawn, as the Rohits are the horses of Agni, the fire.[5] Thus also the single Charis of the Iliad is converted into the

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[1] We have already seen, vol. i. p. 358, that Kronos is a mere creation from the older and misunderstood epithet Kronides or Kroniôn, the ancient of days, but that when these days, or time, had come to be regarded as a person, the myth would certainly follow that he devoured his own children, as time is the devourer of the dawns. So too, as the dawn and the morning are born from the heaven, the mutilation of Ouranos or Kronos would inevitably be suggested. The idea is seen in another form in the splitting of the head of Zeus before the birth of Athênê.

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[1] *Theog.* 194–201.

[2] The words tell each its own story, the one denoting uprising from water, as the other denotes the down-plunging into it, the root being found also in the English *dive*, and the German *taufen*.

[3] This notion is seen in the strange myth of transformations in which to escape from Typhon in the war between Zeus and the Titans, Aphroditê, like Phoibos and Onnes, Thetis or Proteus, assumes the form of a fish. Ov. *Met.* v. 331. With this idea there is probably mingled in this instance that notion of the vesica piscis as the emblem of generation, and denoting the special function of Aphroditê. The same emblematical form is seen in the kestos or cestus of Aphroditê, which answers to the necklace of Harmonia or Eriphylê. This cestus has the magic power of inspiring love, and is used by Hêrê, when she wishes to prevent Zeus from marring her designs.

[4] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 369, 375. The Latin Gratia belongs to the same root, which yields—as has been already noticed—our 'grease.' Objections founded on any supposed degrading association of ideas in this connection are themselves unworthy and trivial. Professor Müller remarks that 'as fat and greasy infants grow into airy fairy Lilians, so do words and ideas,' and that 'the Psalmist does not shrink from even bolder metaphors,' as in Psalm cxxxiii. That the root which thus supplied a name for Aphroditê should also be employed to denote gracefulness or charm in general, is strictly natural. Thus the Sanskrit arka is a name not only for the sun, but also for a hymn of praise, while the cognate arkshas denoted the shining stars.

[5] Max Müller, *ib.* 370.

Charites of the Odyssey, the graceful beings whose form in Hellenic mythology is always human.[1]

The ministers of Aphroditê.

With this origin of the name Charis all the myths which have gathered round the Charites are in the closest agreement; and they do but resolve themselves, somewhat monotonously, into expressions denoting the birth of the morning from the heavens or the sky, and the sea or the waters. In the Hesiodic Theogony, the Charis who is the wife of Hephaistos is called Aglaia (the shining), whose name is also that of Aiglê, Glaukos, and Athênê of the bright face (Glaukôpis). In other versions their mother is herself Aiglê, who here becomes a wife of Phoibos; in others again she is Eurydomene, or Eurynome, names denoting with many others the broad flush of the morning light; or she is Lêthê, as Phoibos is also a son of Lêtô, and the bright Dioskouroi spring from the colourless Leda. So too the two Spartan Charites are, like Phaethousa and Lampetiê, Klêtê and Phaenna (the clear and glistening). But beautiful though they all might be, there would yet be room for rivalry or comparison, and thus the story of the judgment of Paris is repeated in the sentence by which Teiresias adjudged the prize of beauty to Kalê, the fair. The seer in this case brings on himself a punishment which answers to the ruin caused by the verdict of Paris.[2]

The arrows of Aphroditê.

As the goddess of the dawn, Aphroditê is endowed with arrows irresistible as those of Phoibos or Achilleus, the rays which stream like spears from the flaming sun and are as fatal to the darkness as the arrows of Aphroditê to the giant Polyphemos. Nay, like Ixîon himself, she guides the four-spoked wheel, the golden orb at its first rising: but she does not share his punishment, for Aphroditê is not seen in the blazing noontide.[3] In her brilliant beauty she is Arjunî, a name which appears again in that of Arjuna, the companion of Krishna, and the Hellenic Argynnis.

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[1] Professor Müller, *Lect.* 372. remarks that in Greek the name Charis never means a horse, and that 'it never passed through that phase in the mind of the Greek poets which is so familiar in the poetry of the Indian bards.' But the Greek notion, he observes, had at the least dawned on the mind of the Vedic poets, for in one hymn the Harits are called the Sisters, and in another are represented with beautiful wings.

[2] Sostratos ap. Eustath. ad Hom. p. 1665. Smith, *Dictionary of Greek and Rom. Biography*, s. v. Charis.

[3] Pind. *Pyth.* iv. 380.

Her children.

But the conception of the morning in the form of Aphroditê exhibits none of the severity which marks the character of Athênê. She is the dawn in all her loveliness and splendour, but the dawn not as unsullied by any breath of passion, but as waking all things into life, as the great mother who preserves and fosters all creatures in whom is the breath of life. She would thus be associated most closely with those forms under which the phenomena of reproduction were universally set forth. She would thus be a goddess lavish of her smiles and of her love, most benignant to her closest imitators; and as the vestals of Athens showed forth the purity of the Zeus-born goddess, so the Hierodouloi of Corinth would exhibit the opposite sentiment, and answer to the women who assembled in the temples of the Syrian Mylitta. The former is really Aphroditê Ourania; the latter the Aphroditê known by the epithet Pandêmos. Aphroditê is thus the mother of countless children, not all of them lovely and beautiful like herself, for the dawn may be regarded as sprung from the darkness, and the evening (Eôs) as the mother of the darkness again. Hence like Echidna and Typhon, Phobos and Deimos (fear and dread) are among the offspring whom the bright Paphian goddess bore to Ares, while Priapos and Bacchos are her children by Dionysos. Nor is her love confined to undying gods. The so-called Homeric hymn tells the story how in the guise of a simple maiden she came to the folds where the Trojan Anchises was tending his flocks, and how Aineias was born, whom the nymphs loved by the Seilenoi and Hermes the Argos-Slayer tended and cherished.[1]

Share of Aphroditê in the Trojan war.

In the Iliad, Aphroditê, as the mother of Aineias, fights on the side of Ilion, not so much because she has any keen wish for the victory of the one side rather than the other, as because she desires to preserve her child and make him a father of many nations. Nowhere in fact do we more clearly see the disintegration of the earliest myths than in the part which the several deities play in the long struggle before the walls of Ilion. That struggle is strictly the desperate strife which is to avenge the wrongs and woes of Helen and to end in her return to her ancient home in the west,—the return of the beautiful dawnlight, whom the powers of darkness had borne away from the western heavens in the evening. It is unnecessary to do more here than to refer to the evidence by which this conclusion may be regarded as proved; but it follows hence that not only is the faithless Helen the Saramâ whom the dark beings vainly try to seduce in the hymns of the Veda, but Paris is Paṇi, the cheat and the thief, who steals away and shuts up the light in his secret lurking-place. Thus in the early and strict form of the myth, Helen is all light and Paris is all blackness; and his kinsfolk are the robbers which are associated with the great seducer. Hence we should expect that on the side of the Trojans there would be only the dark and forbidding gods, on the side of the Achaians only those who dwell in the ineffable light of Olympos. The latter is indeed the case: but although Hêrê, the queen of the pure ether, is the zealous guardian of the Argive hosts, and Athênê gives strength to the weapons and wisdom to the hearts of Achilleus and Odysseus, yet Apollôn and Aphroditê are not partakers in their counsels. Throughout, the latter is anxious only for the safety of her child, and Apollôn encourages and comforts the noble and self-devoted Hektor. There was in truth nothing in the old mythical phrases which could render this result either impossible or unlikely. The victory of the Achaians might be the victory of the children of the sun over the dark beings who have deprived them of their brilliant treasure, but there was no reason why on each hero, on either side, there should not rest something of the lustre which surrounds the forms of Phoibos, Herakles, Perseus, and Bellerophôn. There might be a hundred myths inwoven into the history of either side, so long as this was done without violating the laws of mythical credibility. Glaukos must not himself take part in the theft of Helen: but if local tradition made him a Lykian chief not only in a mythical but also in a geographical sense, there was no reason why he should not leave his home to repel the enemies of Priam. Phoibos must not so far turn the course of events as to secure the triumph of Paris: but he might fairly be regarded as the supporter and guide of the generous and self-sacrificing Hektor. Hence when the death day of Hektor has come, Apollôn leaves him, reluctantly it may be, but still he abandons him while Athênê draws near to Achilleus to nerve him for the final conflict.[1] So again, Aphroditê may wrap Aineias in mist and thus withdraw him from the fight which was going against him; but she must not herself smite his enemy Diomêdês, and the Achaian must be victor even at the cost of the blood which flows within her own veins. But when the vengeance of Achilleus is accomplished, she may again perform her own special work for the fallen Hektor. The dawn is the great preserver, purifier, and restorer; and hence though the body of Hektor had been tied by the feet to Achilleus' chariot wheels and trailed in the defiling dust,[2] still all that is unseemly is cleansed away and the beauty of death brought back by Aphroditê, who keeps off all dogs and anoints him with the ambrosial oil which makes all decay impossible, while Phoibos shrouds the body in a purple mist, to temper the fierce heat of the midday sun.[3] It is true that this kindly office, by which the bodies of Chundun Rajah and Sodewa Bai are preserved in the Hindu fairy tales, is performed for the body of Patroklos by Thetis: but Thetis, like Athênê and Aphroditê, is herself the child of the waters, and the mother of a child whose bright career and early doom is, like that of Meleagros, bound up with the brilliant but short-lived day.

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[1] *Hymn to Aphroditê*, 258.

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[1] The importance of the subject warrants my repeating that too great a stress cannot be laid on this passage of the Iliad (xxii. 213). With an unfairness which would be astounding if we failed to remember that Colonel Mure had an hypothesis to maintain which must be maintained at all costs, the author of the *Critical History of Greek Literature* thought fit to glorify Achilleus and vilify Hektor, on the ground that the latter overcame Patroklos only because he was aided by Phoibos, while the former smote down Hektor only in fair combat and by his own unaided force. But in point of fact Achilleus cannot slay his antagonist until Phoibos has deserted him, and no room whatever is left for any comparison which may turn the balance in favour of either warrior. In neither case are the conditions with which we are dealing the conditions of human life, nor can the heroes be judged by the scales in which mankind must be weighed. Nay, not only does Phoibos leave Hektor to his own devices, but Athênê cheats him into resisting Achilleus, when perhaps his own sober sense would have led him to retreat within the walls. *Il.* xxii. 231.

[2] *Il.* xxii. 396. Yet it has been gravely asserted that 'Homer knows nothing of any deliberate insults to the body of Hektor, or of any barbarous indignities practised upon it.'

[3] *Il.* xxiii. 185–191.

Aphroditê and Adonis.

But the dawn as bringing back the sun and thus recalling to life the slumbering powers of nature is especially the lover of the bright fruits and flowers which gladden her brilliant pathway. In other words, Aphroditê loves Adonis, and would have him for ever with her. The word Adonis is manifestly Semitic, and the influence of Asiatic thought may be readily admitted in the later developements of this myth; but the myth itself is one which must be suggested to the inhabitants of every country where there is any visible alternation or succession of seasons. There is nothing in the cultus of Tammuz which may not be found in that of Dêmêtêr or Baldur, if we except its uncontrolled licentiousness. It is scarcely necessary to go through all the details of the later mythographers,—not one of which, however, presents any real discordance with the oldest forms of the legend. Adonis, as denoting the fruitfulness and the fruits of the earth, must spring from its plants, and so the story ran that he was born from the cloven body of his mother who had been changed into a tree, as Athênê sprang from the cloven head of Zeus. The beautiful babe, anointed by the Naiads with his mother's tears (the dews of spring-time) as the tears of Eôs fall for her dead son Memnôn, was placed in a chest and put into the hands of Persephonê, the queen of the underworld, who, marking his wonderful loveliness, refused to yield up her charge to Aphroditê.[1] It is the seeming refusal of the wintry powers to loosen their clutch and let go their hold of the babe which cannot thrive until it is released from their grasp. But the Dawn is not thus to be foiled, and she carries her complaint to Zeus, who decides that the child shall remain during four months of each year with Persephonê, and for four he should remain with his mother, while the remaining four were to be at his own disposal. In a climate like that of Greece the myth would as inevitably relate that these four months he spent with Aphroditê, as on the fells of Norway it would run that he was compelled to spend them in Niflheim. Still the doom is upon him. He must beware of all noxious and biting beasts. The fair summer cannot longer survive the deadly bite of winter than Little Surya Bai the piercing of the Raksha's claw, or Baldur withstand the mistletoe of Loki. Like Atys the fair and brave, he is to meet his death in a boar-hunt; and the bite, which only leaves a life-long mark on the body of Odysseus, brings to an end the dream of Aphroditê. In vain she hastens to stanch the wound. The flowers (the last lingering flowers of autumn) spring up from the nectar which she pours into it, but Adonis the beautiful must die. Once again she carries the tale of her sorrow to Zeus, who grants her some portion of her prayer. Adonis may not, like Memnôn or like Sarpêdôn (for in some versions he also is raised again), dwell always in the halls of Olympos, but for six months in the year he may return to cheer Aphroditê as, in the Eleusinian legend, Persephonê is restored to the arms of Dêmêtêr. Of the love of Aphroditê for Boutes it is enough to say that Boutes, the shepherd, is a priest of the dawn-goddess Athênê, who, as the Argonauts approach within hearing of the Seirens, throws himself into the sea, but is saved by Aphroditê and carried away to Lilybaion.[1]

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[1] In short Persephonê refuses to give up the treasure which the dragon so jealously guards on the Glistening Heath.

The armed Aphroditê.

Lastly, Aphroditê may assume a form as stern and awful as that of Athênê herself. As Duhita Divah, the daughter of the sky, is invincible, so Aphroditê, as the child of Ouranos and Hemera, the heaven and the day, has a power which nothing can resist, and the Spartan worshipped her as a conquering goddess clad in armour and possessing the strength which the Athenian poet ascribes to Erôs the invincible in battle.[2]

The Latin Venus.

The Latin Venus is, in strictness of speech, a mere name, to which any epithet might be attached according to the conveniences or the needs of the worshipper. The legends which the later poets applied to her are mere importations from Greek mythology, and seem to be wholly unnoticed in earlier Roman tradition. When the Roman began to trace his genealogy to the grandson of Priam, the introduction of the story of Anchises was followed naturally by other myths from the same source; but they found no congenial soil in the genuine belief of the people, for whom a profusion of epithets supplied the place of mythical history. With them it was enough to have a Venus Myrtea (a name of doubtful origin), or Cloacina the purifier, barbata, the bearded, militaris, equestris, and a host of others, whose personality was too vague to call for any careful distinction.

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[1] Apollod. i. 9, 25.

[2] Soph. *Ant.* 781.

Meaning of the name.

The name itself has been, it would seem with good reason, connected with the Sanskrit root van, to desire, love, or favour. Thus, in the Rig Veda, girvanas means loving invocations, and yajnavanas loving sacrifices, while the common Sanskrit preserves vanita in the sense of a beloved woman. To the same root belong the Anglo-Saxon wynn, pleasure, the German wonne, and the English winsome. The word Venus, therefore, denotes either love or favour. To the former signification belongs the Latin venustas; to the latter the verb veneror, to venerate, in other words, to seek the favour of any one, venia being strictly favour or permission.[2] Venus was probably not the oldest, and certainly not the only name for the goddess of love in Italy, as the Oscan deity was named Herentas.

Adonis and Dionysos.

The myth of Adonis links the legends of Aphroditê with those of Dionysos. Like the Theban wine-god, Adonis is born only on the death of his mother: and the two myths are in one version so far the same that Dionysos like Adonis is placed in a chest which being cast into the sea is carried to Brasiai, where the body of his mother is buried. But like Memnôn and the Syrian Tammuz or Adonis, Semêlê is raised from the underworld and on her assumption receives the name of Dionê.

SECTION VIII.—HÊRÊ.

Myths relating to the birth of Hêrê.

In the Hellenic mythology Hêrê, in spite of all the majesty with which she is sometimes invested and the power

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[1] From cluere = κλύζειν, to wash or cleanse. Most of these epithets lie beyond the region of mythology. They are mere official names, like Venus Calva, which seemingly has reference to the practice of devoting to her a lock of the bride's hair on the day of marriage.

[2] I am indebted for this explanation to Professor Aufrecht through the kindness of Dr. Muir.

which is sometimes exercised by her, is little more than a being of the same class with Kronos. The same necessity which produced the one evoked the other. Zeus must have a father, and the name of this father was suggested by the epithet Kronides or Kronion. In like manner he must have a wife, and her name must denote her abode in the pure and brilliant ether. Accordingly the name Hêrê points to the Sanskrit svar, the gleaming heaven, and the Zend hvar, the sun, which in Sanskrit appears in the kindred form Sûrya, and in Latin as Sol.[1] She is thus strictly the consort of Zeus, with rather the semblance than the reality of any independent powers. In the Iliad she speaks of herself as the eldest daughter of Kronos, by whom, like the rest of his progeny, she was swallowed, and as having been given by Rheia into the charge of Okeanos and Tethys, who nursed and tended her after Kronos had been dethroned and imprisoned by Zeus beneath the earth and sea.[2] This myth passed naturally into many forms, and according to some she was brought up by the daughters of the river Asterion (a phrase which points to the bright blue of heaven coming into sight in the morning over the yet starlit waters), while others gave her as her nurses the beautiful Horai,[3] to whose charge are committed the gates of heaven, the clouds which they scatter from the summits of Olympos and then bring to it again.[4] In other words, the revolving seasons all sustain the beauty and the splendour of the bright ether. When she became the bride of Zeus, she presented him with the golden apples, the glistening clouds of the morning,[5] guarded first by the hundred-headed offspring of Typhon and Echidna, and afterwards by Aiglê, Erytheia, Hestia and Arethousa, the glistening children of Hesperos, whether in Libya or in the Hyperborean gardens of Atlas.[1]

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[1] Welcker, *Griechische Götterlehre*, i. 363, regards the name as a cognate form of ἔρα, earth, and traces it through a large number of words which he supposes to be akin to it. Of this and other explanations, Preller, who refers the name to the Sanskrit svar, says briefly 'Die gewöhnlichen Erklärungen von ἔρα, die Erde, oder von ἀὴρ, die Luft, oder Ἥρα, d. i. Hera, die Frau, die Herrin schlechthin, lassen sich weder etymologisch noch dem Sinne nach rechtfertigen.'—*Griechische Mythologie*, i. 124.

[2] *Il.* xiv. 201.

[3] *Paus.* ii. 13, 3.

[4] In this case we have the authority of the *Iliad* itself for an interpretation which would otherwise be probably censured as a violent straining of the text: but the office of the gatekeeper of Olympos is expressly stated to be

ἠμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἠδ' ἐπιθεῖναι·
v. 751.

Preller, *Gr. Myth.* 374.

[5] This myth, which arose from the confusion of the word μῆλον, an apple, with μῆλον, a sheep, is really only another form of the legend which gave the story of Phaethousa and Lampetiê.

Relations of Zeus and Hêrê.

Throughout the Iliad, which makes no mention of this incident, the will of Hêrê, though compelled to submit, is by no means always in harmony with the will of Zeus. The Argives, the children of the bright evening land, are exclusively the objects of her love; and the story of the judgment of Paris was designed to furnish a reason for this exclusive favour. So the tale went that when the gods were assembled at the marriage board of Thetis and Peleus, Eris flung on the table a golden apple to be given to the fairest of the fair. The trial which follows before the shepherd of Ida (the sun still resting on the slopes of the earth which he loves) is strictly in accordance with the mythical characters of Hêrê and Athênê, as well as of Aphroditê, to whom, as the embodiment of the mere physical loveliness of the dawn (apart from the ideas of wisdom or power underlying the conceptions of Hêrê and Athênê), the golden prize is awarded. Henceforth Aphroditê threw in her weight on the side of the Trojans, while Athênê and Hêrê gave their aid to the kinsfolk or the avengers of Helen. But the way was not so clear to Zeus as it seemed to be to Hêrê. Hektor himself was the darling of Apollôn, and here alone was a reason why Zeus should not be eager to bring about the victory of the Achaians; but among the allies of Priam there were others in whose veins his own blood was running, the Aithiopian Memnôn, the child of the morning, Glaukos, the brave chieftain from the land of light, and, dearest of all, Sarpêdôn. Here at once there were causes of strife between Zeus and his queen, and in these quarrels Hêrê wins her ends partly by appealing to his policy or his fears, or by obtaining from Aphroditê her girdle of irresistible power. Only once do we hear of any attempt at force, and this instance is furnished by the conspiracy in which she plots with Poseidôn and Athênê to make Zeus a prisoner. This scheme is defeated by Thetis and Briareos, and perhaps with this may be connected the story that Zeus once hung up

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[1] Apollod. ii. 5, 11.

Hêrê in the heaven with golden handcuffs on her wrists and two heavy anvils suspended from her feet. In the same way she is at enmity with Herakles, and is wounded by his barbed arrows. But where the will of Zeus is not directly thwarted, Hêrê is endowed with the attributes even of Phoibos himself. Thus she imparts to the horse Xanthos the gifts at once of human speech and of prophecy, and sends the unwilling Helios to his ocean bed when Patroklos falls beneath the spear of Hektor.

Hêrê and Ixîôn.

But while Zeus asserts and enforces his own power over her, none other may venture to treat her with insult; and the proud Ixîôn himself is fastened to the four-spoked wheel of noon-day, for his presumption in seeking the love of the wife of Zeus. The sun as climbing the heights of heaven, and wooing the bright ether, is an arrogant being who must be bound to the fiery cross, or whose flaming orb must be made to descend to the west, like the stone of Sisyphos, just when it has reached the zenith, or summit of the hill.

Hêrê Akraia.

Among the many names under which she was known appears the epithet Akraia, which was supposed to describe her as the protectress of cities, but which was applied also to Athênê as denoting the bright sky of morning.[1] Thus viewed she is the mother of Hêbê, the embodiment of everlasting youth, the cupbearer of Zeus himself. Hêrê, however, like Athênê, has her dark and terrible aspects. From Ouranos, the heaven, spring the gigantic monsters, Thunder and Lightning; and as the source of like convulsions, Hêrê is the mother of Arês (Mars), the crusher, and Hephaistos, the forger of the thunderbolts.

Hêrê the Matron.

But her relations to marriage are those which were most prominently brought out in her worship throughout Hellas. She is the wife of Zeus in a sense which could not be applied to any other of the Olympian deities; and, apart from the offspring which she produces by her own unaided powers, she has no children of which Zeus is not the father. Hence she was regarded both as instituting marriage, and punishing those who violate its duties. It is she who sends the Eileithyiai to aid women, when their hour is come; and thus she has that power of hastening or retarding a birth which is used to give Eurystheus priority over Herakles.

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[1] See Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 125.

The Latin Juno.

In these functions she is practically identical with the Latin Juno (a name closely akin to that of Zeus).[1] But Juno not only presides over marriage. She is the special protectress of women from the cradle to the grave, and as such, is Matrona and Virginalis. As Moneta, the guardian of the mint, she bears a name which connects her functions with those of Minerva.

SECTION IX.—THE ERINYES.

Doctrine of Necessity.

In the whole cycle of Greek mythology no idea perhaps is more prominent than that of the inevitable doom of toil, sorrow, and suffering which is laid without exception on every one of the heroes, and on all the gods, unless it be Zeus himself. For none is there any permanent rest or repose. Phoibos may not tarry in his brilliant birthplace, and his glance must be fatal to the maiden whom he loves. Nay, more, he must fight with, and destroy the Kyklôpes, the loathsome giants or storm-clouds ; but these are the children of Zeus, and Phoibos must therefore atone for his deed by a long servitude in the house of Admêtos. But on this house there rests the same awful fate. In the midst of all her happiness and wealth Alkêstis must die if her husband is to live, and the poet who tells the tale declares in the anguish of his heart that he has searched the heaven above and the earth beneath, and found nothing so mighty, so invincible, as this iron force, which makes gods and men bow beneath her sway. The history of Phoibos is the history of all who are of kin to him. Herakles, with all his strength and spirit, must still be a slave, and the slave of one infinitely weaker and meaner than himself. Perseus must be torn away from his mother Danaê, to go and face strange perils and fight with fearful monsters. He must even unwittingly do harm to others, and his mischief must end in the disorder of his own mind, and the loss of power over his own will. He must show certain dispositions, and do certain acts. The sun must rise in the heavens, must seem to woo the queen of the deep blue ether, must rouse the anger of her lord, must be hurled down from his lofty place. Hence, Ixîon must writhe on his fiery cross, and Sisyphos must roll the huge stone to the hilltop only to see it dash down again to the plain beneath. There would not be wanting more terrible crimes and more mysterious complications. The Sun must be united again in the evening to the mother from whom he was parted in the morning; and hence that awful marriage of Oidipous with Iokastê, which filled his house with woe and brought his lineage to an end in blood. Iphigeneia must die that Helen may be brought back, as the evening twilight must vanish away if the light of dawn is to come again. But Iphigeneia has done no wrong. She is the darling of her father's heart, and the memories linked with her image are those only of tenderness and love. Must there not then be vengeance taken for the outpouring of her innocent blood? And can Atê rest till she has visited on Agamemnon himself the death of his guiltless child?

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[1] Vol. i. p. 354.

The conflict between light and darkness.

Without going further, we have here the germs, and more than the germs, of doctrines which, from the time that these ideas were awakened in the human mind, have moulded the theology of the world—the doctrines of irresistible force, of the doom which demands blood for blood, of the destiny which shapes a man's life even before he is born. These doctrines necessarily assume at an early age a moral or a spiritual character; but the ideas which underlie them were evoked by the physical phenomena of nature. The moral conflict and antagonism between Ormuzd and Ahriman points to the earlier struggle in which Indra fights with and slays the biting snake, the thief, the seducer, who hides away his prey in his dismal cave; and the battle between spiritual good and evil takes form from the war between the light of the Sun and the darkness of the night. But while these ideas were passing more and more into the region of things spiritual, and were becoming crystallized in theological systems, the growth of a physical mythology was not wholly arrested. The vengeance for iniquity may belong to the fearful Erinyes; but the Erinys is still a being who wanders in the air. The wrath of Atê may never slumber, so long as the murderer remains unpunished; but she is still the tangible being whom Zeus seizes by her long-flowing locks, and hurls from the portals of Olympos. But the impulse to a moral mythology once given could not but call into existence other beings answering to Atê or the Erinyes in their purely spiritual aspects. From the idea of a being who can see all that is done by the children of men would come the notion of three beings, each having as its province severally the past, the present, and the future; while the lot which is each man's portion, and the doom which he cannot avoid would be apportioned to him by beings whose names would denote their functions or the gentler qualities which men ascribed to them in order to deprecate their wrath.

Erinyes and Eumenides.

Of these beings the Erinyes are in the Hellenic mythology among the most fearful—so fearful, indeed, that their worshippers, or those who had need to speak of them, called them rather the Eumenides, or merciful beings, to win from them the pity which they were but little supposed to feel. Yet these awful goddesses[1] are but representatives of the Vedic Saranyû, the beautiful morning whose soft light steals across the heaven, and of whom it was said that she would find out the evil deeds committed during the night, and punish the wrongdoer. Still, unconscious though the Athenian may have been of the nature of the beings whom he thus dreaded or venerated, they retained some of their ancient characteristics. Terrible as they might be to others, they had only a genial welcome for the toilworn and suffering Oidipous, the being who all his life long had struggled against the doom which had pressed heavily on the Argive Herakles. Close to Athens, the city of the dawn goddess, is their sacred grove; and under the shadow of its clustering trees the blinded Oidipous will tranquilly wait until it is his time to die. Where else can the weary journey come to an end than amidst the sacred groves in which the Erinyes are seen in the evening, weaving, like Penelopê, the magic web which is to be undone again during the night? The threads of this web become in their hands, and in those of the kindred Moirai, the lines of human destiny. Having said thus much of these dreaded beings we have practically said all. Mythographers could not fail to speak of them as children of Gaia, sprung from the blood of the mutilated Ouranos, or as the daughters of the night, or of the earth and darkness—a parentage which will apply with equal truth to Phoibos or the Dioskouroi. When we are told that, in cases where their own power seems inadequate they call in the aid of Dikê or Justice, we are manifestly on the confines of allegory, which we are not bound to cross. In the conceptions of later poets, they appear, like the Gorgons, with writhing snakes in place of hair, and with blood dripping from their eyes; and as naturally, when their number was limited to three, they received names which, like Allêktô, Megaira, and Tisiphonê, imply relentless hatred, jealousy, and revenge. Their domain is thus far wider and more terrible than that of the Moirai, who weave, deal out, and cut short the thread of human life.

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[1] σεμναὶ θεαί.

The Fatal Sisters.

From this point the mythology, which has grown up, such as it is, round the fatal sisters, may be regarded as thoroughly artificial. The division of time into the past, the present, and the future once made, it only remained to assign these divisions severally to one personal being, and to invest this being with attributes suited to the office which it has to perform. It may be instructive to trace the process by which the single Moira of the Iliad and Odyssey suggests the notion of many Moirai, and is represented by the Hesiodic sisters, Klôthô, Lachesis, and Atropos; but the process is altogether different from that which, starting with phrases denoting simply the action of wind or air in motion, gives us first the myths of Hermes, Orpheus, Pan, and Amphîon, and ends with the folk-lore of the Master Thief and the Shifty Lad. In the latter case, the mythmaker knew little, probably nothing, of the source and the meaning of the story, and worked in unconscious fidelity to traditions which had taken too strong a root to be lightly dislodged or materially changed. In the former we have the work rather of the moralist or the theologian. The course of human existence and of all earthly things is regarded as a long coil of thread, and the gods are the spinners of it. Thus this work is specially set apart to Aisa, the spoken word of Zeus, the Fatum of the Latins, or to Moira, the apportioner; for to both alike is this task of weaving or spinning assigned,[1] and Aisa and Moira are alike the ministers of Zeus to do his will, not the despotic and irresponsible powers before whom, as before the Anankê of Euripides, Zeus himself must bow. Nay, even a mortal may have a certain power over them, and Achilleus may choose either a brief career and a brilliant one, or a time of repose after his return home which shall stand him in the stead of glory.[2] The dualism of the ideas of birth and death would lead us to look for two Moirai in some traditions, and accordingly we find the two at Delphoi, of whom Zeus and Apollôn are the leaders and guides.[3] The three Hesiodic Moirai, who are sisters of the Erinyes, are also called the Kêres, or masters of the destinies of men.[4] Of these three one alone is, by her name Klôthô, charged with the task of spinning; but in some later versions this task is performed by all three; nor is the same account always given of their functions with regard to the past, the present, and the future. Commonly Klôthô spins the threads, while Lachesis deals them out, and Atropos severs them at the moment of death; but sometimes Klôthô rules over the present, Atropos over the past, and Lachesis over the future.[5] If, again, they are sometimes represented in comparative youth, they sometimes appear with all the marks of old age;

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[1] *Il.* xx. 128; xxiv. 209.

[2] *Il.* ix. 411.

[3] *Paus.* x. 24, 4.

[4] These are the *κῆρες τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο*—the name belonging to the same root which has yielded the words *κύριος*, *κοίρονος*, and the Latin creare, (cf. Gr. *κρείω*), creator. The name Moira answers to that of the Latin Mors, the grinding, crushing power, the *μοῖρα κραταιὴ* of the *Iliad*. Yet the etymology was not wholly without reason, which connected the word with *μέρος*, a share or portion, the idea of pieces or fragments being naturally expressed by the root used to denote the working of the hammer or the millstone.

[5] Clotho præsentis temporis habet curam, quia quod torquetur in digitis, momenti præsentis indicat spatia; Atropos præteriti fatum est, quia quod in fuso perfectum est, præteriti temporis habet speciem; Lachesis futuri, quòd etiam illis, quæ futura sunt, finem suum Deus dederit.—Apuleius, *de Mundo*, p. 280; Grimm, *Deutsche Myth.* 386. The Hesiodic poet, in his usual didactic vein, makes the Moirai strictly moral beings who punish the wrong doing, or transgressions, whether of gods or men.—*Theog.* 220.

and thus we come to the Teutonic Norns. The Hellenic Moirai, as knowing what was to befall each man, had necessarily the power of prediction, a characteristic which is the most prominent attribute of the fatal sisters of the North. These in the German myths are Vurdh, Verdhandi, and Skuld, names purely arbitrary and artificial, denoting simply that which has been, that which is in process of becoming or is in being, and that which shall be hereafter.[1] Of these names the two last have dropped out of English usage, while Vurdh has supplied the name by which the sisters were known to Shakespeare; and thus we have the weird sisters whom Macbeth encounters on the desolate heath, the weird elves of Warner's Albion, the Weird Lady of the Woods of the Percy Ballads,[2] the Fatal Sustrin of Chaucer.

The Teutonic Norns.

These Norns, gifted with the wisdom of the Thriai,[3] lead us through all the bounds of space. They are the guardians of the great ash-tree Yggdrasil, whose branches embrace the whole world. Under each of its three roots is a marvellous fountain, the one in heaven, the abode of the Asas, being the fountain of Vurdh, that of Jötunheim being called by the name of the wise Mimir, while the third in Niflheim, or Hades, is the Hvergelmir, or boiling cauldron. At the first the Asas and Norns hold their court; at the second Mimir keeps his ceaseless watch, a being whose name has apparently a meaning closely akin to that of the Latin Minerva,[4] and who leaves to Wuotan (Odin) only one eye, having demanded the other as a pledge before he will grant to him a draught from the water which imparts wisdom. Such is the sanctity of this water, which the Norns every morning pour over the branches of the ash-tree, that everything touched by it becomes snow-white, and the dew which falls from the tree is always sweet as honey. On the crown of the tree sits an eagle; under its roots lurks the serpent or dragon Nidhögr; and between these the squirrel, ever running up and down, seeks to sow dissension. This mighty ash-tree in Grimm's belief is only another form of the colossal Irminsul,[1] the pillar which sustains the whole Kosmos, as Atlas bears up the heaven, the three roads which branch from the one representing the three roots of the other. The tree and the pillar are thus alike seen in the columns, whether of Herakles or of Roland; while the cosmogonic character of the myth is manifest in the legend of the primeval man Askr, the offspring of the ash-tree, of which Virgil, from the characteristic which probably led to its selection, speaks as stretching its roots as far down into earth as its branches soar towards heaven.[2]

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[1] Vurdh represents the past tense of the word werden. Verdhandi is the present participle, werdend, while Skuld is the older form of Schuld, the obligation to atone for the shedding of blood. Skuld thus represents really the past tense *skal*, which means 'I have killed, and therefore am bound to make compensation for it.' The difference between our 'shall' and 'will' is thus at once explained. Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 62; Grimm, *D. Myth.* 377.

[2] Grimm, *D. M.* 378. Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 563. The Norns are the Three Spinsters of the German story in Grimm's collection, who perform the tasks which are too hard for the delicate hands of the Dawn-maiden. In the Norse Tales (Dasent) they reappear as the Three Aunts, or the three one-eyed hags, who help Shortshanks, as the three sisters in the tale of Farmer Weathersky, and the three loathly heads in the story of Bushy Bride.

[3] Their wisdom is inherited by the bards whose name, Skalds, has been traced by Professor Kuhn to the same root with the Sanskrit *K*handas, metre; and *K*handas Professor Max Müller regards as identical with the term *Zend.* For the evidence of this see *Chips, &c.* i. 84, note.

[4] Grimm, who traces the word through its many changes, notes also the relation of the Latin *memor* with the Greek *μιμέομαι*—the mimic being the man who remembers what is done by another; and thus 'mummery' is but another form of 'memory.'—*D. Myth.* 353. Mimir is thus the Kentaur Mimas; and the wisdom of the Kentaur, it may be

Nemesis and Adrasteia.

The process which multiplied the Norns and defined their functions exalted also the character of Atê, who, as we have seen, appears in the Iliad simply as the spirit of mischievous folly, hurled out of Olympos for bringing about the birth of Eurystheus before that of Herakles, but who in the hands of Æschylos becomes the righteous but unrelenting avenger of blood. The statement that the Litai are beings who follow closely when a crime is done, and seek to make amends for it, is a mere allegory on the office of prayer; and what is told us of Nemesis, if less allegorical, is still merely the result of moral reflection. In the world good and evil seem

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noted, became a proverb. In one story Mimir is sent by the Asas to the Vanir, who cut off his head and sent it back to them. Wuotan utters a charm over it, and the head, which never wastes away, becomes his counsellor—a legend which can scarcely fail to remind us of the myth of Memnôn's head with its prophetic powers, localised in Egypt.

[1] Although the name of the German Irmin cannot be identified with the Greek Hermes (Grimm, *D. Myth.* 328), yet we may compare the Greek ἑρμίδιων with the German Irminsul, the pillar or column of Irmin, answering to the busts of Hermes fixed on the Hermai at Athens and elsewhere. Cf. the note of M. Bréal in Professor Max Müller's *Lectures*, second series, 474.

[2] See also Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 207.

to be capriciously distributed, so that on the one side we have the squalid beggar, on the other the man whose prosperity is so unvarying that his friend, foreseeing the issue, sends to renounce all further alliance with him. This inequality it is the business of Nemesis to remedy; and thus she becomes practically an embodiment of righteous indignation at successful wrong, although she is also regarded as the minister of the gods who are jealous when the well-being of man passes beyond a certain limit.[1] In either aspect she is Adrasteia, the being from whom there is no escape.

Tychê Akraia.

In the meaning commonly attached to the word, Tychê denoted the idea of mere blind chance, scattering her gifts without any regard to the deserts of those on whom they might fall. But this was not the conception which led some to represent her with a rudder as guiding the affairs of the world, and not only to place her among the Moirai, but to endow her with a power beyond that of the others.[2] In her more fickle aspect she carries the ball in her hand, while her wealth and the nature of her gifts are denoted by the horn of Amaltheia at her side, and the boy Erôs who accompanies her, or the Good Demons who sometimes surround her. As Akraia, Tychê becomes simply a name of Athênê, the wealth-bringer; with the epithet Agathê, good, she becomes practically identical with the Agathos Daimôn, the nameless benignant deity invoked by cities and individual men. The names Theos and Daimôn are often given to those unnamed forces in nature which, in Preller's words, are more felt in their general influences than in particular acts.[3] Nor is the assertion without warrant that the genuine utterances of the heart were addressed to this incomprehensible power, of whose goodness generally they felt assured, and not to any mythical deities on whose capricious feelings no trust could be placed. When the swineherd Eumaios talks with Odysseus, we hear nothing of Zeus or Phoibos, but we are told simply that the unnamed God gives and takes away as may seem to him best.

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[1] *φθονερὸν τὸ δαιμόνιον*—the doctrine which lies at the root of the philosophy attributed by Herodotos to Solon, and of the policy of Amasis in his dealings with Polykrates. The myth of the Rhamnusian egg of Nemesis belongs to the story of Leda and Helen.

[2] *Paus.* vii. 26, 3.

[3] *Gr. Myth.* i. 421.

Nor can we doubt that even the mass of the people were impressed with the belief in a deity or power different in kind from the mythical deities brought before them by their epic or tragic poets. This deity was simply the good God, or the unknown Being, worshipped ignorantly, whom St. Paul said that he came only to declare to them. Doubtless even this conception underwent many modifications; and in the end not only each state or city, but each man and woman, from the moment of birth, had a guardian demon or angel who sought to lead them always in the right way.[1] This guardian was invoked on all occasions, in such forms as our 'Luck be with you,' or the 'Quod bonum, felix, faustumque sit' of the Latins.[2]

SECTION X.—HELLENIC SUNGODS AND HEROES.

The Ionian legend of the birth of Phoibos.

The Ionian legend, embodied in the so-called Homeric Hymn, tells the simple tale that Lêtô, the mother of the unborn Phoibos, could find no place to receive her in her hour of travail until she came to Delos. To wealthier and more fertile lands she made her prayer in vain; and when she addressed herself to the little stony island with its rugged cliffs and hills, Delos trembled with joy not unmingled with fear. The unborn child, she knew, would be a being of mighty power, ruling among the undying gods and mortal men; and she dreaded lest he should despise his sterile birthplace and spurn it with his foot into the sea. It remained only for Lêtô to make a solemn covenant with Delos, that here should be the sanctuary of her child for ever, and that here his worshippers, coming from all lands to his high festival, should lavish on her inexhaustible wealth of gold and treasures. So the troth was plighted; but although Diônê and Amphitrîtê with other goddesses were by her side, Hêrê remained far away in the palace of Zeus, and the child of Lêtô could not be born unless she should suffer Eileithyia to hasten to her relief. Then, as she drew near, Lêtô cast her arms around a tall palm-tree as she reclined on the bank of Kynthos, and the babe leaped to life and light as the earth smiled around her. The goddesses bathed him in pure water, and wrapping him in a glistening robe, fine and newly wrought, placed a golden band round the body of Chrysâôr, while Thetis touched his lips with the drink and food of the gods. But no sooner had the child received this nourishment, than he was endowed with an irresistible strength, and his swaddling bands fell off him like flax, as he declared his mission of teaching to men the counsels of Zeus. Then began the journey of the farshooting god, whose golden hair no razor should ever touch. From land to land he went, delighting his eyes with the beautiful sights of grove-clad hills and waters running to the sea.

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[1] *ἅπαντι δαίμων ἀνδρὶ συμπαρίσταται εὐθὺς γεσομένῳ μυσταγωγὸς τοῦ βίου ἀγαθός.*—Menander, quoted by Clem. Al. *Str.* 5, p. 260. Preller, *Gr, Myth.* i. 422.

[2] Preller, *ib.* i. 423.

The Delphian story.

This hymn has, indeed, a historical interest, as being manifestly the work of a time when the great Ionian festival at Delos was celebrated with a magnificence which the Lydian and Persian conquests grievously impaired. To the hymn writer Delos is the abode dear above all others to the lord of light; and thither come worshippers whose beauty and vigour would seem beyond the touch of sickness, pain, or death. The rest of the hymn is manifestly a different poem, composed by a Delphian when the oracle of that place had reached its highest reputation; but the blind old bard of the rocky islet of Chios is well aware that, apart from any rivalry of other temples and other festivals, it is impossible for Phoibos always to abide in Delos. For him there is no tranquil sojourn anywhere; and all that the poet can say on behalf of his beloved Delos is, that the God never fails to return to it with ever-increasing delight, as in the old Vedic hymns the Dawn is said to come back with heightened beauty every morning. In truth, almost every phrase of the hymn is transparent in its meaning. The name Lêtô is close akin to that of Leda, the dusky mother of the glorious Dioskouroi, and is in fact another form of the Lêthê, in which men forget alike their joys and sorrows, the Latmos in which Endymiôn sinks into his dreamless sleep, and the Ladon, or lurking-dragon, who guards the golden apples of the Hesperides. But for many a weary hour the night travails with the birth of the coming day, and her child cannot be born save in the bright land (Delos) of the Dawn. A toilsome journey lies before her; and the meaning of the old myth is singularly seen in the unconscious impulse which led the hymn-writer to speak of her as going only to lofty crags and high mountain summits.[1] Plains and valleys it would obviously be useless to seek; the light of the sun must rest on the hill tops long before it reaches the dells beneath. In another version, she is said to have been brought in twelve days from the land of the Hyperboreans to Delos in the form of a she-wolf,[2] Lukos, a phrase which carries us to the story of Lykâôn, and to the interpretation given to the name of the Lykeian Apollôn. So again in the Phoinix or palm, round which Letô casts her arms, we have that purple hue of dawn which marks the early home of the children of Agênôr and Têlephassa.[3] But there were other traditions about his birth. Any word expressing the ideas of light and splendour might be the name of his birthplace; and so the tale ran that Apollôn and Artemis were both born in Ortygia, the land of the quail, the earliest bird of spring, and thus of the early morning. No mythical incidents were attached to his epithet Lykêgenês; but this name speaks of him simply as born in that land of light, through which flows the Xanthian or golden stream, and where dwell Sarpêdôn, the creeping flush of morning, and Glaukos the brilliant, his friend. He is the Phanaian[4] or glistening king, who gave his name to the Chian promontory on which his worshippers assembled to greet him.

The infant Phoibos.

In the Delian hymns Apollôn soon attains his full might and majesty. Still for a time he lies still and helpless, with a golden band around his body which is clad in white swaddling clothes. These white mists which seem to cling to the rising sun are wrapped more tightly round the Theban Oidipous, and the golden band gives place to the nails which pierce his feet when he is exposed on the heights of Kithairôn.

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[1] *Hymn. Apoll.* 30–45.

[2] The myth was regarded as accounting for a supposed fact connected with the breeding of wolves.—Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 62.

[3] Eurôpê, the broad spreading dawn, is necessarily the child of the being who sends her light from afar; and the connection of the purple hue with the birth and early life of the sun is seen not only in the myth of the bird known as the Phenix, but in Phoinix, the teacher and guide of Achilleus in his childhood.

[4] Virg. *Georg.* ii. 98.

BOOK II.

But in both alike the time of weakness is short. Oidipous returns to Thebes, mighty in strength of arm and irresistible in wisdom, to slay the terrible Sphinx. In one version Phoibos is only four days old when, hurrying to Parnassos, he slays the dragon which had chased his mother Lêtô in her wanderings to Delos. The more elaborate legend of the Hymn places the slaying of the Python later in his career; but like the Sphinx, Python[1] is not only the darkness of night, but the black storm-cloud which shuts up the waters, and thus it guards or blockades the fountain which is to yield water for the Delphian temple.[2] In other respects the later of the two poems woven together in the Homeric hymn is as transparent in meaning as the earlier. In both Phoibos journeys gradually westward; in both riches and glory are promised to those who will receive him. But the bribe is held out in vain to the beautiful fountain Telphoussa, near whose waters Phoibos had begun to lay the foundations of a shrine. By warnings of the din of horses and of cattle brought thither to watering she drove him away, and Phoibos following her counsel betook himself to Parnassos, where Trophonios and Agamêdês raised his world-renowned home. It is at this point that the author of the hymn introduces the slaughter of the worm or dragon to account for the name Pytho, as given to the sanctuary from the rotting of its carcase in the sun;[3] and thence he takes Apollôn back to Telphoussa, to wreak his vengeance on the beautiful fountain which had cheated him of a bright home beside her glancing waters. The stream was choked by a large crag, the crag beetling over Tantalos, which he toppled down upon it, and the glory departed from Telphoussa for ever.

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[1] Pythôn is here called the nurse of Typhâôn, the dragon-child or monster, to which Hêrê gives birth by her own unaided power, as Athênê is the daughter of Zeus alone. Typhâôn, one of the many forms of Vritra, Ahi, and Cacus, stands to Hêrê, the bright goddess of the upper air, in the relation of the Minotauros to the brilliant Pasiphaê, wife of Minos.

[2] 'In a Slovakian legend the dragon sleeps in a mountain cave through the winter months, but at the equinox bursts forth. "In a moment the heaven was darkened, and became black as pitch, only illumined by the fire which flashed from the dragon's jaws and eyes. The earth shuddered, the stones rattled down the mountain sides into the glens; right and left, left and right, did the dragon lash his tail, overthrowing pines and bushes, and snapping them as reeds. He evacuated such floods of water that the mountain torrents were full. But, after a while, his power was exhausted; he lashed no more with his tail, ejected no more water, and spat no more fire." I think it impossible not to see in this description a spring-tide thunderstorm.' —Gould, *Werewolf*, p. 172.

[3] The word is connected by Sophoklês not with the rotting of the snake but with the questions put to the oracle. The latter is the more plausible conjecture; but the origin of the word is uncertain, as is also that of Apollôn, of which Welcker (*Griechische Götterlehre*, i. 460) regards Apellôn as the genuine form, connecting it in meaning with the epithets ἀλεξίκακος, ἀποτρόπαιος, ἀκέσιος, and others. This, however, is probably as doubtful as the derivation which con-

Phoibos Delphinios.

It now remained to find a body of priests and servants for his Delphian sanctuary, and these were furnished by the crew of a Cretan ship sailing with merchandise to Pylos. In the guise of a dolphin Phoibos urged the vessel through the waters, while the mariners sat still on the deck in terror as the ship moved on without either sail or oar along the whole coast of the island of Pelops. As they entered the Krisaian gulf a strong zephyr carried them eastward, till the ship was lifted on the sands of Krisa. Then Apollôn leaped from the vessel like a star, while from him flew sparks of light till their radiance reached the heaven, and hastening to his sanctuary he showed forth his weapons in the flames which he kindled. This done, he hastened with the swiftness of thought back to the ship, now in the form of a beautiful youth, with his golden locks flowing over his shoulders, and asked the seamen who they were and whence they came. In their answer, which says that they had been brought to Krisa against their will, they address him at once as a god, and Phoibos tells them that they can hope to see their home, their wives, and their children again no more. But a higher lot awaits them. Their name shall be known throughout the earth as the guardians of Apollôn's shrine, and the interpreters of his will. So they follow him to Pytho, while the god leads the way filling the air with heavenly melodies. But once more they are dismayed as they look on the naked crags and sterile rocks around them, and ask how they are to live in a land thus dry and barren. The answer is that they should have all their hearts' desire, if only they would avoid falsehood in words and violence in deed.

The Fish-sun.

Such was the legend devised to account for the name and the founding of the Delphian temple. It is obviously a myth

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nects Phoibos with φῶς, light. By Professor Max Müller the latter name is identified with the Sanskrit Bhava, a word belonging to the same family with the Greek φύω, the Latin *fui*, and the English *be*. Phoibos is thus the living God.

which cannot be taken by itself. Phoibos here traverses the sea in the form of a fish, and imparts lessons of wisdom and goodness when he has come forth from the green depths. He can assume many forms, and appear or vanish as he pleases. All these powers or qualities are shared by Proteus in Hellenic story, as well as by the fish-god, Dagon or Onnes, of Syria; and the wisdom which these beings possess is that hidden wisdom of Zeus which, in the Homeric hymn, Phoibos cannot impart even to Hermes. So in the Vishṇu Purana the demon Sambara casts Pradyumna, the son of Vishṇu, into the sea, where he is swallowed by a fish, but he dies not and is born anew from its belly.[1] The story must be taken along with those of the Frog prince, of Bhekî, and of the Fish-rajah in Hindu fairy tales.[2] Doubtless it is the same dolphin which appears in the story of Arion, but the fish not less than the harp has lost something of its ancient power.[3]

Phoibos and Hermes.

In this myth Phoibos acts from his own proper force. Here, as in the hymn to Hermes, he is emphatically the wise and the deep or far-seeing god. The lowest abyss of the sea is not hidden from his eye, but the wind can never stir their stormless depths. His gift of music was not, however, his own from the first. His weapons are irresistible, and nothing can withstand the splendour of his unveiled form; but he must live in a world of absolute stillness, without mist and without clouds, until the breath of the wind stirs the stagnant air. Hermes then is the maker of the harp and the true lord of song; and the object of the hymn is to account for the harmony existing between himself and Phoibos, from whom he receives charge over the bright and radiant clouds which float across the blue seas of heaven. It is impossible to lay too much stress on this difference of inherent attributes. Hermes may yield up his harp to Phoibos, as the soft breezes of summer may murmur and whisper while leaves and waters tremble in the dazzling sunlight; but willing though Phoibos may be to grant the prayer of Hermes to the utmost of his power, it is impossible for him to give to the god of the moving air a share in the secret counsels of Zeus.[1]

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[1] Translation of H. H. Wilson, p. 575.

[2] See vol. i. pp. 165, 400. The story of the Frog-prince agrees closely with the Gaelic tale of the Sick Queen (Campbell, ii. 131), for whom none but the Frog can supply the water of life.

[3] The power of Phoibos and Proteus is shared by Thetis, and again in Grimm's story of Roland, by the maiden, who changes her lover into a lake, and herself into a duck; or who becomes a lily in a hedge, while Roland plays on his flute a tune which makes the witch, like the Jew on the thorns, dance till she drops down dead. The same transformations occur in the stories of Fir-Apple and the Two Kings' Children, in Grimm's collection, and in the Norse tales of Dapplegrim and Farmer Weathersky.

Phoibos and Helios.

Essentially, then, there is no distinction between Phoibos and Helios. Both are beings of unimaginable brightness; both have invulnerable weapons and the power of wakening and destroying life; both can delight and torment, bring happiness or send scorching plagues and sicknesses; both have wealth and treasures which can never be exhausted; both can mar the work which they have made. That each of these qualities might and would furnish groundwork for separate fables, the whole course of Aryan mythology fully shows. Their wisdom would be shown by such words as Sisyphos, Metis, Medeia; their healing powers by the names Akesios, Sôtêr, Akestôr; and both these faculties might be conceived as exercised in opposition to the will of Zeus. The alternations of beneficence and malignity would mark them as capricious beings, whose wisdom might degenerate into cunning, and whose riches might make them arrogant and overbearing. But for these things there must be punishments; and thus are furnished the materials for a host of myths, every one of which will be found in strict accordance with the physical phenomena denoted by the phrases of the old mythical or myth-generating speech. The words which spoke of the sun as scorching up the fruits and waters which he loves would give rise to the stories of Tantalos and Lykâôn; the pride of the sun which soars into the highest heaven would be set forth in the legend of Ixîôn; the wisdom which is mere wisdom would be seen in the myths of Sisyphos or Medeia. The phrases which described the sun as revolving daily on his four-spoked cross, or as doomed to sink in the sky when his orb had reached the zenith, would give rise to the stories of Ixîon on his flaming wheel and of Sisyphos with his recoiling stone. If again the sun exhibits an irresistible power, he may also be regarded as a being compelled to do his work, though it be against his own will. He must perform his daily journey; he must slay the darkness which is his mother; he must be parted from the Dawn which cheered him at his birth; and after a few hours he must sink into the darkness from which he had sprung in the morning. His work again may be benignant; the earth may laugh beneath his gaze in the wealth of fruits and flowers which he has given her. But these gifts are not for himself; they are lavished on the weak and vile beings called men. These are really his masters, and he must serve them as a bondman until his brief career comes to an end. These ideas lie at the bottom of half the Aryan mythology. They meet us, sometimes again and again, in every legend; and it is scarcely possible to arrange in strict method either the numberless forms in which these ideas are clothed, or the stories in which we find them. The order of the daily phenomena of day and night may furnish the best clue for threading the mazes of the seemingly endless labyrinth.

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[1] There is nothing surprising in the fact, that later versions, as those of Kallimachos and Ovid, describe Apollôn as himself inventing the lyre and building the walls of Troy, as Amphîôn built those of Thebes, by playing on his harp.

Phoibos and Daphnê.

In the myth of Daphnê we see the sun as the lover of the Dawn, to whom his embrace is, as it must be, fatal. Whether as the daughter of the Arkadian Ladon or of the Thessalian Peneios, Daphnê,[1] or the Dawn, is the child of the earth springing from the waters when the first flush of light trembles across the sky. But as the beautiful tints fade before the deepening splendour of the sun, so Daphnê flies from Apollôn, as he seeks to win her. The more eager his chase, the more rapid is her flight, until in her despair she prays that the earth or the waters may deliver her from her persecutor; and so the story went that the laurel tree grew up on the spot where she disappeared, or that Daphnê herself was changed into the laurel tree, from which Apollôn took his incorruptible and glorious wreath.[1]

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[1] From the roots *ah* and *dah* (to burn), which stand to each other in the relation of *as* and *das* (to bite), as in the Sanskrit *asru* and the Greek δάκρυ, a tear, are produced the names Ahanâ, the Vedic dawn-goddess, and Athênê, as well as the Sanskrit Dahanâ and the Hellenic Daphnê. These names denote simply the brightness of morning; but the laurel, as wood that burns easily, received the same name. 'Afterwards the two, as usual, were supposed to be one, or to have some connection with each other, for how—the people would say—could they have the same name?' And hence the story of the transformation of Daphnê. Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 502; *Chips, &c.* ii. 93. The idea of fury or madness was closely connected with that of fire; hence the laurel which grew on the tomb of Amykos had the quality of making the crew of a ship quarrel till they threw it overboard. Plin. *H. N* xvi. 89.

Alpheios and Arethousa.

The same fatal pursuit is the burden of the legend of the huntsman Alpheios. Like Daphnê and Aphroditê Anadyomenê, he is the child of the waters, whether he be described as a son of Okeanos and Thetis, or of Helios himself. He is in short the Elf, or water-sprite, whose birthplace is the Elbe or flowing stream. But Arethousa must fly from him as Daphnê flies from Phoibos; and Pausanias takes her to the Syracusan Ortygia, where she sinks into a well with which the waters of Alpheios become united. This is but saying, in other words, that she fled to the Dawnland, where Eôs closes as she begins the day, and where the sun again greets the love whom he has lost,—

Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
Where they live but love no more.[2]

In another version she is aided by Artemis, who, herself also loved by Alpheios, covers her own face and the faces of her companions with mud, and the huntsman departs baffled; or, to recur to old phrases, the sun cannot recognise the dawn on whom he gazes, because her beauty is faded and gone. With these legends are closely connected the stories of Hippodameia, Atalantê, and the Italian Camilla, who become the prize only of those who can overtake them in fair field; a myth which reappears in the German story, 'How Six travelled through the World.' It is repeated of Phoibos himself in the myth of Bolina, who, to escape from his pursuit, threw herself into the sea near the mouth of the river Argyros (the silver stream). The name Bolina looks much like a feminine form of Apollôn.[1]

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[1] The story of the Sicilian Daphnis is simply a weak version of that of Daphnê, with some features derived from other myths. Like Têlephos, Oidipous, and others, Daphnis is exposed in his infancy; and, like Apollôn, whose favourite he is, he is tended by nymphs, one of whom (named in one version Lykê, the shining) loves him, and tells him that blindness will be his punishment if he is unfaithful to her. This blindness is the blindness of Oidipous. The sequel is that of the legends of Prokris or Korônis, and the blinded Daphnis falls from a rock (the Leukadian cliff of Kephalos) and is slain. If the sun would but remain with the dawn, the blindness of night would not follow.

[2] Shelley, *Arethusa*.

Endymiôn.

The reverse of these stories is obviously presented in the transparent myth of Endymiôn and the scarcely less transparent story of Narkissos. The former belongs, indeed, to that class of stories which furnish us with an absolutely sure starting-point for the interpretation of myths. When we find a being, described as a son of Zeus and Kalykê (the heaven and the covering night), or of Aethlios (the man of many struggles), or of Protogeneia (the early dawn), married to Selênê (the moon), or to Asterodia (the being whose path is among the stars), we at once see the nature of the problem with which we have to deal, and feel a just confidence that other equally transparent names in other Greek myths meant originally that which they appear to mean. Thus, when we find that Prokris is a daughter of Hersê, we know that whatever Prokris may be, she is the child of the dew, and hence we have solid grounds for connecting her name with the Sanskrit *prish*, to sprinkle, although it cannot be explained directly from any Greek word. The myth of Endymiôn was localised in Elis (where his tomb was shown in the days of Pausanias), doubtless because it was the westernmost region of the Peloponnesos, just as the Leukadian rocks, the most westerly point of northern Hellas, were associated with the name of Kephalos; and when it was once localised, fresh names and incidents, mostly of little value or significance, were readily imported into the tale. Thus one version gave him fifty daughters by Selênê, to match the fifty sons and daughters of Danaos and Aigyptos; others gave him Nêis, Iphianassa, and others as his wives, or made him, under the unconscious influence of the old mythical phrases, the father of Eurydikê, the broad flashing dawn, who is the bride of Orpheus. In fact, the myth of Endymiôn has produced rather an idea than a tale. It has little incident, and scarcely anything which might entitle it to be regarded as epical history, for the few adventures ascribed to him by Pausanias[2] have manifestly no connection with the original legend. The visit of Selênê, followed by an endless sleep, is in substance all that poets or antiquarians tell us of; and even this is related by Pausanias with so many variations as to show that the myth, from its obvious solar character, was too stubborn to be more than thinly disguised. If Endymiôn heads an army, or dethrones a king, this is the mere arbitrary and pointless fiction of a later age. The real scene of the myth is the land of Latmos, not the Karian hill or cave to which Pausanias made him migrate from Elis, but that western region of the heavens where the wearied sun finds a resting-place.[1] The word itself belongs to the root which has produced the word Lêthê, forgetfulness, as well as the names of Lêtô and Leda, the mothers of Phoibos and the Dioskouroi. The simplest form of the story is perhaps that of Apollodoros, who merely says that Selênê loved him and that Zeus left him free to choose anything that he might desire. His choice was an everlasting sleep, in which he might remain youthful for ever.[2] His choice was wiser than that of Eôs (the morning or evening light), who obtained for the beautiful Tithônos the gift of immortality without asking for eternal youth; a myth as transparent as that of Endymiôn, for Eôs, like Iokastê, is not only the wife but also the mother of Tithônos, who in one version is a son of Laomedon the Ilian king, in another of Kephalos, who woos and slays Prokris. The hidden chamber in which Eôs placed her decrepit husband is the Latmian hill, where the more fortunate Endymiôn lies in his charmed sleep. Endymiôn is in short, as his name denotes, simply the sun setting opposite to the rising moon. Looking at the tale by the light which philology and comparative mythology have thus thrown upon it, we may think it incredible that any have held it to be an esoteric method of describing early astronomical researches. It is scarcely less difficult to see in it, as some have discerned, simply a personification of sleep.[1] In his father Aethlios, we see one who, like Odysseus, has suffered much, the struggling and toiling sun,[2] and his own name expresses simply the downward plunge of the sun into the western waters.[3] The whole idea of Endymiôn, who is inseparable from the material sun, is altogether distinct from that of the separate divinity of Phoibos Apollôn, to whom he stands in the relation of Gaia to Dêmêtêr, or of Nereus to Poseidôn.

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[1] Pausanias vii. 23, 3.

[2] viii. 1.

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[1] An address of 'Ossian' to the Setting Sun, which Mr. Campbell (iv. 150) pronounces to be a close translation of Gaelic, assumed to be older than 1730, vividly expresses the idea of this myth:

Hast left the blue distance of heaven?
Sorrowless son of the gold-yellow hair!
Night's doorways are ready for thee,
Thy pavilion of peace in the West.
  The billows came slowly around,
To behold him of brightest hair,
Timidly raising their heads
To gaze on thee beauteous asleep.
  They witless have fled from thy side,
Take thy sleep within thy cave,
O Sun, and come back from sleep rejoicing.

Here we have not only the Latmian cave, but the idea which grew into the myths of Memnôn, Adonis, and Baldur.

[2] i. 7, 5.

The story of Narkissos.

Of the story of Narkissos Pausanias[4] gives two versions. The former which describes him as wasting away and dying through love of his own face and form reflected in a fountain he rejects on account of the utter absurdity of supposing that Narkissos could not distinguish between a man and his shadow. Hence he prefers the other, but less known, legend, that Narkissos loved his own twin sister, and that on her death he found a melancholy comfort in noting the likeness of his own form and countenance to that of his lost love. But the more common tale that Narkissos was deaf to the entreaties of the nymph Echo is nearer to the spirit of the old phrase, which spoke of the sleep of the tired sun.[5] His very name denotes the deadly lethargy (νάρκη) which makes the pleadings of Selênê fall unheeded on the ear of Endymiôn; and hence it is that when Persephonê is to be taken at the close of summer to the land of darkness, the narcissus is made the instrument of her capture. It is the narcotic which plunges Brynhild into her profound slumber on the Glistening Heath, and drowns Briar Rose and her fellows in a sleep as still as death.

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[1] Dr. Schmitz (*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, s. v. 'Endymion') holds that his name and all his attributes confirm this opinion. 'Endymion signifies a being that gently comes over one; he is called a king because he has power over all living creatures; a shepherd, because he slumbers in the cool caves of Mount Latmos, that is, the mount of oblivion.' If it be meant that the sleep here personified is the sleep of man, the assertion rests on a very questionable, if not a very forced, etymology; and the title of king or shepherd no more belongs to the mythical conception, than does his tomb in Elis. But Endymiôn is not spoken of as a being who comes over any one else, or as having power over all living creatures, but as one who cannot shake off his own sleep, a sleep so profound that they who are vexed in heart may well envy it.

Ζαλωτὸς μὲν ἐμὶν ὁ τὸν ἄτροπον ὕπνον
ἰαύων
Ἐνδυμίων·—Theokr. *Eidyll.* iii. 49.

[2] There is no difference of meaning between Aethlios and πολύτλας, the stock epithet of Odysseus.

[3] It can hardly be questioned that ἐνδύμα ἡλίου was once the equivalent of ἡλίου δυσμαί, and that originally the sun ἐνέδυ πόντον, where in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* we have only the simple verb. Had Endymiôn remained a recognised name for the sunset, the myth of Endymiôn, as Professor Max Müller remarks (*Chips, &c.* ii. 80), could not have arisen; but as its meaning was forgotten, the name Endymiôn was formed in a manner analogous to Hyperiôn, a name of the high-soaring sun.

[4] ix. 31, 6. He rejects also the notion that the flower was so named after Narkissos, the former having certainly existed before his time, inasmuch as Persephonê, who belongs to an earlier period, was caught while plucking a narcissus from its stem.

[5] The myth of Echo merely reproduces that of Salmakis, vol. i. p. 393.

Iamos and Asklêpios.

From the lot of Endymiôn, Narkissos, and Tithônos, Apollôn is freed only because he is regarded not as the visible sun who dies when his day's journey is done, but as the living power who kindles his light afresh every morning. The one conception is as natural as the other, and we still speak of the tired or the unwearied sun, of his brief career and his everlasting light, without any consciousness of inconsistency. Phoibos is then the ever-bright sun, who can never be touched by age. He is emphatically the Akersekomês, the glory of whose golden locks no razor is ever to mar. He is at once the comforter and healer, the saviour and destroyer, who can slay and make alive at will, and from whose piercing glance no secret can be kept hid. But although these powers are inseparable from the notion of Phoibos Apollôn, they are also attributed separately to beings whose united qualities make up his full divinity. Thus his knowledge of things to come is given to Iamos; his healing and life-giving powers to Asklêpios. The story of the latter brings before us another of the countless instances in which the sun is faithless to his love or his love is faithless to him. In every case there must be the separation; and the doom of Korônis only reflects the fate which cuts short the life of Daphnê and Arethousa, Prokris and Iokastê.[1] The myth is transparent throughout. The mother of Asklêpios is a daughter of Phlegyas (the flaming), and Apollôn woos her on shores of the lake Boibêis;[1] or, if we take another version given by Apollodoros, she is Arsinoê, a daughter of Leukippos (a name in which we see the flashing steeds which draw the car of Indra or Achilleus), and a sister of Hilaeira and Phoibê, the radiant maidens whom the Dioskouroi bore away.[2] When the myth goes on to say that when Apollôn had left her Korônis yielded herself to the Arkadian Ischys, we have a story which simply repeats that of Prokris, for as Kephalos returns disguised and wins the love of the child of Hersê (the dew), so is Ischys simply the strength or power of the lord of light (Arkas). In each case, the penalty of faithlessness is death; and the mode in which it is exacted in the myth of Korônis precisely corresponds with the legend of Semelê. Like Dionysos, Asklêpios is born amidst and rescued from the flames; in other words, the light and heat of the sun which ripen the fruits of the earth, scorch and consume the clouds and the dew, or banish away the lovely tints of early morning.[3] Throughout the myth we have to deal with different versions which, however they may differ from each other, still point to the same fountain-head of mythical speech. In one form the story ran that Korônis herself exposed her child on the slopes of mount Myrtion, as Oidipous was left to die on Kithairon. There he is nourished by a goat and a dog, incidents which are reproduced in the myths of

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[1] The story of the birth of Asklêpios agrees substantially with that of Dionysos; and the legends of other Aryan tribes tell the same tale of some of their mythical heroes. Of children so born, Grimm says generally, 'Ungeborne, d. h. aus dem Mutterleib geschnittne Kinder pflegen Helden zu werden,' and adds that this incident marks the stories of the Persian Rustem, the Tristram of Eilhart, the Russian hero Dobruna Nikitisch, of the Scottish Macduff, of Volsung who yet kissed his mother before she died, of Sigurd, and of Sceaf the son of Scild, the child brought in the mysterious skiff, which needs neither sail, rudder, nor oarsmen. Whence came the popular belief attested by such a phrase as that which Grimm quotes from the *Chronicle of Peterhouse*, 'de

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talibus excisis literæ testantur quod, si vita comes fuerit, felices in mundo habeantur?'—*Deutsche Mythologie*, 362. The Teutonic myths must clearly be compared with that of Hlödr (Lodur), who is born with helmet and sword, and this again with the story of Athênê, who springs fully armed from the forehead of Zeus, a story as transparent as that of Phoibos Chrysâôr. These, therefore, are all dawn-children or sons of the bright heaven. In the latter case the forehead of Zeus, the sky, is cloven; in the former, the body of the dawn. In other words, the dawn dies almost before the sun has had time to bid her farewell. It is impossible not to see in the kiss which Volsung gives to his dying mother the embrace which Orpheus vainly yearns to give to Eurydikê as she vanishes from his sight.

[1] Pind. *Pyth.* iii. 14.

[2] Apollod. iii. 10, 3.

[3] The Dawn cannot long survive the birth of the sun. Hence the mother of Volsung dies as soon as her child has kissed her. So in Grimm's story of the Almond Tree, the mother of the sun-child, who is as white as snow and as red as blood, is so delighted at seeing her babe that she dies. The same lot is the portion of the mother in the story of Little Snow-white, the Dawn-maiden—a story which suggests a comparison with the myths of the glass of Agrippa and of the well of Apollôn Thyrxis as related by Pausanias.

CHAP. II.

Cyrus and Romulus. When at length the shepherd Aristhanas traced the dog and goat to the spot where the infant lay, he was terrified by the splendour which surrounded the child, like the flame round the head of the infant Servius in the Roman tale. The wonder, Pausanias adds, was soon noised abroad, and throughout land and sea the tidings were carried that Asklêpios healed the sick and raised the dead.[1] The wisdom by which he obtained this power he received from the teaching of the wise centaur Cheiron; but we have to mark that Cheiron is the teacher not only of Asklêpios but of Iasôn and Achilleus, who also represent the wisdom and brightness or power of Phoibos, and the descent of Cheiron himself connects him with the phenomena of daylight. When Ixîôn in his boundless pride sought to seize Hêrê the bright queen of the air herself, Zeus placed in his way the mist-maiden Nephelê from whom was born the Kentaur,[2] as the sun in the heights of heaven calls forth the bright clouds which move like horses across the sky. It is difficult not to see in these forms of Hellenic mythology a reflection of the Vedic Gandharvas, who are manifestly the bright sunlit clouds.[3] Not only has Indra the Harits (the Greek Charites) as his steeds, but the morning herself as the bride of the sun is spoken of as a horse,[4] and a hymn addressed to the sun-horse says, 'Yama brought the horse, Trita harnessed him,

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[1] ii. 26, 4. To this marvel of the flame was referred his title Aiglaêr, the gleaming, which simply reproduces the Lykian epithet of his father Phoibos. The healing powers of Asklêpios are seen in the German stories of Grandfather Death and Brother Lustig.

[2] Pind. *Pyth.* ii. 80.

[3] M. Bréal, in his masterly analysis of the myth of Oidipous, has no doubt of their identity. 'M. Adalbert Kuhn,' he says, 'dans un de ses plus ingénieux travaux, a montré l'identité des Centaures et des Gandharvas, ces êtres fantastiques, qui jouent dans la mythologie indienne le même rôle que les Centaures chez les Grecs. Ils portent le même nom: c'est ce que prouve l'analyse grammaticale des deux mots. Comme les Centaures, les Gandharvas ne forment qu'une seule famille. Ils sont le fruit de l'union du Gandharva avec les Nuées. En examinant les passages védiques où il est question de ces divinités, M. Kuhn a démontré que Gandharva est le nom du soleil, considéré au moment où il repose parmi les nuées et semble célébrer son union avec elles, et que les Gandharvas sont les nuages qui paraissent chevaucher dans le ciel. Ixion chez les Grecs est le Centaure par excellence, puisqu'il est le père de cette famille de monstres: il correspond au Gandharva védique.'

[4] Professor Max Müller cites the explanation of Yaska: 'Saranyû, the daughter of Tvashtar, had twins from Vivasvat, the sun. She placed another like her in her place, changed her form into that of a horse, and ran off. Vivasvat the sun likewise assumed the form of a horse, followed her, and embraced her. Hence the two Asvins were born, and the substitute (Savarna) bore Manu.' *Lectures on Language*, second series, 482. These Asvins are the Dioskouroi. See vol. i. p. 390, &c.

Indra first sat on him, the Gandharva took hold of his rein.'[1] It was inevitable that, when the word ceased to be understood in its original sense, the brightness of the clouds which seem to stretch in endless ranks to the furthermost abyss of heaven should suggest the notion of a wisdom which Phoibos receives from Zeus but cannot impart in its fulness to Hermes. What part of the heaven is there to which the cloud may not wander? what secret is there in nature which Cheiron cannot lay bare? There were, however, other traditions, one of which asserted that Asklêpios wrought his wonderful cures through the blood of Gorgo, while another related of him the story which is assigned elsewhere to Polyidos the son of Koiranos.[2] But like almost all the other beings to whose kindred he belonged, Asklêpios must soon die. The doom of Patroklos and Achilleus, Sarpêdôn and Memnôn, was upon him also. Either Zeus feared that men, once possessed of the secret of Asklêpios, might conquer death altogether, or Plouton complained that his kingdom would be left desolate; and the thunderbolt which crushed Phaëthôn smote down the benignant son of Phoibos, and the sun-god in his vengeance slew the Kyklôpes, the fashioners of the fiery lightnings for the lord of heaven.[3] But throughout Hellas Asklêpios remained the healer and the restorer of life, and accordingly the serpent is everywhere his special emblem, as the mythology of the Linga would lead us to expect.[4]

The stories of Ixîon and Atlas.

The myth of Ixîon exhibits the sun as bound to the four-spoked wheel which is whirled round everlastingly in the sky.[5] In that of Sisyphos we see the same being condemned to the daily toil of heaving a stone to the summit of a hill from which it immediately rolls down. This idea of tasks unwillingly done, or of natural operations as accomplished by means of punishment, is found also in the myth of Atlas, a name which like that of Tantalos denotes endurance and suffering, and so passes into the notion of arrogance or presumption. But the idea of a being who supported the heaven above the earth, as of a being who guides the horses of the sun, was awakened in the human mind long before the task was regarded as a penalty. Indeed, it can scarcely be said that this idea is clearly expressed in the Odyssey, which says of Atlas that he knows all the depths of the sea and that he holds or guards the lofty pillars which keep the heaven from falling to crush the earth.[1] It is scarcely prominent even when the Hesiodic poet speaks of him as doing his work under a strong necessity, for this is no more than the force which compels Phoibos to leave Delos for Pythô, and carries Kephalos, Bellerophôn, and Odysseus to their doom in the far west. Nor in either of these poems is there anything to warrant the inference that the poet regarded Atlas as a mountain. This idea comes up in the myth of Perseus, who sees the old man bowing beneath his fearful load, and holding the Gorgon's face before his eyes, turns him into stone; and the stone which is to bear up the brazen heaven must needs be a great mountain, whether in Libya or in other regions, for the African Atlas was not the only mountain which bore the name. But the phrase in the Odyssey which speaks of him as knowing all the depths of the sea points to a still earlier stage of the myth, in which Atlas was possessed of the wisdom of Phoibos and was probably Phoibos himself. Regarded thus, the myths which make the Okeanid Plêionê his wife and the Pleiades his children, or which give him Aithra for his bride and make her the mother of the Hyades and the Hesperides, are at once explained. He is thus naturally the father of Hesperos, the most beautiful star of the heavens, who appears as the herald of Eôs in the morning and is again seen by her side in the evening. The Hellenic Heôsphoros, the Latin Lucifer, the Lightbringer, who is Phôsphoros, is also called a son of Astraios and Eôs, the starlit skies of dawn.[1]

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 515.

[2] Apollod. iii. 10, 3, and iii. 3, 1. This story, as we have already seen, is that of the Snake Leaves, and reappears in Hindu as well as in Teutonic fairy tales. See vol. i. p. 160.

[3] Apollod. iii. 10, 4. Diod. iv. 71. In the *Iliad*, Asklêpios is simply the blameless healer, who is the father of Machâôn and Podaleirios, the wise physicians, who accompany the Achaians to Ilion. These are descendants of Paiêôn.

[4] See section xii. of this chapter.

[5] τετράκναμον δεσμόν. Pind. *Pyth.* ii. 80. This wheel reappears in the Gaelic story of the Widow and her Daughters, Campbell, ii. 265, and in Grimm's German tale of the Iron Stove. The treasure-house of Ixîon, which none may enter without being either destroyed like Hesioneus or betrayed by marks of gold or blood, reappears in a vast number of popular stories, and is the foundation of the story of Bluebeard. Compare the Woodcutter's Child in Grimm's collection. The sequel of the Gaelic tale already mentioned represents Grimm's legend of the Feather Bird.

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[1] It can scarcely be doubted that the words *ἀμφὶς ἔχουσιν*, *Od.* i. 54, do not mean that these columns surround the earth, for in this case they must be not only many in number, but it would be obvious to the men of a mythmaking and mythspeaking age, that a being stationed in one spot could not keep up, or hold, or guard, a number of pillars surrounding either a square or a circular earth. It is at the least certain that this is not the meaning of the Hesiodic poet, who gives to Atlas a local habitation at the utmost bounds of the earth near the abode of the Hesperides, and makes him bear the heavens on his heads and hands. The Hellenic Atlas is simply the Vedic Skambha, vol. i. p. 388.

The gardens of the Hesperides.

Far away in the west by the stream of the placid Ocean is the dwelling of the Hesperides, the children or sisters of Hesperos, the evening star, or, as they might also be termed, of Atlas or of Phorkys. This beautiful island which no bark ever approaches, and where the ambrosial streams flow perpetually by the couch of Zeus, is nevertheless hard by the land of the Gorgons and near the bounds of that everlasting darkness which is the abode of Ahi and Paṇi, of Geryon, Cacus, and Echidna. Hence the dragon Ladon guards with them the golden apples which Gaia gave to Hêrê when she became the bride of Zeus, these apples being the golden tinted clouds or herds of Helios, the same word being used to denote both.[2] It remained only to give them names easily supplied by the countless epithets of the morning or evening twilight, and to assign to them a local habitation, which was found close to the pillars or the mountain of Atlas which bears up the brazen heaven above the earth.

Atlas and Hyperîon.

Atlas is thus brought into close connection with Helios, the bright god, the Latin Sol and our sun. In the Iliad and Odyssey he is himself Hyperîon, the climber: in the Hesiodic Theogony, Hyperîon becomes his father by the same process which made Zeus the son of Kronos,—his mother being Theia, the brilliant, or Euryphaessa, the shedder of the broad light. In the former poems he rises every morning from a beautiful lake by the deep-flowing stream of Ocean, and having accomplished his journey across the heaven plunges again into the western waters. Elsewhere this lake becomes a magnificent palace, on which poets lavished all their wealth of fancy; but this splendid abode is none other than the house of Tantalos, the treasury of Ixîôn, the palace of Allah-ud-deen in the Arabian tale. Through the heaven his chariot was borne by gleaming steeds, the Rohits and Harits of the Veda; but his nightly journey from the west to the east is accomplished in a golden cup wrought by Hephaistos, or, as others had it, on a golden bed. But greater than his wealth is his wisdom. He sees and knows all things; and thus when Hekatê cannot answer her question, Helios tells Dêmêtêr to what place Korê has been taken, and again informs Hephaistos of the faithlessness of Aphroditê. It is therefore an inconsistency when the poet of the Odyssey represents him as not aware of the slaughter of his oxen by Eurylochos, until the daughters of Neaira bring him the tidings; but the poet returns at once to the true myth, when he makes Helios utter the threat that unless he is avenged, he will straightway go and shine among the dead. These cattle, which in the Vedic hymns and in most other Greek myths are the beautiful clouds of the Phaiakian land, are here (like the gods of the Arabian Kaaba), the days of the lunar year, seven herds of fifty each, the number of which is never increased or lessened; and their death is the wasting of time or the killing of the days by the comrades of Odysseus.

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[1] So transparent are all these names, and so many the combinations in which they are presented to us, that even the later mythographers can scarcely have been altogether unaware of the sources of the materials with which they had to deal.

[2] See note 5, p. 10.

Helios and Phaëthôn.

The same process which made Helios a son of Hyperîôn made him also the father of Phaëthôn. In the Iliad he is Helios Phaëthôn not less than Helios Hyperîôn; but when the name had come to denote a distinct personality, it served a convenient purpose in accounting for some of the phenomena of the year. The hypothesis of madness was called in to explain the slaughter of the boy Eunomos by Herakles; but it was at the least as reasonable to say that if the sun destroyed the fruits and flowers which his genial warmth had called into life, it must be because some one who had not the skill and the strength of Helios was holding the reins of his chariot.[1] Hence in times of excessive heat or drought the phrase ran that Phaëthôn, the mortal son of an undying father, was unable to guide the horses of Helios, while the thunderstorm, which ended the drought and discomfited Vritra and the Sphinx, dealt also the deathblow to Phaëthôn and plunged him into the sea. The tears of the Heliades, his sisters, like the drops which fell from the eyes of Zeus on the death of his son Sarpêdôn, answer to the down-pouring rain which follows the discharge of the lightning.

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[1] This is the Irish story of Cuchullin and Ferdiah. Fergusson, *Irish before the Conquest.*

Patroklos and Telemachos.

Phaëthôn, then, is strictly a reflection of his father with all his beauty and all his splendour, but without his discretion or his strength; and the charge given to him that he is not to whip the fiery steeds is of the very essence of the story. If he would but abstain from this, they would bring him safely to his journey's end; but he fails to obey, and is smitten. The parallel between this legend and that of Patroklos is singularly exact. Mr. Grote has remarked the neutral characters and vaguely defined personality both of Patroklos and of Telemachos, and we are justified in laying special stress on the fact that just as Phaëthôn is allowed to drive the horses of Helios under a strict charge that he shall not touch them with his whip, so Achilleus suffers Patroklos to put on his armour and ascend his chariot under the injunction that so soon as he has driven the Trojans from the ships he is not to attempt to pursue them to the city. Patroklos disobeys the command and is slain by Hektor; but the sorrow of the Heliades is altogether surpassed by the fiery agony of Achilleus. It is in truth impossible not to see the same weakened reflection of a stronger personality in the Latin Remus the brother of Romulus, in Arjuna the companion of Krishna, in Peirithoös the associate of Theseus, and in all the other mythical instances cited by Cicero as examples of genuine friendship. In the folk-lore of the East these secondaries, represented by faithful John in the Teutonic story, reappear as Luxman in the legend of Ramah, and as Butti in the tale of Vicram Maharajah. Nor can we fail to discern the same idea in the strange story of Absyrtos, the younger and weaker brother of the wise and unscrupulous Medeia, who scatters his limbs in the sea to stay the pursuit of Aiêtês,—a vivid image of the young sun as torn into pieces among the vapours that surround him, while the light falling in isolated patches on the sea seems to set bounds to the encroaching darkness which gives way before the conqueror of the clouds.

The bondage of Phoibos and Herakles.

The slaughter of the Kyklôpes brought on Phoibos the sentence of a year's servitude; and thus we have in the myth of Apollôn himself the germs of the hard bondage which weighs down Herakles through his whole career, and is only less prominent in the mythical histories of Perseus, Theseus, and other heroes, who, like Achilleus, fight in a quarrel which is not of their own choosing or making.[1] The master whom Phoibos serves is one between whom and himself there is no such contrariety of will as marks the relations of Herakles with Eurystheus. He is no hard exacter of tasks set in mere caprice to tax his servant's strength to the utmost; but he is well content to have under his roof one who, like the Brownie of modern superstition, has brought with him health and wealth and all good things. One thing alone is wanting, and this even Phoibos cannot grant him. It is the life of Alkêstis, the pure, the devoted, the self-sacrificing, for it had been told to Admêtos that he might escape death, if only his parents or his wife would die in his stead, and Alkêstis has taken the doom upon herself.[2] Thus in the very prime of her beauty she is summoned by Thanatos, death, to leave her home and children, and to cross with him the gloomy stream which separates the land of the living from the regions of the dead; and although Phoibos intercedes for a short respite, the gloomy being whose debtor she is lays his icy hands upon her and will not let her go until the mighty Herakles grapples with him, and having by main force rescued her from his grasp, brings her back to Admêtos. Such is the story told by Euripides, a story in which the character of Herakles is exhibited in a light of broad burlesque altogether beyond that of the Hymn to Hermes. We see in it at once the main features of the cognate legends. It is essentially the myth of Orpheus who like Admêtos must be parted from his lovely bride, and who differs from Admêtos only in this, that he must go and seek for her himself. In the one story the serpent stings and causes the death of Eurydikê: in the other, when Admêtos enters his bridal chamber on the day of his marriage, he sees on the bed a knot of twisted snakes, the omen of the grief that is coming. But although Alkêstis may die, death cannot retain dominion over her; and thus we have again the story of the simple phrases that the beautiful dawn or twilight, who is the bride of the sun, must die after sunset, if the sun himself is to live on and gladden the world with his light,—must die, if she herself is to live again and stand before her husband in all her ancient beauty. At this point the myth of Admêtos stops short, just as the Odyssey leaves the chief, after his toil is ended, with the faithful Penelopê, although it hints at a coming separation which is to end in death. The legend of Admêtos carries on the tale a step further, and the vanishing of Eurydikê just as she reaches the earth is the vanishing of Daphnê from Apollôn, of Arethousa from Alpheios, or it is the death of Prokris slain by the unwitting Kephalos.

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[1] 'The thought of the sun as a bondman led the Peruvian Inca to deny his pretension to be the doer of all things; for, if he were free, he would go and visit other parts of the heavens where he had never been. He is, said the Inca, like a tied beast who goes ever round and round in the same track.'—Max Müller, *Chips, &c.* ii. 113.

[2] Hence the connection of the name with that of Alkmênê or of (Athênê) Alalkomenê.

Character of Herakles.

But this idea of servitude which is thus kept in the background in the myths of Apollôn serves as the links which connect together all the phases and scenes of the life of Herakles. He is throughout the toiling, suffering hero, who is never to reap any fruit of his labour, and who can be cheered even by the presence and the love of Iolê, only when the fiery garment is eating deep into his flesh. When this idea once became prominent, a series of tasks and of successful achievements of these tasks was the inevitable sequel. What is there which the sun-god in his majesty and power cannot accomplish? What part of the wide universe is there which his light cannot penetrate? It mattered not whither or against what foes Eurystheus might send him; he must assuredly return triumphant over every adversary. On this fruitful stem would grow up a wealth of stories which mythographers might arrange according to any system suggested by their fancy, or which might be modified to suit any passing whim or local tradition and association; and so long as we remember that such systematic arrangements are results of recent ages, we may adopt any such plan as the most convenient way of dealing with the endless series of legends, all of them more or less transparent, and all pointing out with unmistakeable clearness the character of the hero who is the greatest representation of Indra on Hellenic soil. From first to last, his action is as beneficent to the children of men as it is fatal to the enemies of light, and the child who strangles in his cradle the deadly snakes of darkness grows up into the irresistible hero whom no danger can daunt and no difficulties can baffle.

Herakles and Eurystheus.

The immense number of exploits attributed to him, the arrangement of which seems to have afforded a special delight to more recent mythographers, would lead us to expect a large variety of traditions modified by local associations. To go through them all would be an endless and an unprofitable task; and we may safely accept the notices of the Homeric and lyric poets as the more genuine forms of the myth. Like Phoibos, Hermes, Dionysos, and others, he is a son of Zeus, born, as some said, in brilliant Argos, or as others related, in the Boiotian Thebes. With him is born his twin brother Iphiklês, the son—so the tale went—of Amphitryon; and thus the child of the mortal father stands to the son of the undying king of Olympos in the relation of Phaëthôn to Helios, of Patroklos to Achilleus, or of Telemachos to the chieftain of Ithaka. The subjection of the hero to his kinsman was brought about by the folly of Zeus, who, on the day of his birth, boasted himself as the father of one who was to rule over all the house of Perseus. Hêrè thereupon, urged on by Atê, the spirit of mischief, made him swear that the child that day to be born of his lineage should be this ruler, and summoning the Eileithyiai bade them see that Eurystheus came into the world before Herakles. So wroth was Zeus when Hêrê told him that the good man Eurystheus must, according to his oath, be king of Argos, that he seized Atê by the hair of her head, and swearing that she should never again darken the courts of heaven, hurled her from Olympos. Thus the weaker came to be tyrant over the stronger; but when the mythographers had systematized his labours, they related that Zeus made a compact by which Herakles should become immortal when he had brought his twelve tasks to a successful issue. The story of his birth tells us not only of the child in his cradle strangling the horrid snakes of darkness which seek to destroy their enemy, but of an infancy as troubled as that of Telephos or Oidipous. Like them, Alkmênê, favouring the jealousy of Hêrê, exposed the babe on the plain which thence received the name of Herakles; and it is picked up, of course, by the dawn-goddess Athênê, who beseeches Hêrê, the queen of the blue heaven, to nourish it. The child bites hard, and Hêrê flings it back to Athênê, who carries it to her mother.[1] The boy grows up the model of human strength and power; and his teachers point to the cloudland to which he himself belongs. Autolykos and Eurytos, by whom he is taught to wrestle and to shoot with the bow, denote the light and splendour of morning; Kastor, who shows him how to fight in heavy armour, is the twin brother of Polydeukes, these twins answering to the Vedic Asvins or horsemen; and Linos, who teaches him music, is akin to Hermes, Pan, Orpheus, and Amphion. The harper is slain by his pupil, and Amphitryon, fearing that his son might use his strength in a like way again, sends him to tend cattle, and in this task, which in other myths is performed by Saramâ or the daughters of Neiara, he lives until he has reached the full strength of youth. Thus far we have a time answering to the bright period in which Phoibos is tended by the nymphs in his infancy, when his face is unsoiled, and his raiment all white, and his terrible sword is not yet belted to his side. It is the picture of the unclouded sun rising in pure splendour, seeing the heavens which he must climb, and ready for the conflicts which may await him—gloomy mists and angry stormclouds. The moral aspect which this myth may be made to assume must be that of self-denial. The smooth road of indulgence is the easiest on which to travel; he who takes the rugged path of duty must do so from deliberate choice; and thus the brave Herakles, going forth to his long series of labours, suggests to the sophist Prodikos the beautiful apologue in which Aretê and Kakia, virtue and vice, each claim his obedience, as Aphroditê and Athênê each claim the golden prize which Paris must adjudge. The one promises endless pleasures here and hereafter; the other holds out the prospect of hard days followed by healthful slumbers, and warns him that nothing good was ever won without labour, nothing great ever done without toil. The mind of Herakles is made up at once; and the greatest of all mythical heroes is thus made to inforce the highest lessons of human duty, and to present the highest standard of human action. The apologue is full of beauty and truth, and there is manifestly no harm in such applications of myths when the myths themselves are not strained or distorted in the process. The images of self-restraint, of power used for the good of others, are prominent in the lives of all or almost all the Zeus-born heroes; but these are not their only aspects, and it is as necessary to remember that other myths told of Herakles can no more be reconciled with this standard of generous self-devotion than the conduct of Odysseus as he approaches the Seirens' island with the Christian duty of resisting temptation.

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[1] Diod. iv. 9.

The lions of Kithairôn and Nemea.

With this high heroic temper Herakles sets forth for his first great fight with the lion of Kithairon, and whether from its carcase or from that of the Nemean beast, he obtains the lion's skin with which he is seen so commonly represented, and which reappears in the jackal's skin in the story of the enchanted Hindoo rajah.[1] The myth of the fifty daughters of Thestios or Thespios, which in some versions is connected with his first great exploit, is akin to that of the fifty daughters of Danaos and the fifty children whom Asterodia bare to Endymiôn.[2] It is but one instance out of many in which we have the sun under an aspect altogether inconsistent with the ideal of Prodikos. Herakles is no longer the hero who imposes on himself a hard discipline, but the voluptuous wanderer who has many loves in many lands. In his attack on the envoys of Ergînos he is armed with a coat of mail brought to him by the dawn-goddess Athênê, as Achilleus and Sigurd wear the armour brought to them by Thetis and Hjordis.[1] The same thought suggested the gift of the bow and arrows from Phoibos, the lord of the spear-like sunbeams, of the sword from Hermes, whose stroke can split the forest trees, of the peplos from Athênê, the clear-faced morning. The arrows bestowed on him by Apollôn it must specially be noted are poisoned; and these poisoned barbs are used by Philoktêtês, who receives them from Neoptolemos, the child of Achilleus, the brilliant but short-lived sun, and by Odysseus, whom Athênê restores to youthful beauty as his life's labour draws towards its end. But we have no historical evidence that poisoned arrows were used by any Hellenic tribes, or that they would not have regarded the employment of such weapons with the utmost horror. How then comes it to pass that the poets of the Iliad and Odyssey can attribute to the Achaian heroes practices from which their kinsmen would have shrunk with disgust? The mystery is easily solved. The equivocation which turned the violet-tinted rays of morning into spears was inevitable; the change of the spears or arrows into poisoned barbs was, at the least, as natural and necessary.[2]

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[1] With this lion's skin must be compared the fish-skin with which the sun-god is represented in the characters of Proteus and Onnes or Dagon, and which might be worn by Phoibos Delphinios. With the later, it is simply a sign of the sun as rising like Aphroditê from the sea; the lion's skin may denote perhaps the raiment of tawny cloud which the sun seems to trail behind him as he fights his way through the vapours whom he is said to overcome. See vol. i. p. 135. In his chapters on *Ancient Faiths and Legends*, M. Maury enters at length into the physiological questions which on the Euemeristic hypothesis must be connected with the myth of the Nemean Lion. However conclusive his arguments may be, the inquiry is almost superfluous. It cannot be necessary to disprove the existence of lions in the Peloponnese, unless we must also disprove that of the Sphinx or the Chimaira.

[2] See p. 30.

Herakles and Kerberos.

As the conquest of the lion of Kithairon is the first great exploit, so according to the systematising mythographers the bringing up of the dog Kerberos[3] from Hades is the last. This story is mentioned by the poet of the Odyssey, who makes Herakles tell Odysseus that his sufferings are but a reflection of the toils which he had himself undergone by the tyranny of the mean Eurystheus, and that this task of bringing up the hound had been achieved by the aid of Athênê and Hermes, the dawn and the breeze of morning.[1] On this framework was built an elaborate superstructure, which we need not examine closely, but of which some at least of the details are significant. The slaughter of the Kentaurs by Herakles, for which he needed purification before descending to Hades, is the conquest and dispersion of the vapours by the sun as he rises in the heaven; and the crime of Herakles is only another form of that of Ixîôn. As he returns to the upper world he rescues Theseus, himself one of the great solar heroes, and the child of Aithra, the pure air; but Peirithoös must remain behind, as Patroklos must die even though he be the friend of Achilleus. The dog of Yama thus brought back is, of course, carried down again by Herakles to the nether world.

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[1] Ergînos is the father of Trophônios and Agamêdês, the builders of the Delphian shrine — the myth of the children of darkness raising the sanctuary of the lord of light answering to the legend which makes Apollôn himself the child of (Lêtô) the sombre night.

[2] The word *ἰός*, *ἴον*, which furnished a name for the violet hue, for a spear, and for poison, is really a homonym traceable to two or three roots; and thus far the equivocation differs from that which turned Lykâôn into a wolf, and Arkas into a bear, these names being in fact of the same signification, although the men who uttered them had ceased to be conscious of it.

[3] The name Kerberos is the Sanskrit Sarvara, or Sambara, one of the enemies slain by Indra.—Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 182, 188.

The madness of Herakles.

But the sun as he rises in the heaven acquires a fiercer power; and thus Apollôn becomes Chrysâôr, and Herakles becomes mad. It is the raging of the heat which burns up the fruits of the earth which it has fostered, and so Herakles slays his own children by Megara, and two also of the sons of Iphiklês. At this point he is represented by some as asking the Pythian priestess where he should make his abode, and as receiving from her, instead of his former title, Alkaios or Alkîdes, the sturdy, the name of Herakles, the heavenly.[2] As such, he is the avenger of the fraud of Laomedôn, who had refused to pay the promised recompense to Poseidôn and Phoibos for building his walls and tending his flocks. As in the case of Kepheus or of Oineus, the offended deities send a monster to ravage the fields of Ilion, and Laomedôn promises to bestow his immortal horses on any one who will slay it. But again he breaks his oath, by giving mortal steeds to Herakles when the beast has been killed.

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[1] *Od.* xi. 626; *Il.* viii. 369. The latter passage is especially noteworthy as indicating that clashing of wills between Athênê and Zeus which Mr. Gladstone is anxious to keep as much as possible in the background. Athênê here speaks of Zeus as mad, hard of heart, a blunderer, and an obstacle in her path.

[2] The name Herakles is the same as Hêrê, with the termination denoting glory or renown.

The result is the first Trojan war mentioned in the Iliad, which relates how Herakles, coming with six ships and few men, shattered its towers and left its streets desolate.[1] In other words, Herakles is mightier than Agamemnon; he is the sun-god demanding his own recompense: the Achaians among whom Achilleus fights are the sun-children seeking to recover the beautiful light of evening and the treasures which have been stolen with her from the west.

Orthros and Hydra.

Of the other exploits of Herakles, the greater number explain themselves. The Nemean lion is the offspring of Typhon, Orthros, or Echidna; in other words, it is sprung from Vritra, the dark thief, and Ahi, the throttling snake of darkness, and it is as surely slain by Herakles as the snakes which had assaulted him in the cradle. Another child of the same horrid parents is the Lernaian Hydra, its very name denoting a monster who, like the Sphinx or the Panis, shuts up the waters and causes drought. It has many heads, one being immortal, as the storm must constantly supply new clouds while the vapours are driven off by the sun into space. Hence the story went that although Herakles could burn away its mortal heads, as the sun burns up the clouds, still he can but hide away the mist or vapour itself, which at its appointed time must again darken the sky. In this fight he is aided by Iolaos, the son of Iphikles, a name recalling, like that of Iolê, the violet-tinted clouds which can be seen only when the face of the heaven is clear of the murky vapours. Hence it is that Eurystheus is slain when Iolaos rises from the under world to punish him for demanding from the children of the dawn-goddess Athênê the surrender of the Herakleids, who had found among them a congenial home. The stag of Keryneia is, according to some versions, slain, in others only seized by Herakles, who bears it with its golden antlers and brazen feet to Artemis and Phoibos.

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[1] *Il.* v. 640. This story is put into the mouth of the Herakleid Tlêpolemos when he is about to slay Sarpêdôn. Grote, *Hist. Gr.* i. 388. The other incidents simply repeat the story of Kepheus. The oracle says that a maiden must be given up to the sea-monster, and the lot falls on Hesionê, the daughter of Laomedon, as in the Libyan tale it falls on Andromeda, the daughter of Kepheus. Herakles, of course, plays the part of Perseus, and is aided by Athênê and the Trojans, who build him a tower to help him in the fight.

The light god is angry because he had thus laid hands on an animal sacred to his sister, and thus the stag becomes a cloud crowned with golden tints, and dispersed as the sun pursues it. The story of the Erymanthian boar is in some accounts transferred from Argos to Thessaly or Phrygia, the monster itself, which Herakles chases through deep snow, being closely akin to the Chimaira slain by Bellerophôn. In the myth of the Augeian stables Herakles plays the part of Indra, when he lets loose the waters imprisoned by the Paṇi.[1] In this case the plague of drought is regarded not so much in its effects on the health of man as in its influence on nature generally, in the disorder, decay, unseemliness, and filth which must follow from it. The clouds, here the cattle of Augeias, may move across the sky, but they drop down no water on the earth, and do nothing towards lessening the evil. Of these clouds Augeias promises that Herakles shall become in part the lord, if he can but cleanse their stables. The task is done, but Augeias, like Laomedôn, refuses to abide by his bargain, and even defeats Herakles and his companions in a narrow Eleian gorge. But the victory of Augeias is fatal to himself, and with Kteatos and Eurytos he is slain by Herakles.

The Marathonian bull.

The myth of the Cretan bull seems to involve a confusion similar to that which has led some to identify the serpent who is regarded as an object of love and affection in the Phallic worship, with the serpent who is always an object of mere aversion and disgust.[2] The bull which bears Eurôpê from the Phoinikian land is obviously the bull Indra, which, like the sun, traverses the heaven, bearing the dawn from the east to the west. But the Cretan bull, like his fellow in the Gnossian labyrinth, who devours the tribute children from the city of the dawn-goddess, is a dark and malignant monster akin to the throttling snake, who represents the powers of night and darkness. This bull Poseidôn, it is said, makes mad; but although Herakles carries it home on his back, he is compelled to let it go again, and it reappears as the bull who ravages the fields of Marathon, till it is slain by the hands of Theseus, who is the slayer also of the Minotauros. The clouds and vapours pursued and conquered by the hero are seen again in the mares of Diomêdês, which consume their master and are thus rendered tame, perhaps as the isolated clouds are unable to resist the sun when the moisture which has produced them has been subdued. They appear also as the Stymphalian birds, with claws, wings, and beaks resembling those of the Sphinx, and like her being eaters of human flesh or destroyers of men and beasts. These birds, it is said, had taken refuge in the Stymphalian lake, because they were afraid of the wolves—a phrase which exhibits the dark storm-clouds as dreading the rays (Lykoi) of the sun, which can only appear when themselves have been defeated. These clouds reappear yet again as the cattle stolen by Geryon, and recovered by Herakles—a myth of which the legend of Cacus exhibits the most striking and probably the most genuine form. Nor is the legend of the golden apples guarded by the Hesperides anything more than a repetition of the same idea, being itself, as we have seen, a result of the same kind of equivocation which produced the myths of Lykâon, Arktouros, and Kallisto.

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[1] This exploit, in the Norse story of the Mastermaid, is performed by the prince, who finds that, unless he guides the pitchfork aright, ten pitchforks full of filth come in for every one that he tosses out, an incident which recalls the growth of the heads of the Lernaian Hydra. This myth is repeated in the tale of the Two Stepsisters, and in the Gaelic story of the Battle of the Birds, of which Mr. Campbell (*Tales of the West Highlands*, i. 61) says that 'it might have been taken from classical mythology if it stood alone, but Norwegian peasants and West Highlanders could not so twist the story of Hercules into the same shape.'

[2] See section xii. of this chapter.

The girdle of Hippolytê.

In the girdle of Hippolytê we have one of those mysterious emblems which are associated with the Linga in the worship of Vishnu. It is the magic kestos of Aphroditê and the wreath of the Kadmeian Harmonia. Into the myth which related how Herakles became its possessor, the mythographers have introduced a series of incidents, some of which do not belong to it, while others merely repeat each other. Thus, before he reaches the land of the Amazons, Herakles aids Lykos against the Bebrykes, in other words, fights the battle of the bright being against the roaring monsters who are his enemies; and thus, after he has slain Hippolytê and seized the girdle, he visits Echidna, a being akin to the beautiful but mysterious Melusina, who throws her spell over Raymond of Toulouse, and then takes vengeance on the Trojan Laomedôn, slaying the bright Sarpêdôn, who in the Iliad falls by the spear of his descendant Tlepolemos.

Myths interspersed among the legends of the twelve labours of Herakles.

The narratives of these great exploits, which are commonly known as the twelve labours of Herakles, are interspersed with numberless incidents of greater or less significance, some of them plainly interpreting themselves. Thus, in his journey to the land of the Hesperides he is tormented by the heat of the sun, and shoots his arrows at Helios, who, admiring his bravery, gives him his golden cup in which to cross the sea. In Kyknos, the son of Arês the grinder or crusher, he encounters an antagonist akin to Cacus, or even more formidable. With his father Kyknos invades the sacred precincts of Apollôn, where he sits on his fiery chariot while the earth trembles beneath the hoofs of his horses, and the altar and grove of Phoibos are filled with the horrid glare. It is the thunderstorm which blackens the heavens at midday, usurping the place of the lord of light, and lighting up his sanctuary, the blue heaven, with streams of deadly fire. Well may the poet say that against such a foe none but Herakles and his faithful Iolaos would dare to make a stand. But the son of Alkmênê is journeying to Trachis, and Kyknos, whose chariot blocks up the road, must yield up the path or die. On the challenge of Herakles a furious conflict ensues, in which we see the spears of Indra hurled against his hateful enemy. The crash of the thunder rolls through the heaven, and the big thunderdrops fall from the sky.[1] At last Kyknos is slain, but Herakles is now confronted by Arês himself, whom he conquers although he cannot slay him. Arês is indeed not the passing storm, but the power from whom these storms come: he is that head of the Lernaian hydra which cannot die, and thus he escapes with a thigh wound, while the body of Kyknos, stripped of its glittering armour, is buried by Keÿx. In Antaios[2] Herakles encounters the giant who, under the name of Polyphêmos, seeks to crush Odysseus. Like the latter, the Libyan monster is a son of the sea-god—the black storm-vapour which draws to itself new strength from the earth on which it reposes. Hence Herakles cannot overcome him until he lifts him off the earth and strangles him in the expanse of heaven, as the sun cannot burn up and disperse the vapours until his heat has lifted them up above the surface of the land.

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[1] *Asp. Herakl.* 384.

[2] Antaios, the uncouth awkward giant, may be fairly taken as a type of the Teutonic Troll, in whom is combined the unsightliness of Polyphêmos with the stupidity which, tolerably characteristic of the Kyklôps, is brought out still more clearly in the Teutonic devil. Whether in Greek, Hindu, or other mythology, these monsters are generally outwitted, and hence nothing is gained by hypotheses which see in these Trolls the aboriginal inhabitants who had not wit enough to hold their ground against

Herakles and Eurytos.

The fiercer heats of summer may, as we have seen, suggest the idea not only that another hand less firm than that of Helios is suffering his fiery horses to draw too near the earth, but that Helios himself has been smitten with madness, and cares not whether in his fury he slays those whom he has most loved and cherished. The latter idea runs through the myths of the raging Herakles, and thus, when he has won Iolê the daughter of Eurytos as the prize for success in archery, her father refuses to fulfil the compact because a being who has killed one bride and her offspring may repeat the crime: and thus he is parted from Iolê at the very moment of winning her. It is the old story of Daphnê, Prokris, or Arethousa, with this difference only that the legend of Iolê belongs to the middle heats of summer. But Herakles may not be injured with impunity. The beautiful cattle of Eurytos are feeding like those of Helios in the pastures where the children of Neaira tend them, and Herakles is suspected of driving them away, as the tinted clouds of morning tide vanish before the sun. His friend Iphitos pleads his cause, but when he asks the aid of Herakles in recovering the lost cattle, the angry hero turns on his friend and slays him. The friendship of Herakles is as fatal to

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the new invaders of the land, and who therefore betook themselves to the mountains. It is of the very essence of the myths of Indra, Herakles, Bellerophontes, Perseus, or any other light-born heroes, that they should be victorious over the enemies opposed to them, and that these enemies should appear in horrible shapes which yet are not so formidable as they seem; in other words, they cannot stand against the hero whose insignificant stature and mean appearance they had despised. All that we need say is that they become more stupid as we go further north. The Kyklôps of the *Odyssey* is not quite such a fool as the Troll who slits his stomach that he may eat the more, because 'Boots who ate a match with the Troll' and has made a slit in the scrip which he carries under his chin, assures him that the pain is nothing to speak of. The giant in the story of the Valiant Tailor (Grimm) is cheated much in the same fashion.

Iphitos as that of Achilleus to Patroklos. Incident is now crowded on incident, all exhibiting the working of the same idea. It is the time of the wild simoom. Herakles approaches the sanctuary of Phoibos, but the Pythia will yield no answer to his questions, and a contest follows between Herakles and Phoibos himself, which is ended only when Zeus sunders them by a flash of lightning. When thus for the time discomfited, he is told that he can be loosed from his madness and again become sound in mind only by consenting to serve for a time as a bondman; and thus the myth which makes Apollôn serve in the house of Admêtos, and which made Herakles all his life long the slave of a mean tyrant, is again brought into the story. He is now sold to Omphalê (the correlative of Omphalos), and assumes something like the guise of the half-feminine Dionysos. But even with this story of subjection a vast number of exploits are interwoven, among these being the slaying of a serpent on the river Sygaris and the hunting of the Kalydonian boar.

Herakles and Augê.

The tale of his return from the conquest of Ilion presents the same scenes under slightly different colours. In his fight with the Meropes he is assailed by a shower of stones, and is even wounded by Chalkôdôn,— another thunderstorm recalling the fight with Arês and Kyknos: and the same battle of the elements comes before us in the next task which Athênê sets him, of fighting with the giants in the burning fields of Phlegrai. These giants, it had been foretold, were to be conquered by a mortal man, a notion which takes another form in the surprise of Polyphêmos when he finds himself outwitted by so small and insignificant a being as Odysseus. At this point, after his return to Argos, some mythographers place his marriage with Augê, the mother of Telephos, whose story reproduces that of Oidipous or Perseus.

Herakles and Dêianira.

His union with Dêianeira, the daughter of the Kalydonian chief, brings us to the closing scenes of his troubled and tumultuous career. The name points, as we have seen, to the darkness which was to be his portion at the ending of his journey, and here also his evil fate pursues him. His spear is fatal to the boy Eunomos, as it had been to the children of Megara; but although in this instance the crime had been done unwittingly, Herakles would not accept the pardon tendered to him, and he departed into exile with Dêianeira. At the ford of a river Herakles entrusts her to the charge of the Kentaur Nessos, who acted as ferryman, and who attempting to lay hands on Dêianeira is fatally wounded by the hero. In his last moments Nessos bids her preserve his blood, as the sure means of recovering her husband's love if it should be transferred to another. The catastrophe brought about by these words of Nessos is related by Sophokles; but before this end came, Herakles had aided many friends and vanquished many foes. Among these was Augeias, whom he attacked at the head of an Arkadian host, the men of the bright land. Against him were arrayed, among other allies of the Eleian king, Eurytos and Kteatos, the sons of the grinders or crushers Molionê and Aktor. But here the strength of Herakles for a time fails him, and the enemy hesitates not to attack him during his sickness; but the hero lies in ambush, like the sun lurking behind the clouds while his rays are ready to burst forth like spears, and having slain some of his enemies, advances and takes the city of Elis, making Phyleus king in place of Augeias, whom he slays together with his children.

The death of Herakles.

When at length the evening of his life was come, Dêianeira received the tidings that her husband was returning in triumph from the Euboian Oichalia, not alone, but bringing with him the beautiful Iolê, whom he had loved since the hour when he first put the shaft to his bow in the contest for that splendid prize. Now he had slain her father, as Perseus slew Akrisios and as Oidipous smote down Laios, and the maiden herself was coming to grace his home. Then the words of Nessos come back to the memory of the forsaken wife, who steeps in his blood the white garment which at the bidding of Herakles Lichas comes to fetch from Trachis. The hero is about to offer his sacrifice to the Kenaian Zeus, and he wishes to offer it up in peace, clad in a seemly robe of pure white, with the fair and gentle Iolê standing by his side. But so it is not to be. Scarcely has he put on the robe which Lichas brings than the poison begins to course through his veins and rack every limb with agony unspeakable, as the garment given by Helios to Medeia consumed the flesh of Glaukê and of Kreôn. Once more the suffering hero is lashed into madness, and seizing the luckless Lichas he hurls him into the sea. Thus, borne at last to the heights of Oita, he gathers wood, and charges those who are around him to set the pile on fire, when he shall have laid himself down upon it. Only the shepherd Poias ventures to do the hero's will: but when the flame is kindled, the thunder crashes through the heaven, and a cloud comes down which bears him away to Olympos, there to dwell in everlasting youth with the radiant Hêbê as his bride.[1] It is a myth in which 'looms a magnificent sunset,'[2] the forked flames as they leap from the smoke of the kindled wood being the blood-red vapours which stream from the body of the dying sun. It is the reverse of the picture which leaves Odysseus with Penelopê in all the brightness of early youth, knowing indeed that the night must come, yet blessed in the profound calm which has followed the storms and troubles of the past. It is the picture of a sunset in wild confusion, the multitude of clouds hurrying hither and thither, now hiding, now revealing the mangled body of the sun,—of a sunset more awful yet not more sad than that which is seen in the last hours of Bellerophôn, as he wanders through the Aleian plain in utter solitude,—the loneliness of the sun who has scattered the hostile vapours and then sinks slowly down the vast expanse of pale light with the ghastly hues of death upon his face, while none is nigh to cheer him, like Iolê by the funeral pile of Herakles.[3]

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[1] There was no reason why the myth should stop short here; and the cycle already so many times repeated is carried on by making Herakles and Hêbê the parents of Alexiarês and Anikêtos, names which again denote the irresistible strength and the benignant nature of the parent whose blood flows in their veins. The name Alexiarês belongs to the same class with Alexikakos, an epithet which Herakles shares with Zeus and Apollôn, along with Daphnêphoros, Olympios, Pangenetôr, and others.—Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 89.

[2] Max Müller, *ib.* ii. 88.

[3] It was easy to think of Herakles as never wearied and never dying, but as journeying by the Ocean stream after sun-down to the spot whence he comes again into sight in the morning. Hence in the Orphic hymns he is self-born, the wanderer along the path of light (Lykabas) in which he performs his mighty exploits between the rising and the setting of the sun. He is of many shapes, he devours all things and produces all things, he slays and he heals. Round his head he bears the Morning and the Night (xii.), and as living through the hours of darkness he wears a robe of stars (ἀστροχίτων).

The Latin Hercules.

Of the Latin Hercules we need say but little here. The most prominent myth connected with the name in comparatively recent times is that of the punishment of Cacus for stealing the oxen of the hero; and this story must be taken along with the other legends which reproduce the great contest between the powers of light and darkness set forth in the primitive myth of Indra and Ahi. The god or hero of whom the Latins told this story is certainly the same in character with the Hellenic son of Alkmênê; but, as Niebuhr insisted, it is not less certain that the story must have been told from the first not of the genuine Latin Hercules or Herculus, a deity who was the guardian of boundaries, like the Zeus Herkeios of the Greeks, but of some god in whose place Hercules has been intruded, from the phonetic resemblance between his name and that of Herakles. Apart from this story the Latin Hercules, or rather Recaranus, has no genuine mythology, the story of the Potitii and Pinarii being, like a thousand others, a mere institutional legend, to account for ceremonies in the later ritual.

Egyptian myths.

Still less is it necessary to give at length the points of likeness or difference between the Hellenic Herakles and the deities of whom Herodotos or other writers speak as the Herakles of Egypt or other countries. By their own admission their names at least had nothing in common; and the affinity between the Greek hero and the Egyptian Som, Chon, or Makeris, must be one of attributes only. It is, indeed, obvious that go where we will, we must find the outlines, at least, of the picture into which the Greek mind crowded such an astonishing variety of life and action. The sun, as toiling for others, not for himself, as serving beings who are as nothing in comparison with his own strength and splendour, as cherishing or destroying the fruits of the earth which is his bride, as faithful or fickle in his loves, as gentle or furious in his course, could not fail to be the subject of phrases which, as their original meaning grew fainter, must suggest the images wrought up with lavish but somewhat undiscerning zeal into the stories of the Hellenic Herakles. Not less certainly would these stories exhibit him under forms varying indefinitely from the most exalted majesty to the coarsest burlesque. He might be the devoted youth, going forth like Sintram to fight against all mean pleasures, or the kindly giant who almost plays the part of a buffoon in the house of the sorrowing Admêtos. Between the Herakles of Prodikos and that of Euripides there was room for a vast variety of colouring, and thus it was easy to number the heroes bearing this name by tens or by hundreds. The obvious resemblances between these deities would lead the Greeks to identify their own god with the Egyptian deity, and suggest to the Egyptians the thought of upholding their own mythology as the sole source or fountain of that of Hellas.

Repetitions of the myth of Herakles.

But the mythical history of Herakles is bound up with that of his progenitors and his descendants, and furnishes many a link in the twisted chain presented to us in the prehistoric annals of Greece. The myth might have stopped short with the death of the hero; but a new cycle is, as we have seen, begun when Hêbê becomes the mother of his children in Olympos, and Herakles, it is said, had in his last moments charged his son Hyllus on earth to marry the beautiful Iolê. The ever-moving wheels, in short, may not tarry. The children of the sun may return as conquerors in the morning, bringing with them the radiant woman who with her treasures had been stolen away in the evening. After long toils and weary conflicts they may succeed in bearing her back to her ancient home, as Perseus bears Danaê to Argos; but not less certainly must the triumph of the powers of darkness come round again, and the sun-children be driven from their rightful heritage. Thus was framed that woful tale of expulsion and dreary banishment, of efforts to return many times defeated but at last successful, which make up the mythical history of the descendants of Herakles. But the phenomena which rendered their expulsion necessary determined also the direction in which they must move, and the land in which they should find a refuge. The children of the sun can rest only in the land of the morning, and accordingly it is at Athens alone and from the children of the dawn-goddess that the Herakleids can be sheltered from their enemies, who press them on every side. Thus we find ourselves in a cycle of myths which might be repeated at will, which in fact were repeated many times in the so-called prehistoric annals of Greece, and which doubtless would have been repeated again and again, had not the magic series been cut short by the dawn of the historical sense and the rise of a real historical literature.

The story of Perseus.

In the Argive tradition the myth of Perseus is made to embrace the whole legend of Herakles, the mightiest and the most widely known of all the mythical heroes of the Greeks. It is as belonging to the race of Perseus, and as being by the arts of Hêrê brought into the world before his cousin, that Eurystheus becomes the tyrant of Herakles. Yet the story of Perseus is essentially the same as the story of his more illustrious descendant; and the profound unconsciousness of the Argives that the two narratives are in their groundwork identical is a singular illustration of the extent to which men can have all their critical faculties lulled to sleep by mere difference of names or of local colouring in legends which are only modifications of a single myth. In either case we have a hero whose life, beginning in disasters, is a long series of labours undertaken at the behest of one who is in every way his inferior, and who comes triumphantly out of these fearful ordeals, because he is armed with the invincible weapons of the dawn, the sun, and the winds. Nor is there perhaps a single feature or incident in the whole myth to which a parallel is not furnished by other Hellenic, or even other Argive, legends. Before his birth, Akrisios, his mother's father, learns at Delphoi, like the Theban Laios, that if his daughter has a child, that child will be his destroyer. At once then he orders that Danaê shall be shut up in a brazen tower, an imprisonment answering to that of Persephonê in the land of Hades, or of Brynhild in Niflheim. But here, as with them, a deliverer is wanted; and this deliverer is Zeus, the lord of the life-giving ether, who had wooed Leda in the form of the white swan, the spotless cloud, and who now enters the dungeon of Danaê in a golden shower, the glittering rays which herald the approach of spring with its new life for the trees and flowers. Thus in his mother's dreary prison-house the golden child[1] is born; and Akrisios in his wrath decrees that his daughter and her babe shall share the doom of Oidipous and Dionysos. Like Semelê, she is placed with the infant in a chest or ark, which is thrust out into the sea, and carried by the waves and tide to the island of Seriphos, where the vessel is seen by Diktys, who of course is fishing, and by him Danaê and her child are taken to the house of his brother Polydektes, the chief of the island, a myth which we have to compare with those of Artemis Diktynna and Persephonê. Throughout the story, Diktys is the kindly being whose heart is filled with pity for the sorrowing mother, while Polydektes, a name identical with that of Hades Polydegmon, is her unrelenting persecutor. He is thus a champion of the lord of light, which is reflected in his name as in that of Diktynna and the Diktaian cave in Crete; and the equivocation in the one case is precisely the same as in the other. Polydektes now tries all his arts to win Danaê, and his efforts at once recall the temptation of Saramâ by Paṇi; but Danaê is true to her child and to his father, and Polydektes resolves to be rid of the youth who stands thus in his way. So, like Eurystheus, he sends him away with a strict charge that he is not to return unless he brings with him the Gorgon's head, the sight of which can freeze every living being into stone. Thus the dawn is parted from her son, for Phoibos himself must leave his mother Lêtô and begin his westward journey.[1] He starts alone, and as he thinks unbefriended, but with the high and generous spirit which marks the youthful Herakles in the apologue of Prodikos, and heavenly beings come to his aid as Aretê promises to strengthen the son of Alkmênê. From the dawn-goddess, Athênê, he receives the mirror into which he is to gaze when he draws his sword to smite the mortal Gorgon, the fiend of darkness; from Hermes he obtains the sword which never falls in vain; and the Nymphs bring him the bag in which he is to carry away the head of Medousa, the tarn-kappe or invisible helmet of Hades, and the golden sandals which will bear him along as swiftly as a dream,—in other words, the golden chariot of Helios, or the armour of

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[1] Χρυσόπατρος, the Gold Child, in Grimm's collection of Teutonic stories.

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[1] If Niebuhr is right in connecting together the names Daunos, Danaos, Lavinus, Lakinus, Latinus, &c., the name Danaê is only another form of Ahanâ and Athênê, of Dahanâ and Daphnê See vol. i. p. 242.

Achilleus, which bears him up as a bird upon the wing. He is now the Chrysâôr, armed for the battle and ready for his journey; and like the sun, he may veil himself in clouds when he wishes not to be seen. But he cannot reach the Gorgon's den until he has first passed the home of the Graiai, the land of the gloaming, whose solitary eye and tooth he refuses to restore until they have pointed out the road which shall bring him to his journey's end. In other words, the sun must go through the twilight-land before he can pierce the regions of utter darkness and reappear in the beautiful gardens of the Hyperboreans, the asphodel meadows of the tinted heavens of morning. When at length his task is done, and he turns to go to the upper world, the Gorgon sisters (the clouds of darkness) start up in fury, and their brazen talons almost seize him as he reaches the clear blue heaven, which is called the land of the brilliant Ethiopians. Here, again, the same war is going on in which he has already been the conqueror. The stormcloud is seeking to devour the dawn and to blot out its tender light; in other words, the Libyan dragon seeks to make Andromeda his prey, as the maiden stands motionless on the rock to which she has been fastened. The monster is soon destroyed, as the Sphinx is soon discomfited by Oidipous; and the awful power of the Gorgon's glance is seen in the death of Phineus, and in the merciful ending of the long labours of Atlas. But the great work remains yet to be done, the avenging of the wrongs of Danaê, as the Achaians fought to avenge the griefs and woes of Helen. The vengeance of Perseus must be as terrible as that of Achilleus or the stern chieftain of Ithaka. But when Polydektes and his abettors have been turned into stone and Diktys made king of the land, Perseus yields up his magic weapons to the gods who gave them, and departs with his mother to the old home in Argos. Once more Danaê treads her native soil, as Helen graces the halls of Menelaos when Paris the thief has been slain. But the doom pronounced by the Delphian priestess was still unfulfilled; and Akrisios no sooner hears that Perseus is coming than he flies to Larissa. Thither Perseus follows him, not as a foe, but as a friend, and takes part in the games which Teutamidas the chief holds in his honour. Presently a quoit hurled by Perseus lights on the feet of Akrisios, and the prophecy is accomplished which makes Oidipous, Romulus, and Cyrus slay their parents or their grandsires. The sequel is given in two versions, corresponding to the choice given to Achilleus.[1] In the one Perseus returns to Argos, and there dies in peace; in the other grief and shame for the death of Akrisios drive him to abandon his Argive sovereignty for that of Tiryns, where his kinsman Megapenthes is king. In the latter, he may be compared with Bellerophôn wandering in gloom and loneliness through the Aleian plain; in the former we have the tranquil time which follows the great vengeance of Achilleus and Odysseus. Thus as the unwilling destroyer even of those whom he loves, as the conqueror of monstrous beasts and serpents, as toiling for a mean and cruel master, yet as coming forth in the end victorious over all his enemies, Perseus is at once the forefather and the counterpart of Herakles. He is himself born in Argos the bright land, as Phoibos springs to life in Delos or Artemis in Ortygia; but his mother Danaê is almost as neutral and colourless as Lêtô or Iokastê or Hekabê or Semelê. The Argive tradition runs in a circle, and the Athenian myth, jealously prized as a wholly independent history, is made up of the same materials. The practical identity of the Athenian legend of Theseus and the Argive legend of the son of Alkmênê suggested the proverb 'Another Herakles;' nor, if attention had been specially fixed on the task of tracing out such resemblances, would very keen powers of criticism have been needed to show that the same process might be applied to the legends of all the Hellenic tribes.

Birth and youth of Theseus.

The myth of Theseus is indeed more transparent than that of his two great kinsmen. As Perseus is the son of the golden shower, so is Theseus the child of Aithra, the pure air; and if in one version he is said to be a son of Aigeus, king of Athens, in another he is called a son of Poseidôn, as Athênê is Tritogeneia, and Aphroditê comes up from the sea; but Aigeus himself is only Poseidôn under a name denoting the dash of the waves on the shore, and when Apollodoros speaks of Aigeus as a son not of Pandion but of Skyrios, we are still in the same magic circle, for the island of Skyros seems to have been noted especially for the worship of the Ionian Poseidôn.[1] In some of its earlier incidents the myth carries us to the story of Sigurd and Brynhild. As he grows up his mother tells him that a great work lay before him so soon as he could lift the great stone beneath which lay his father's sword and sandals, the sword and sandals which Perseus had worn when he went to the Gorgons' land. Thus gaining these prizes as Sigmund obtained the good sword Gram, Theseus started on that career of adventure and conquest which, with differences of local colouring and detail, is the career of Oidipous, Meleagros, Bellerophôn, Odysseus, Sigurd, Grettir, and other mythical heroes, as well as of Herakles and Perseus. Like these, he fights with and overcomes robbers, murderers, dragons, and other monsters. Like some of them, also, he is capricious and faithless. Like them, he is the terror not only of evil men but of the gods of the underworld.

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[1] *Il.* ix. 411; xvi. 685.

The six exploits of his first journey.

At his birth Poseidôn gave to his son the three wishes which appear again and again in Teutonic folk-lore, and sometimes in a ludicrous form.[2] The favour of the sea-deities is also shown in the anecdote told by Pausanias[3] that when Minos cast doubts on his being a son of Poseidôn, and bade him, if he were such, to bring up a ring thrown into the sea, Theseus dived and reappeared not only with the ring but with a golden crown, which Aphroditê herself had placed upon his head. His journey from Troizen to Athens is signalised by exploits which later mythographers regarded as six in number, as twelve were assigned to Herakles. They are all, as we might expect, merely different forms of the great fight waged by Indra and Oidipous against Vritra, Ahi, or the Sphinx. Thus the robber Periphêtês is the club-bearing son of Hephaistos, who, being weak in the feet, uses his weapon to smite down the passers by—an image of the stormcloud which in a mountain pass seems to rest on the hill-side, and to discharge its fiery bolts on defenceless travellers below. But Sinis the robber, or plunderer, is his kinsman, being like himself a son of Poseidôn, and from his name Pityokamptes is the stormwind which bends the pine trees. Hence the myth went that he slew his victims by compelling them to bend a fir tree which he allowed to fly back upon them, and that Theseus who caught him in his own trap nevertheless felt that he needed to purify himself for the death of one who was also a son of the sea. The same idea gave rise to the myth of Phaia, the dark or ashen-coloured sow of Krommyon, who shares the fate of all such monsters, and again to that of Skeiron, who hurls from the cliffs the travellers whom he has constrained to kneel and wash his feet,[1] and who in his turn is in like manner destroyed by Theseus. In Kerkyon, whose name apparently connects him with the Kerkôpes, we have a reflection of Laios, Akrisios, Amulius, and other beings who seek from fear for themselves to destroy their children or their children's children. The story of his daughter Alopê is simply the story of Augê, Semelê, Danaê, and many others; but Kerkyon himself is the Eleusinian wrestler, who is defeated by Theseus in his own art and slain. The robber Prokroustes is a being of the same kind; but the myth attached to his name does not explain itself like the rest, and may perhaps have been suggested by the meaning of the word which may denote either the process of beating or hammering out, or simply a downright blow. In the latter case Prokroustes would simply be Sinis or Periphêtês under another name; in the former, the story of a bed to which he fitted the limbs of his victims by stretching them or cutting them off might not unnaturally spring up.

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 287. The name Pandîon is manifestly a masculine form of Pandia, an epithet of Selênê, the moon, when at its full.

[2] Eur. *Hipp.* 46. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 288.

[3] i. 16, 3; Preller, *ib.*

Theseus at Athens.

Theseus now enters the dawn city with a long flowing robe, and with his golden hair tied gracefully behind his head; and his soft beauty excites the mockery of some workmen, who pause in their work of building to jest upon the maiden who is unseemly enough to walk about alone. It is the story of the young Dionysos or Achilleus in woman's garb; but Theseus is mightier than they, and, without saying a word, he unspans the oxen of the builders' wagon, and hurls the vehicle as high above the temple pillars as these rose above the ground.[1] In the house of his fathers he was still surrounded by enemies. Aigeus was now wedded to the wise woman Medeia, who in her instinctive jealousy of the beautiful youth makes Aigeus an accomplice in her scheme for poisoning him. The deadly draught is placed on the banquet-table, but Aigeus recognises the sword which Theseus bears, and, embracing him as his, bids Medeia depart with her children to her own land. He encounters foes more formidable in the fifty gigantic sons of Pallas, who have thrust themselves into the place of Aigeus, as the suitors in Ithaka usurp the authority of Odysseus; but by the aid of the herald Leos, who betrays them, Theseus is again the conqueror.[2] He is, however, scarcely more than at the beginning of his toils. The fields of Marathon are being ravaged by a bull,[3] in whom we see a being akin to the terrible Cretan Minotauros, the malignant power of darkness hidden away in its labyrinth of stars. In his struggle with this monster he is aided by the prayers and offerings of the benign and aged Hekalê, whose eyes are not permitted to look again on the youth whom she has so tenderly loved—a myth which brings before us the gentle Têlephassa sinking down in utter weariness, before her heart can be gladdened once more by the sight of her child Eurôpê.[4]

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[1] Preller has no doubt on this head. 'Es scheint wohl dass dieser Skeiron. . . ein Bild für die heftigen Stürme ist, welche den Wanderer von den Skeironischen Felsen, so hiess dieser Pass, leicht in die See hinunterstiessen, wo die Klippen seine Glieder zerschellten.' *Gr. Myth.* ii. 290.

Theseus and the Minotauros.

He has now before him a still harder task. The bull which now fills Athenian hearts with grief and fear has his abode not at Marathon, but at Knossos. In the war waged by Minos in revenge for the death of his son Androgeos, who had been slain on Attic soil, the Cretan king was the conqueror.[5] With the war had come famine and pestilence;

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[1] Paus. i. 19, 1; Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 291.

[2] These fifty sons of Pallas must be compared with the fifty sons and daughters of Ægyptos, Danaos, Asterodia and Selênê. But these are clearly images of the starry heavens; and thus the myth of the Pallantides is simply a story of the night vieing with, or usurping the prerogatives of, the day.

[3] In the story of Krishna this bull is animated by the demon Arishta. *Vishnu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, 536.

[4] The name Hekalê is the same as Hekatê and Hekatos, and thus, like Têlephassa, has simply the meaning of rays shot from a distant orb.

[5] The myth of Androgeôs has many versions. The most important exhibits him as a youth of great beauty and

and thus the men of Athens were driven to accept terms which bound them for nine years to send yearly a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens, as victims to feed the Minotauros. The period named is the nine years' cycle, while the tribute children may represent the months of the lunar year. Twice had the black-sailed ship departed from the haven with its doomed freight when Theseus offered himself as one of the tribute children, to do battle with the monster. In this task he succeeds only through the aid of Ariadnê, as Iasôn does the bidding of Aiêtês only because he has the help of Medeia. The thread which the maiden places in his hand leads him through all the mazes of the murky labyrinth,[1] and when the beast is slain, she leaves her home with the man to whom she has given her love. But she herself must share the woes of all who love the bright sun. Beautiful as she is, she must be abandoned in Naxos, while Theseus, like Sigurd, goes upon his way; and in his place must come the vine-crowned Dionysos, who shall place on her head a glittering diadem to shine among the everlasting stars. Theseus himself fulfils the doom which places him among the fatal children. He forgets to hoist the white sails in token of victory, and Aigeus, seeing the black hue of the ship, throws himself into the sea which bears his name.

Theseus and the Amazons.

In another adventure he is the enemy of the Amazons, mysterious beings of whom it is enough to say that they are opposed or slaughtered not only by Theseus, but by Herakles, Achilleus, and Bellerophôn, and that thus they must be classed with the other beings in whom are seen reflected the features of the cloud enemy of Indra. Their beauty, their ferocity, their seclusion, all harmonise with the phenomena of the clouds in their varying aspects of storm and sunshine;[2] and

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promise, unable to achieve the tasks which may be done only by the greatest heroes. On this account, he is torn by the Marathonian bull whom Aigeus has charged him to slay: in other words, he is Patroklos striving to slay an enemy who can be conquered only by Achilleus; and the war which Minos wages answers to the bloody vengeance of Achilleus for the death of his comrade.

[1] This is the work of Daidalos, the cunning smith; and in Icelandic Völundurshus, the house of Wayland, means a labyrinth.

[2] If the name be Greek at all, it seems to suggest a comparison with ἄδελφος; and the story of the cutting

thus their fight with Theseus in the streets of Athens would be the struggle of dark vapours to throw a veil over the city of the dawn, and their defeat the victory of the sun which drives away the clouds. They are thus at once the natural allies of the king of Ilion, the stronghold of the robber Paris, and the friends of his enemies; for Antiopê, who is stolen away by Herakles, becomes the bride of Theseus and the mother of Hippolytos,[1] whose story exhibits the action of a moral sentiment which has impressed itself even more deeply on the traditions of Thebes. Hippolytos is to Theseus what Patroklos is to Achilleus, or Phaëthôn to Helios, the reflection of the sun in all its beauty, but without its strength and power; and the love of Phaidra (the gleaming) for the glorious youth is simply the love of Aphroditê for Adonis, and, like that of Aphroditê, it is repulsed. But Phaidra is the wife of Theseus, and thus her love for Hippolytos becomes doubly a crime, while the recoil of her feelings tempts her to follow the example of Anteia in the myth of Bellerophôn. Her trick is successful; and Hippolytos, going forth under his father's curse, is slain by a bull which Poseidôn sends up from the sea, the storm-cloud which Theseus had fought with on the plains of Marathon. But Hippolytos, like Adonis, is a being whom death cannot hold in his power, and Asklêpios raises him to life, as in the Italian tradition Virbius, the darling of the goddess of the groves, is brought back from the dead and entrusted to the care of the nymph Egeria.

Theseus in the under-world.

Theseus, indeed, like Herakles, is seen almost everywhere. He is one of the chiefs who sail in the divine Argo to recover the golden fleece; he joins the princes of Aitolia in the hunt

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off the breasts would thus be the result of a mistaken etymology. It should be added that some see in the name an intensive force which makes it the equivalent of the German 'vielbebrüstete,' and thus identify it with the Ephesian Artemis whose images answer to this description, and who was worshipped as Amazô. The Amâzôn would thus be further identified with Isis, the horned moon; and her wanderings would follow as a matter of course, as in the myth of Iô. With this must be compared the Fortuna Mammosa of the Latins, and seemingly the Teutonic Ciza, Zizi, who was worshipped under the same form as the Ephesian Artemis. Some have supposed that Tacitus meant this deity, when he spoke of German tribes as worshipping Isis: others identify the name with the Greek τίτθη. Nork. s. v.

[1] Others make Hippolytos a son of Hippolytê, the Amazonian queen, whose girdle Herakles brings to Eurystheus, and who is thus not the enemy of Theseus, as in some versions, but his bride.

of the Kalydonian boar, and takes part in the war of the Epigonoi before Thebes. But a more noteworthy myth is that which takes him, like Orpheus, into the nether world to bring back another Eurydikê in the form of the maiden Persephonê. This legend exhibits another reflection of Theseus in Peirithoös, a son of Zeus or Ixîon, the heaven or the proud sun, and Dia, the clear-shining dawn.[1] Peirithoös had already aided Theseus when he took Helen from Sparta and placed her in the hands of his mother Aithra, an act requited in the myth which carries Aithra to Ilion and makes her the handmaid of Helen. The attempt of Peirithoös ends as disastrously as the last exploits of Patroklos, and Theseus himself is shut up in Hades until Herakles comes to his rescue, as he does also to that of Prometheus. The presence of the Dioskouroi, the bright Asvins or horsemen, complicates the story. These carry away Helen and Aithra, and when Theseus comes back from the unseen land, he finds that his stronghold of Aphidnai has been destroyed, and that Menestheus is king in Athens. He therefore sends his sons to Euboia, and hastens to Skyros, where the chief Lykomedes hurls him from a cliff into the sea, a death which Kephalos inflicted upon himself at the Leukadian or White Cape. But though his own life closes in gloom, his children return at length with Aithra from Ilion, and are restored, like the Herakleids, to their ancient inheritance.

The Theseus of Thucydides.

This is the Theseus who, in the pages of Thucydides, consolidates the independent Attic Demoi into one Athenian state, over which he rules as a constitutional sovereign, confining himself strictly to his definite functions. There is nothing more to be said against the method by which this satisfactory result is obtained than that it may be applied with equal profit, if not with equal pleasure, to the stories of Boots and Jack the Giant-Killer.

Hipponoös Bellerophôntes.

In the Corinthian tradition, Hipponoös, the son of Glaukos or of Poseidôn, is known especially as the slayer of Belleros, whom the same tradition converted into a near kinsman, but in whom we are now able to discern a being whose features much resemble those of the gloomy Vritra. Like Perseus, Theseus, Phoibos, he is a son of the heaven or the sea;[1] and his career is throughout that of the sun journeying through thunderstorms and clouds. In his youth he attracts the love of Anteia, the wife of Proitos, who on his refusal deals with him as Phaidra deals with Hippolytos; and Proitos, believing her lies, sends him as the bearer of woeful signs which are to bid Iobates, the Lykian king, to put the messenger to death. The fight with the monster Chimaira which ensues must come before us among the many forms assumed by the struggle between the darkness and the light; and in the winged steed Pêgasos, on which Bellerophôn is mounted, we see the light-crowned cloud soaring with or above the sun into the highest heavens. But although he returns thus a conqueror, Iobates has other toils still in store for him. He must fight with the Amazons and the Solymoi, and last of all must be assailed by the bravest of the Lykians, who, by the king's orders, lurk in ambush for him. These are all slain by his unerring spear; and Hipponoös is welcomed once more to the house of Proitos. But the doom is not yet accomplished. The hatred of the gods lies heavy upon him. Although we are not told the reason, we have not far to seek it. The slaughter of the Kyklôpes roused the anger of Zeus against Phoibos: the blinding of Polyphêmos excited the rage of Poseidôn against Odysseus: and these victims of the sun-god are all murky vapours which arise from the sea. The wrath of Athênê and Poseidôn added sorely to the length and weariness of the wanderings of Odysseus; nor could it leave Bellerophôn at rest. Like Odysseus, he too must roam through many lands, and thus we find him wandering sadly along the Aleian plain, avoiding the paths of men, treading, in other words, that sea of pale light in which, after a day of storms, the sun sometimes goes down without a cloud to break its monotonous surface.

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[1] The carrying off of Hippodameia, the bride of Peirithoös, at her wedding-feast, by the drunken Kentaur Eurytiôn, is a myth of the wind-driven and staggering cloud bearing away the golden light into the distant heavens.

The birth of Oidipous.

When at the close of his disastrous life Oidipous draws near to die in the sacred grove of the Erinyes, it is Theseus who stands by his side to guide him, where no other mortal man might dare to tread; and thus the Theban king is at once seen as a being of the same race with the son of Aigeus and Aithra. Nor does the connexion cease here. If Aigeus deserts his wife and leaves the infant Theseus to her sole care, Oidipous also suffers from the hatred of his father, who, like Akrisios and Astyages, has learnt from the Delphic oracle that if he has a son that son will be his destroyer. Hence no sooner is Oidipous born than the decree goes forth that the child must be slain; but the servant to whom he is intrusted contents himself with exposing the babe on the slopes of Kithairon, where a shepherd finds him, and carries him, like Cyrus or Romulus, to his wife, who cherishes the child with a mother's care. After a while, Oidipous is taken to Corinth and brought up as the son of Polybos and Meropê; and all things go smoothly until some one at a feast throws out a hint that he is not the son of his supposed parents. To the questions which he is thus driven to put to Meropê the answers returned satisfy him for a time, but for a time only. The anxious doubts return; and in his utter perplexity he hastens to Delphoi and there learns, as Laios had learnt already, that his doom would make him the destroyer of his father and the husband of his mother. Gloomy and sick at heart, he takes the way towards Thebes, being resolved not to run the risk of killing Polybos (whom he supposed to be his father), if he returned to Corinth, and as he journeys, he falls in with a chariot in which rides an old man. The servant insolently bids Oidipous to stand aside, and on his refusal the old man strikes at him with his staff. Oidipous thoroughly angered slays both, and goes on his way, unconscious that he has fulfilled the prediction of Phoibos, the murdered man being Laios the king of Thebes.

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[1] 'Als Sonnenheld gilt Bellerophon für einen Sohn des Glaukos, oder des Poseidon, weil die Sonne aus dem Meere aufsteigt.'—Preller, *Gr. Myth,* ii. 78.

The career of Oidipous.

Laios is thus a being whose nature closely resembles that of Lêtô or of Leda, the night which is the parent of the sun, and which may be regarded with equal justice as hating its offspring or loving it. Apart from his fear of the son of Iokastê, his character is as neutral as that of the mother of Phoibos; indeed, we can scarcely be said to know anything of him beyond the tale that he stole away the beautiful Chrysippos with his golden steeds, as the eagle of Zeus carried Ganymedes up to Olympos, the latter being an image of the tinted clouds of morning bearing the dawn to the high heaven, the former a picture of the night robbing the sky of its splendour. The story of his cruel treatment of his son was regarded as accounting for the name Oidipous, or Swellfoot, from the tight bandages which hurt his limbs as he lay exposed on Kithairon. The explanation has about the same value as that by which the nurse Eurykleia professed to account to Odysseus for the name which he bore.[1] The sequel of the myth furnished another explanation, to which probably less exception may be taken. When Oidipous drew near to Thebes, he found the city full of misery and mourning. The Sphinx had taken up her abode on a rock which overhung the town, and there sat watching the people as they died of famine and wasting sickness. Only when the man came who could expound her mysterious riddle would she free them of her hateful presence; and so in their perplexity the chiefs of the city had decreed that he who discomfited the monster should be made king and have Iokastê as his bride. Meanwhile the Sphinx sat motionless on the cliff, uttering from time to time the mysterious sounds which conveyed no sense to the ears of mortal men. This dreadful being who shut up the waters is, it may be enough to say here, only another Vritra, and her name has the exact meaning of Ahi, the choking or throttling snake; and the hero who answers her riddle may thus not unnaturally receive his name from his wisdom. Thus much is certain, that the son of Laios speaks of himself as knowing nothing when he first drew near to encounter the Sphinx, while afterwards he admits that his name is a familiar word in all mouths,[1] and thus Oidipous becomes the counterpart of the wise Medeia. With the death of the Sphinx ends the terrible drought. Oidipous has understood and interpreted the divine voices of Typhon, or the thunder, which the gods alone can comprehend.[2] The sun appears once more in the blue heaven, in which he sprang into life in the morning; in other words, Oidipous is wedded to his mother Iokastê, and the long train of woes which had their root in this awful union now began to fill the land with a misery as great as that from which Oidipous had just delivered it. As told by Æschylos and Sophokles, it is a fearful tale; and yet if the poets had but taken any other of the many versions in which the myth has come down to us, it could never have come into existence. They might, had they pleased, have made Euryganeia, the broad shining dawn, the mother of Antigone and Ismênê, of Eteokles and Polyneikes, instead of Iokastê, the violet light, which reappears in the names Iolê, Iamos, Iolaos, Iasion, and Iobates. Undoubtedly the mother of Oidipous might be either Euryganeia, Iokastê or Astymedousa, who are all assigned to him as his wives; but only by giving the same name to his mother and his wife could the moral horrors of the story be developed, and the idea once awakened took too strong a hold on their imagination to be lightly dislodged.

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[1] M. Bréal thinks that if the name really belongs to this root, it must be taken as denoting the sun when it touches the horizon, 'lorsque, par l'effét de vapeurs qui flottent dans les couches inférieures de l'atmosphère, il semble de moment au moment augmenter le volume.' He thinks also that the wounds thus inflicted on Oidipous must be compared with those of Achilleus in the Hellenic mythology, of Baldur and Sigurd in the Teutonic legends, and of Isfendiyar and Rustem in the Persian story. It might, however, be said with not less truth that the swelling of the sun has reference to his rising, and to its apparent enlargement at the base until half its disk becomes visible.

The blinded Oidipous.

Thus far the story resolves itself into a few simple phrases, which spoke of the thundercloud as looming over the city from day to day, while the waters remained imprisoned in its gloomy dungeons, like the rock which seemed ever going to fall on Tantalos,—of the sun as alone being able to understand her mysterious mutterings and so to defeat her scheme, and of his union with the mother from whom he had been parted in his infancy. The sequel is not less transparent. Iokastê, on learning the sin of which she has unwittingly been guilty, brings her life to an end, and Oidipous tears out the eyes which he declares to be unworthy to look any longer on the things which had thus far filled him with delight. In other words, the sun has blinded himself. Clouds and darkness have closed in about him, and the clear light is blotted out of the heaven.[1] Nor is this blinding of the sun recorded only in this Theban story. Bellerophôn, when thrown from his winged steed Pêgasos. is said to have been both lamed and blinded, and the story may be compared with the blinding of Samson before he bends the pillars of the temple and brings death and darkness on all who are around him.[2] The feuds and crimes which disgrace his family when he has yielded up his sceptre to his sons are the results of a moral process, and not of the strictly mythical developement which makes him the slayer of Laios, a name which, denoting simply the enmity of the darkness to the light, is found again in Leophontes as an epithet of Hipponoös, who is also called Bellerophôn.[3]

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[1] *ὁ μηδὲν εἰδὼς Οἰδίπους.*—Soph. *Oid. Tyr.* 397.
ὁ πᾶσι κλεινὸς Οἰδίπους καλούμενος.—*ib.* 8.

[2] Bréal, *Le mythe d'Edipe*, 17.

Oidipous and Antigonê.

But if Iokastê, the tender mother who had watched over him at his birth, is gone, the evening of his life is not without its consolation. His sons may fill the city with strife and bloodshed; his daughter Ismênê may waver in her filial allegiance; but there yet remains one who will never forsake him, and whose voice shall cheer him in his last hour.

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[1] So in the German story of Rapunzel, the prince, when his bride is torn from him, loses his senses with grief, and springing from the tower (like Kephalos from the Leukadian cliff) falls into thorns which put out his eyes. Thus he wanders blind in the forest (of winter), but the tears of Rapunzel (the tears which Eôs sheds on the death of Memnôn) fall on the sightless eyeballs, and his sight is given to him again. In the story of the Two Wanderers (the Dioskouroi or Asvins, the Babes in the Wood) one of the brothers, who is a tailor, and who is thrust out to starve, falls into the hands of a shoemaker who gives him some bread only on condition that he will consent to lose his eyes; his sight is, of course, restored as in the other story. In the story of the 'Prince who was afraid of Nothing' (the Sigurd of Brynhild), the hero is blinded by a giant, but the lion sprinkling some water on his eyes restores the sight in part, and bathing himself in the stream which he finds near him, the prince necessarily comes out of the water able to see as well as ever. In the *Norse Tales* (Dasent) Oidipous appears as the blinded brother in the story of True and Untrue, and as the blinded prince in that of the Blue Belt.

[2] In the code of the Lokrian (Epizephyrian) law-giver Zaleukos, the punishment of adulterers is said to have been loss of the eyes. It is unnecessary to say that the evidence for the historical existence of Zaleukos is worth as much and as little as that which is adduced for the historical character of Minos, Manu, Lykourgos and Numa. The story told of Zaleukos himself that he agreed to have one of his own eyes put out rather than allow his son, who had been convicted of adultery, to lose both his eyes, is a mingling of the myths of the blinded Oidipous and the one-eyed Kyklops or Wuotan. The law by which the punishment is inflicted simply reflects the story of Oidipous, who is strictly punished for incest by the loss of his eyes; and the name Zaleukos, the glistening or gleaming, carries us to Apollôn Lykios, the Latin Lucius, Lucna, Luna, &c.

[3] See Appendix A.

In this beautiful being, over whom Sophokles has thrown a singular charm, M. Bréal sees the light which sometimes flushes the eastern sky as the sun sinks to sleep in the west.[1] The word must certainly be compared with such names as Anteia, Antiope, Antikleia; while the love of Antigonê for Oidipous seems to carry us to the love of Selênê for Endymiôn or of Echo for the dying Narkissos. With the death of Oidipous, her own life draws towards its close. It is brought about indeed by the despotic cruelty of Kreôn; but the poet could scarcely withstand the force of the feeling, which in accordance with the common phenomena of the heavens bound up the existence of Oinônê, Kleopatra, Brynhild, Althaia, with the life of the being whom they had loved and lost. Here again Antigonê, betrothed to the youthful Haimon, dies in the dark cave, like the bright clouds which Vritra shuts up in his horrid dungeons. But before this last catastrophe is brought about, there is a time of brief respite in which Oidipous reposes after all the griefs and sorrows which have come upon him, some at the rising of the sun or its setting, some at noonday or when the stars twinkled out in the sky. All these had burst as in a deluge on his devoted head;[2] but now he draws nigh to the haven of rest. His feet tread the grass-grown pathway; over his head the branches sigh in the evening breeze; and when an Athenian in holy horror bids him begone from the sacred grove of the Eumenides, Oidipous replies that their sanctuary can never be violated by him. He is not merely their suppliant, but their friend; and they it is who will guide him peacefully through the dark valley of the shadow of death. One prayer only he has to make, and this is that some one will bring Theseus, the Athenian king, to his side before he dies. The wish is realised; and we see before us perhaps the most striking of all mythical groups,—the blinded Oidipous sinking peacefully into his last sleep, as he listens to the voice of the man who rules in the city of the dawn-goddess Athênê, and feels the gentle touch of his daughter's hand, while over him wave the branches in the grove of the Eumenides, benignant always to him, and now reflecting more than ever the loveliness of the Eastern Saranyû. Then comes the signal of departure, that voice of the divine thunder which now, as before, when he encountered the Sphinx, Oidipous alone can understand. Without a murmur he prepares to obey the summons, and with Theseus alone, the son of the sea and air, by his side, calmly awaits the end. With wonderful fidelity to the old mythical phrases, the poet brings before us a sunset which dazzles the eyes even of the Athenian king, and tells us of the hero who has passed away, by no touch of disease, for sickness could not fasten on his glorious form, by no thunderstroke or sea-roused whirlwind, but guided by some heaven-sent messenger, or descending into the kindly earth where pain and grief may never afflict him more. Well may the poet speak as though he were scarcely telling the story of the death of mortal man.[1]

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[1] Bréal, *Mythe d'Edipe.* 21.

[2] Soph. *Oid. Col.* 1248.

The tomb of Endymiôn was shown in Elis, and the Cretans pointed to the grave of Zeus; but no man could say in what precise spot the bones of Oidipous reposed. It was enough to know that a special blessing would rest on the land which contained his sepulchre; and what place could be more meet for this his last abode than the dearest inheritance of Athênê?

The story of Têlephos.

The Theban myth of Oidipous is repeated substantially in the Arkadian tradition. As Oidipous is the son of Laios and Iokastê, the darkness and the violet-tinted sky, so is Têlephos (who has the same name with Têlephassa, the far-shining), the child of Aleos the blind, and Augê the brilliant: and as Oidipous is left to die on the slopes of Kithairon, so Têlephos is exposed on mount Parthenion. There the babe is suckled by a doe, which represents the wolf in the myth of Romulus and the dog of the Persian story of Cyrus, and is afterwards brought up by the Arkadian king Korythos. Like Oidipous, he goes to Delphoi to learn who is his mother, and is there bidden to go to Teuthras, king of Mysia. But thither Augê had gone before him, and thus in one version Teuthras promised her to Têlephos as his wife, if he would help him against his enemy Idas. This service he performs, and Augê differs from Iokastê only in the steadiness with which she refuses to wed Têlephos, although she knows not who he is. Têlephos now determines to slay her, but Herakles reveals the mother to the child, and like Perseus, Têlephos leads his mother back to her own land. In another version he becomes the husband not of Augê, but of a daughter of Teuthras, whose name Argiopê shows that she is but Augê under another form. In this tradition he is king of Mysia when the Achaians come to Ilion to avenge the wrongs of Helen, and he resists them with all his power. In the ensuing strife he is smitten by Achilleus, and all efforts to heal the wound are vain. In his misery he betakes himself again to the oracle, and learns that only the man who has inflicted the wound can heal it. In the end, Agamemnon prevails on Achilleus to undo his own work, and to falsify in the case of Têlephos the proverb which made use of his name to describe an incurable wound. The means employed is the rust of the spear which had pierced him,—an explanation which turns on the equivocal meaning of the words *ios*, *ion*, as denoting rust, poison, an arrow, and the violet colour.

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[1] Soph. *Oid. Colon.* 1665.

Twofold aspect of the Trojan Paris.

As we read the story of Têlephos we can scarcely fail to think of the story of the Trojan Paris, for like Têlephos Paris is exposed as a babe on the mountain side, and like him he receives at the hands of Achilleus a wound which is either incurable or which Oinônê either will not or cannot heal. It is true that the only portion of the myth of Paris introduced into our Iliad is that which relates to the stealing away of Helen, and to the time which she spent with him in Ilion: but it is really unnecessary to adduce again the evidence which proves that the poets of the Iliad used only those myths or portions of myths which served their immediate purpose. Even in what they do tell us about him we discern that twofold aspect which the process of mythical disintegration would lead us to look for. There is on the one side not the slightest doubt that he is the great malefactor who by taking Helen from Sparta brings the Achaian chiefs to the assault of Troy; and as Helen is manifestly the Vedic Saramâ, the beautiful light of the morning or the evening, Paris as conveying her to his stronghold is the robber who drives off the shining cattle of Indra to his dungeon. The fight at Troy is thus the struggle of the children of the Sun to recover from the dreary caves of night the treasure of which the darkness deprived them in the evening; in other words, Ilion is the fortress of Vritra or Ahi, and Paris the successful seducer of Helen represents the unsuccessful seducer of Saramâ. On the other hand it is not less clear that the character of Paris in his capriciousness, his moody sullenness, his self-imposed inaction, singularly resembles that of Meleagros, and so likewise that of Achilleus. The cause also is the same. Achilleus is angry because Brisêis is taken away: Paris is indignant because he is desired to give up Helen: we have therefore simply to distinguish the incidents which exhibit Paris as the dark cheat and plunderer, from the details which ascribe to him a character more or less resembling that of the great solar heroes. This twofold aspect should cause us no perplexity. If the Trojans as a whole represent the enemies of Indra, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that many of those chiefs who take his part are heroes whose solar origin is beyond all question. On his side may be seen the Ethiopian Memnôn, over whose body the morning weeps tears of dew, and who, rising from the dead, is exalted for ever to the bright halls of Olympos. With them are ranged the chieftains of the bright Lykian land; and assuredly in Glaukos and Sarpêdôn we discern not a single point of likeness with the dark troops of the Paṇis. There is nothing in the history of mythology which should make this result a matter of surprise. The materials for the great epic poems of the Aryan world are the aggregations of single phrases which have been gradually welded into a coherent narrative; and the sayings which spoke of the light as stolen away in the evening from the western sky and carried away to the robber's stronghold far away towards the east, of the children of the light as banding together to go and search out the thief, of their struggle with the seducer and his kinsfolk, of the return of the light from the eastern sky back again to its home in the west, were represented by the mythical statements that Paris stole Helen from the Western Sparta and took her away to Ilion, that the kinsfolk of Helen roused the Achaian chiefs to seek out the robber and do battle with him and his people, and that after a hard fight Helen was rescued from their grasp and brought back to the house of Menelaos. But there was a constant and an irresistible tendency to invest every local hero with the attributes which are reflected upon Herakles, Theseus, and Perseus from Phoibos and Helios the lords of light; and the several chiefs whose homes were localised in Western Asia would as naturally be gathered to the help of Hektor as the Achaian princes to the rescue and avenging of Helen. Over every one of these the poet might throw the rich colours of the heroic ideal, while a free play might also be given to purely human instincts and sympathies in the portraits of the actors on either side. If Paris was guilty of great crimes, his guilt was not shared by those who would have made him yield up his prey if they could. He might be a thief, but they were fighting for their homes, their wives, and their children: and thus in Hektor we have the embodiment of the highest patriotism and the most disinterested self-devotion,—a character, in fact, infinitely higher than that of the sensitive, sullen, selfish and savage Achilleus, because it is drawn from human life, and not, like the other, from traditions which rendered such a portrait in his case impossible. Hence between Paris the Ilian hero and the subject of local eastern myths, and Paris in his relations with the Western Achaians, there is a sharp and clear distinction; and if in the latter aspect he is simply the Vritra of Hindu mythology, in the former he exhibits all the features prominent in the legends of Herakles, Dionysos, Theseus and Achilleus.[1]

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[1] 'Wie Aphroditê und Helena, so erschien auch Paris in den Kyprien, vermuthlich nach Anleitung örtlicher Traditionen, in einem andern Lichte und als Mittelspunkt eines grösseren Sagencomplexes, welcher gleichfalls bei den späteren Dichtern und Künstlern einen lebhaften Anklang gefunden hat. Er ist ganz der Orientalische Held, zugleich mannhaft und weichlich wie Dionysos, wie Sardanapal, wie der Lydische Herakles, gross in der Schlacht und gross im Harem, die gerade Gegensatz zu den Griechischen Helden, namentlich zu Menelaos und zum Achill.'—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 413. It must not, however, be forgotten that one of the characteristics (γυναιμανὴς) by which Paris is specially distinguished, is also seen in Indra and Krishna. See section xiii. of this chapter. Nor are Herakles or Sigurd less treacherous or inconstant than Paris.

The birth and infancy of Paris.

The eastern myth then begins with incidents precisely parallel to those which mark the birth and childhood of Dionysos, Têlephos, Oidipous, Romulus, Perseus, and many others. Before he is born, there are portents of the ruin which, like Oidipous, he is to bring upon his house and people. His mother Hekabê dreams that her child will be a torch to set Ilion in flames; and Priam, like Laios, decrees that the child shall be left to die on the hill side. But the babe lies on the slopes of Ida (the Vedic name for the earth as the bride of Dyaus the sky), and is nourished by a she-bear.[1] The child grows up, like Cyrus, among the shepherds and their flocks, and for his boldness and skill in defending them against the attacks of thieves and enemies he is said to have been called Alexandros, the helper of men. In this his early life he has the love of Oinônê, the child of the river-god Kebrên,[2] and thus a being akin to the bright maidens who, like Athênê and Aphroditê, are born from the waters. Meanwhile, he had not been forgotten in Ilion. His mother's heart was still full of grief, and Priam at length ordered that a solemn sacrifice should be offered to enable his dead son to cross the dark stream of Hades. The victim chosen is a favourite bull of Paris, who follows it in indignation, as the men lead it away. In the games now held he puts forth his strength, and is the victor in every contest, even over Hektor. His brothers seek to slay the intruder, but the voice of Kasandra his sister is heard, telling them that this is the very Paris for whose repose they were now about to slay the victim,—and the long-lost son is welcomed to his home.

The judgment of Paris.

At this point the legend carries us to the Thessalian myth. When Thetis rose from the sea to become the bride of Peleus, Eris, who alone was not invited with the other deities to the marriage-feast, threw on the banquet-table a golden apple,[3] with the simple inscription that it was a gift for the fairest. Her task of sowing the seeds of strife was done. The golden apple is the golden ball which the Frog-prince brings up from the water, the golden egg which the red hen lays in the Teutonic story, the gleaming sun which is born of the morning; and the prize is claimed, as it must be claimed, by Hêrê, Athênê, and Aphroditê, the queens of heaven and the goddesses of the dawn. For the time the dispute is settled by the words of Zeus, who bids them carry their quarrel before the Idaian Paris, who shall decide between them. As the three bright beings draw near, the shepherd youth, whose beauty is far beyond that of all the children of men, is abashed and scared, and it is only after long encouragement that he summons spirit to listen to the rival claims. Hêrê, as reigning over the blue ether, promises him the lordship of Asia, if he will adjudge the prize to her; Athênê, the morning in its character as the awakener of men's minds and souls, assures him of renown in war and fame in peace; but Paris is unable to resist the laughter-loving goddess, who tells him that if his verdict is for her he shall have the fairest bride that ever the world has seen. Henceforth Paris becomes the darling of Aphroditê, but the wrath of Hêrê and Athênê lies heavy on the doomed city of Ilion. Fresh fuel was soon to be supplied for the fire. A famine was slaying the people of Sparta, and Menelaos the king learnt at Delphoi that the plague could not cease until an offering should be made to appease the sons of Prometheus, who were buried in Trojan soil. Thus Menelaos came to Ilion, whence Paris went with him first to Delphoi, then to Sparta. The second stage in the work of Eris was reached. The shepherd of Ida was brought face to face with the fairest of all the daughters of men. He came armed with the magic powers of Aphroditê, whose anger had been kindled against Tyndareôs, because he had forgotten to make her an offering; and so, when Menelaos had departed to Crete and the Dioskouroi were busied in their struggle with the sons of Aphareus, Paris poured his honied words into the ears of Helen, who yielded herself to him with all her treasures, and sailed with him to Ilion in a bark which Aphroditê wafted over a peaceful sea.

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[1] The equivocal meaning of the name Arktos, the bear, has already come before us in the myths of the seven arkshas and the seven rishis; and probably all the animals selected to perform this office of nourishing exposed children will be found to have names which, like the Greek λύκος, a wolf, denote the glossiness of their coats.

[2] That this name Kebrên is probably the same as Severn, the intermediate forms leave little room for doubting.

[3] See Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, i. lxxxii. &c.

Paris and Helen.

There is scarcely a point in this legend which fails of finding a parallel in other Aryan myths. The beautiful stranger, who beguiles the young wife when her husband is gone away, is seen again in the Arkadian Ischys who takes the place of Phoibos in the story of Koronis, in the disguised Kephalos who returns to win the love of Prokris. The departure of Menelaos for Crete is the voyage of the sun in his golden cup from west to east when he has reached the waters of Okeanos;[1] and the treasures which Paris takes away are the treasures of the Volsung tale and the Nibelung song in all their many versions, the treasures of light and life which are bound up with the glory of morning and evening, the fatal temptation to the marauding chiefs, who in the end are always overcome by the men whom they have wronged. There is absolutely no difference between the quarrel of Paris and Menelaos, and those of Sigurd and Hogni, of Hagene and Walthar of Aquitaine. In each case the representative of the dark power comes in seeming alliance with the husband or the lover of the woman who is to be stolen away; in other words, the first shades of night thrown across the heaven add only to its beauty and its charm, like Satan clothed as an angel of light. In each case the wealth to be obtained is scarcely less the incitement than the loveliness of Helen, Brynhild, or Kriemhild. Nor must we forget the stress laid in the Iliad on these stolen treasures. All are taken: Paris leaves none behind him;[2] and the proposals of Antenor and Hektor embrace the surrender of these riches not less than that of Helen. The narrative of the war which avenges this crime belongs rather to the legend of Achilleus; and the eastern story of Paris is resumed only when, at the sack of Troy, he is wounded by Philoktêtês in the Skaian or western gates, and with his blood on fire from the poisoned wound, hastens to Ida and his early love. Long ago, before Aphroditê helped him to build the fatal ship which was to take him to Sparta, Oinonê had warned him not to approach the house of Menelaos, and when he refused to listen to her counsels she had told him to come to her if hereafter he should be wounded. But now when he appears before her, resentment for the great wrong done to her by Paris for the moment over-masters her love, and she refuses to heal him. Her anger lives but for a moment; still when she comes with the healing medicine it is too late, and with him she lies down to die.[1] Eôs cannot save Memnôn from death, though she is happier than Oinônê, in that she prevails on Zeus to bring her son back from the land of the dead.

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[1] Helios leaves Eôs behind him.

[2] *Il.* iii. 70, 91.

The death of Oinônê.

So ends the legend of the Trojan Alexandros, with an incident which precisely recalls the stories of Meleagros and Sigurd, and the doom of Kleopatra and Brynhild; and such are the materials from which Thucydides has extracted a military history quite as plausible as that of the siege of Sebastopol.

Iamos the violet child.

A happier fate than that of Têlephos or Paris attends the Arkadian Iamos, the child of Evadnê and Phoibos. Like his father and like Hermês, he is weak and puny at his birth, and Evadnê in her misery and shame leaves the child to die. But he is destined for great things, and the office of the dog and wolf in the legends of Cyrus and Romulus is here performed by two dragons, not the horrid snakes which seek to strangle the infant Herakles, but the glistening creatures who bear a name of like meaning with that of Athênê, and who feed the child with honey. But Aipytos, the chieftain of Phaisana, and the father of Evadnê, had learnt at Delphoi that a child of Phoibos had been born who should become the greatest of all the seers and prophets of the earth, and he asked all his people where the babe was: but none had heard or seen him, for he lay far away amid the thick bushes, with his soft body bathed in the golden and purple rays of the violets.[2] So when he was found, they called him Iamos, the violet child; and as he grew in years and strength, he went down into the Alpheian stream, and prayed to his father that he would glorify his son. Then the voice of Zeus

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[1] Apollod. iii. 12, 6.

[2] In this myth Pindar uses the word *ios*, twice, as denoting in the one case honey, in the other the violet flower. But the phrase which he uses, *βεβρεγμένος ἀκτῖσιν ἴων* (*Ol.* vi. 92), leads us to another meaning of *ios*, which, as a spear, represents the far-darting rays of the sun; and a further equivocation was the result of the other meaning of poison attached to the same word. Hence the poisoned arrows of Achilleus and Philoktêtês. The word as applied to colour is traced by Prof. Max Müller to the root *i*, as denoting a crying hue, i.e. a loud colour. The story of Iamos is the institutional legend of the Iamidai, on whom Pindar bestows the highest praise alike for their wisdom and their truthfulness.

Poseidôn was heard, bidding him come to the heights of Olympos, where he should receive the gift of prophecy and the power to understand the voices of the birds. The local legend made him, of course, the soothsayer of the Eleian Olympia, where Herakles had founded the great games.

Pelias and Neleus.

The myth of Pelias and Neleus has the same beginning with the stories of Oidipous, Têlephos, and Paris. Their mother Tyro loves the Enipean stream, and thus she becomes the wife of Poseidôn; in other words, her twin sons Pelias and Neleus are, like Aphroditê and Athênê, the children of the waters. These Dioskouroi, or sons of Zeus Poseidôn, are left to die, but a mare suckles the one, a dog the other; and in due course they avenge the wrongs of Tyro by putting to death the iron-hearted Sidêrô, whom her father Salmôneus had married. The sequel of the tale, which makes Pelias drive his brother from the throne of Iolkos, belongs rather to the history of Iasôn.

Romulus and Remus.

This myth which has now come before us so often is the groundwork of the great Roman traditions. Here also we have the Dioskouroi, Romulus and Remus, the children of Mars and the priestess Rhea Ilia or Silvia. Like Perseus and Dionysos, the babes are exposed on the waters; but a wolf is drawn to them by their cries, and suckles them until they are found by Acca Larentia, and taken to the house of her husband the shepherd of king Faustulus. There they grow up renowned for their prowess in all manly exercises, and, like Cyrus, the acknowledged leaders of all their youthful neighbours; and when at length Remus falls into the hands of king Amulius, Romulus hastens to his rescue, and the tyrant undergoes the doom of Laios and Akrisios. These two brothers bear the same name, for Remus and Romus are only another and an older form of Romulus;[1] and thus a foundation might be furnished for the story of their rivalry, even if this feature were not prominent in the myths of Pelias and Neleus and the Dioskouroi who are the sons of Zeus and Leda, as well as in the rivalry of Eôs and Prokris, of Niobê and Lêtô, of Athênê and Medousa. Nor does Romulus resemble Oidipous less in the close of his life than at his birth. He is taken away in a thunderstorm, wrapped in the clouds which are to bear him in a fiery chariot to the palace of Jupiter.

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[1] Hence they are mere eponymoi, like Boiôtos, Orchomenos, &c.

Cyrus and Astyages.

The myth of Cyrus differs from the Romulean legend only in the fact that here it has gathered round an unquestionably historical person. But it cannot be too often repeated that from the myth we learn nothing of his history, and his history confers no sort of credibility on the myth. So far as the latter is concerned, in other words, in all that relates to his earlier years, he remains wholly unknown to us, while the story resolves itself into the stock materials of all such narratives. As Laios in the Theban myth is the enemy, Dasyu, of the devas or bright gods, so is Astyages only a Grecised form of Asdahag, the Azidahaka or biting snake of Hindu legend and the Zohak of the epic of Firdusi. Like Laios also he is told that if his daughter Mandanê has a son, that child will live to be king in his stead. In this case the emblem seen before the birth of the infant is not a torch but a vine which overspreads the whole of Asia, and the babe who is exposed is not the child whom Harpagos delivers to the herdsman clad in a magnificent golden robe, but the dead child which happens to be born in the herdsman's house just as he enters it with the doomed son of Mandanê. Under this man's roof Cyrus grows up with the true spirit of kingship, and when he is chosen despot by the village boys in their sport, he plays his part so well that Artembares, the father of a boy who has been scourged by his orders, complains to Astyages of the insult. The bearing of the youth and his apparent age make Astyages think of the babe whose death he had decreed, and an examination of the herdsman justifies his worst fears. On Harpagos, to whom he had in the first instance intrusted the child, he takes an awful vengeance; but the magi satisfy him that the election of Cyrus to be king of the village boys fulfils the terms of the prophecy, and that therefore he need have no further fears on his account. Thus Cyrus is suffered to grow up in the palace, and is afterwards sent to his father, the Persian Kambyses. Harpagos thinks that the time is now come for requiting Astyages for his detestable cruelty, and counsels Cyrus to raise the standard of revolt. The sequel is an institutional legend, of much the same value with the story of the setting up of the Median monarchy by Deiokes, a name in which we also recognise the Dahak or biter of Hindu mythology.

Chandragupta.

In its earlier scenes the legend of Chandragupta presents some points of difference with that of Cyrus. The child is exposed to great danger in his infancy; but it is at the hands, not of his kinsman, but of a tributary chief who has defeated and slain his suzerain, and it is his mother who, 'relinquishing him to the protection of the devas, places him in a vase, and deposits him at the door of a cattle-pen.' Here a bull named Chando comes to him and guards him, and a herdsman, noting this wonder, takes the child and rears him as his own. The mode by which he is subsequently discovered differs from the Persian story only by the substitution of the chopping off of hands and feet instead of scourging. This is done by axes made of the horns of goats for blades, with sticks for handles; and the lopped limbs are restored whole at Chandragupta's word when the play is done.[1] Slightly altered, this story becomes the legend of Semiramis, whom her mother the fish-goddess Derketo exposes in her infancy; but she was saved by doves, and like Cyrus, Romulus, and Chandragupta, brought up by a shepherd until her beauty attracts Onnes, one of the king's generals, and afterwards makes her the wife of king Ninus himself, whom in some versions she presently puts to death, in order that she may reign alone, like Eôs surviving Kephalos.[2]

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[1] Max Müller, *Sanskr. Lit.* 290.

[2] Unlike Cyrus and Chandragupta, Ninus and Semiramis are, like Romulus, purely mythical or fabulous beings. 'The name of Ninus is derived from the city: he is the eponymous king and founder of Nineveh, and stands to it in the same relation as Tros to Troy, Medus to Media, Mæon to Mæonia, Romulus to Rome. His conquests and those of Semiramis are as unreal as those of Sesostris. It is the characteristic of these fabulous conquerors, that, although they are reported to have overrun and subdued many countries, the history of those countries is silent on the subject. Sesostris is related to have conquered Assyria; and the king of Assyria was doubtless one of those whom he harnessed to his chariot. But the history of Assyria makes no mention of Sesostris. Semiramis is related to have conquered Egypt; but the history of Egypt makes no mention of Semiramis.' Sir G. C. Lewis, *Astronomy of the Ancients*, 408. Romulus is one of seven kings whose chronology is given with great precision; but this chronology is throughout, in Niebuhr's trenchant words, 'a forgery and a fiction.'—*Hist.*

Kadmos and Eurôpê.

The story of Eurôpê, like that of Daphnê or Arethousa, Psyche or Urvasî, is but one of the many forms assumed by the myth that the sun and the dawn are soon parted. The scene is here laid in the Phoinikian or purple land, a region belonging to the same aerial geography with Lykia, Delos, Ortygia, the Arkadia of Kallistô or the Athens of Theseus and Peirithoös. But when Phenicia became to the Greeks the name of an earthly country, versions were not long wanting, which asserted that Agenor was born in Tyre or Sidon, or some other spot in the territories of Canaanite tribes. Of these we need take no account, while in its names and incidents generally the myth explains itself. Agenor is the husband of Têlephassa, the feminine form of the name Têlephos, a word conveying precisely the same meaning with Hekatos, Hekate, Hekatebolos, well known epithets of the sun and moon. His children are Kadmos, Phoinix, Kilix and Eurôpê, although in some accounts Eurôpê is herself a daughter of Phoinix. On this maiden, the broad-flushing light of dawn, Zeus, the heaven, looks down with love; and the white bull, the spotless cloud, comes to bear her away to a new home, in Crete, the western land. She becomes the mother of Minos, Rhadamanthys, and Sarpêdôn. But in the house from which she is thus torn all is grief and sorrow. There can be no more rest until the lost one is found again; the sun must journey westwards until he sees again the beautiful tints which greeted his eyes in the morning. Kadmos therefore is bidden to go in search of his sister, with strict charge never to return unless he finds her. With him goes his mother, and a long and weary pilgrimage brings them at length to the plains of Thessaly, where Têlephassa worn out with grief and anguish lies down to die. But Kadmos must journey yet further westward; and at Delphoi he learns that he must follow a cow which he would be able to distinguish by certain signs, and where she lay down from weariness, there he must build his city. The cow, doubtless one of the herd to which belong the bull of Eurôpê and the cattle of Helios, lies down on the site of

Rome, vol. i.; *Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1867, p. 130; *Dictionary of Science, Literature and Art*, s. v. 'Tabulation of Chronology.'

Thebes. But before he can offer the cow in sacrifice to the dawn-goddess Athênê, he has to fight with the cloud in a form akin to that of the Pythian monster, or of the Sphinx which at a later period of its mythical history was to vex his own people. A great dragon, the child of Arês, the grinder or crusher, guards the well from which he seeks to obtain water, and slays the men whom he sends to fetch it. Kadmos alone, like Oidipous, can master it; but his victory is followed by another struggle or storm. He sows in the earth the dragon's teeth, which, as in the story of Iasôn in Kolchis, produce a harvest of armed men who slay each other, leaving five only to become the ancestors of the Thebans. It is the conflict of the clouds which spring up from the earth after the waters have been let loose from the prison-house, and mingle in wild confusion until a few only remain upon the battle-field of the heaven. But if Phoibos himself paid the penalty for slaying the Kyklôpes, Kadmos must not the less undergo, like him, a time of bondage, at the end of which Athênê makes him king of Thebes, and Zeus gives him Harmonia as his bride. These incidents interpret themselves; while the gifts which Kadmos bestowed on Harmonia suggest a comparison with the peplos of Athênê and the hangings woven for the Ashera by the Syrian women, as well as with the necklace of Eriphylê, and thus with the circular emblems which reproduce the sign of the Yoni. There is but little more worth telling in this Theban legend. The wars in which Kadmos fights are the wars of Kephalos or Theseus, with fewer incidents to mark them; and the spirit of the old myth is better seen in the legend, that when their work here was done, Kadmos and his wife were changed into dragons (like the keen-sighted creatures which draw the chariot of Medeia), and so taken up to Elysion.[1]

Minos and the Minotaur.

The children of Eurôpê are more prominent in Hellenic mythology than Kadmos himself. Minos who appears first in the lists of Apollodoros, is in some accounts split up into two beings of the same name; but the reason which would justify this distinction might be urged in the case of almost all the gods and heroes of Aryan tradition. It is enough to say that as the son of Zeus and Eurôpê he is the son of the heaven and the morning; as the offspring of Lykastos and Ida, he has the same brilliant sire, but his mother is the earth. In his name he is simply *man*, the measurer or thinker, the Indian Manu: and if in the Hindu legend Manu enters the ark with the seven rishis at the time of the great deluge, so Minos is the father of Deukalion, in whose days the floods are let loose in the western land. Thus as the representative of the great human family, he becomes not merely like Manu the giver of earthly codes or institutes, but a judge of the dead in the nether world, with Rhadamanthys and Aiakos, who were admitted to share this office. The conception which made Manu the builder of the ark is seen apparently in the maritime power and supremacy attributed to the Cretan Minos, a supremacy which to Thucydides seemed as much a fact of history as the Peloponnesian war. This power, according to Apollodoros, Minos the grim[1] obtained by overcoming his brothers, who quarrelled after Asteriôn the king of Crete had married their mother Eurôpê,—in other words, after the evening stars began to twinkle in the light-flushed skies. But although Minos had boasted that whatever he desired the gods would do, he was none the more shielded against disaster. At his wish Poseidôn sent up a bull from the sea, on the pledge of Minos that he would offer the beast in sacrifice. Minos offered one of his own cattle in his stead; and Poseidôn not only made the bull mad, but filled Pasiphaê with a strange love for the monster. From the union of the bright heaven with this sombre progeny of the sea sprang the Minotauros, who in his den far away within his labyrinth of stars devoured the tribute children sent from the city of Athênê, and who, by the help of Ariadnê, falls under the sword of Theseus as Iasôn by the aid of Medeia conquers the fire-breathing bulls of Kolchis. So transparent is the legend of the 'solar hero and solar king of Crete,'[1] who rules over the island in the nine years' cycle which reappears in the myth of the tribute children. Like Indra and Krishna, like Phoibos and Alpheios and Paris, he is the lover of the maidens, the hot and fiery sun greeting the moon and the dew.[2] Hence, in the words of one who professes to distrust the conclusions of Comparative Mythology, 'the great king of Crete met his end in the distant evening-land where the sun goes down.'[3] He is slain in Sicily by king Kokalos, a name which reminds us of Horatius Cocles,[4] and which seems to denote simply the eyeless gloom of night.

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[1] The question of the colonisation of Boiotia by Phenicians must be settled, if settled at all, by evidence which it is vain to seek in the incidents of the myth. One item may perhaps be furnished by the name Kadmos, if this be the Grecised form of the Semitic Kedem, the east. This word, together with the occurrence of Banna as the Boiotian word for daughter, seemed to satisfy Niebuhr as to the fact of this Phenician settlement. We must add to the list of such words the epithet of Palaimôn, Melikertes, the Syrian Melkarth or Moloch.

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[1] *Od.* xi. 322.

Rhadamanthys and Aiakos.

Of Rhadamanthys, who in the ordinary version is like Minos, a son of Zeus and Eurôpê, little more is told us, apart from the seemingly later story of Apollodoros, than that for the righteousness of his life he was made the judge of Elysion, and that Minos was afterwards joined with him in this office. Pausanias, who gives this priority to Rhadamanthys, adds that some spoke of him as a son of Hephaistos, who in this myth was a son of Talôs, a son of the eponymos Krês.[5]

The same reputation for impartial justice added to their number Aiakos, who in one version is a brother of Minos and Rhadamanthys, in another a son of Zeus and Aigina, the nymph whose names denotes the beating of the surf on the island which was called after her.[6] In this island Aiakos, ruling over a race of Myrmidons, or ant-born men,[7] plays the part of Oidipous at Thebes or Phoibos at Delphoi.

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 118.

[2] In this aspect of his character Minos is the lover of Diktynna and of Prokris, according to the strange story told by Apollodoros, iii. 15, 1. Prokris avoids the doom which befalls all other victims of his love by making Minos take the antidote of Kirkê. Of these myths Preller says, 'In noch andern Sagen von Kreta erscheint Minos als grosser Jäger, der in den Bergen und Wäldern seiner Insel das Wild und die Nymphen jagt, wie wir namentlich von seiner Liebe zur Diktynna und zur Prokris wissen, die wieder den Mond bedeuten, wie Minos in solchen Fabeln die heisse und feurige Sonne zu bedeuten scheint.' —*Gr. Myth.* ii. 122.

[3] Preller, *Gr. Myth. ibid.*

[4] This word seems to be akin to the Latin adjective cæcus, and possibly with Kaikias, the word which seems to have suggested the myth of Cacus. It is made up of the particle denoting separation, *ka*, and the root *oc*, which we find in the Latin oculus, the German auge, the English eye. The same formation has given us the words halt, half, &c.—Bopp, *Comp. Gr.* § 308.

[5] Paus. viii. 53, 2.

[6] Its former name is said to have been Oinônê or Oinopia. Aigina belongs to the same root with Aigai, Aigaiôn, and Aigeus, the eponymos of the Aigaian (Egean) sea.

[7] See vol. i. p. 405, et seq.

For the Vritra or dragon which shuts up the waters is sent by Hêrê, who is jealous of the love of Zeus for Aigina, to desolate the island; and when they send to learn the will of the god at Pytho, the answer is that the plague can be removed only by the prayers of the righteous Aiakos. At their entreaty he offers up a solemn sacrifice, and the rain falls once more upon Hellas.[1] With Poseidôn and Phoibos he takes part in the work of building the Ilian walls; and here also the dragons are seen again. Three of them rush against the walls, and one makes its way through the portion built by Aiakos, while the other two fall dead beneath the structure of the gods,—a myth which was interpreted to mean the future overthrow of Ilion by the descendants of Aiakos.

Nestor and Sarpêdôn.

In the Cretan myth Sarpêdôn also is a brother of Minos, and therefore a son of Zeus and Europê. Other versions told of a Sarpêdôn who was the child of Laodameia, the daughter of Bellerophôntes. As in the case of Minos, mythographers made two beings out of one, as they might indefinitely have extended the number. Of the one Sarpêdôn it is said that Zeus granted to him, as to Nestor,[2] a life stretching over three generations of men; of the other the beautiful story is told which we find in the Iliad. The legend is transparent throughout. If his grandsire Hipponoös received the name by which he was commonly known from his slaying of a monster answering to the Pythian dragon or the Theban Sphinx, his daughter Laodameia is as clearly the beautiful evening weaving together her tinted clouds, and slain by Artemis, the cold moon, before her web is finished. To her son, the chief of Lykia, the land of light, as to Achilleus, a brief but a brilliant career is allotted. With his friend Glaukos (a name denoting the bright day as Sarpêdôn is the creeping light of early morning) he leaves the banks of the golden stream of Xanthos, and throws in his lot with the brave and fierce-minded Hektor; but the designs of Hêrê require that he must die, and the tears of Zeus fall in big raindrops from the sky because it is not possible for him to avert the doom. So Sarpêdôn falls beneath the spear of Patroklos; but no decay may be suffered to mar his beauty. Phoibos himself is charged to bathe the body in Simoeis, and wrap it in ambrosial robes, while Thanatos and Hypnos, death and sleep, are bidden to bear it away to his Lykian home, which they reach just as Eôs is spreading her rosy light through the sky,—an exquisite variation on the myth of Endymiôn plunged beneath the waters, or Narkissos in his profound lethargy, or Helios moving in his golden cup from the western to the eastern ocean.

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[1] Paus. ii. 29, 6.

[2] If the myth of Odysseus, as contrasted with that of Achilleus, points to the slow sinking of the unclouded sun in perfect repose after the weary battle and wanderings of a stormy day, and thus suggests the idea of the tranquil evening of life for the chief who has grown old in fighting, the notion of age thus given is brought out more prominently in other legends, whether of the Greek or the Teutonic nations. The decrepitude preceding the death of the sun, a notion as familiar as that of his undying vigour and everlasting youth, is exhibited in the story of Tithônos, which differs from that of Nestor only in the weakness which paralyses the being once so powerful. With the wisdom of Phoibos Nestor retains the vigour of Herakles, whose friend he had been, and whose skill in the management of chariots and horses he has inherited in double portion. Like Phoibos, again, he has the gift of honeyed eloquence, the gift of Hermes to the sun-god; and more particularly as he grows in wisdom, he becomes more keen-sighted, more prudent, more sagacious. Nestor then and Odysseus stand as an idea altogether distinct from that which is embodied in the conceptions of Achilleus and Siegfried, and the two types may be traced through the Aryan mythology generally, in the Godmund who lives five hundred years, as in the Sigurd who falls in the full glory of his youth. Grimm, *D. M.* 365; Max Müller, *Chips*, &c. ii. 84.

Memnôn the Ethiopian.

From the story of Sarpêdôn the legend of Memnôn, it is scarcely necessary to say, differs only in the greater clearness with which it represents the old phrases. Sarpêdôn, though a being akin to Phoibos and Helios, is yet regarded as the ruler of mortal Lykians, and his cairn is raised high to keep alive his name amongst his people. With Memnôn the myth has not gone so far. He is so transparently the son of Eôs that he must rise again. Like Zeus, Eôs weeps tears of dew at the death of her child, but her prayers avail to bring him back, like Adonis or Tammuz, from the shadowy region, to dwell always in Olympos. If again Sarpêdôn is king of the land of light (Lykia), Memnôn rules over the glistening country of Aithiopia (Ethiopia), the ever youthful child of Tithônos, the sun whose couch Eôs leaves daily to bring back morning to the earth. Nay, so clear is the meaning of the story, that he is by some called the child of Hêmera, the day; and his gleaming armour, like that of Achilleus, is wrought by the fire-god Hephaistos. When Memnôn falls in atonement for the slaughter of Antilochos, the son of Nestor, his comrades are so plunged in grief that they are changed into birds, which yearly visit his tomb to water the ground with their tears. Not less obvious is the meaning of another story, which brings before us the battle of the clouds over the body of the dead sun—a fight which we see in a darker form in the desperate struggle of the Achaians and Trojans over the body of Achilleus. To comfort Eôs, Zeus makes two flocks of birds (the swan maidens or winged clouds of Teutonic folk-lore) meet in the air and fight over Memnôn's funeral sacrifice, until some of them fall as victims on the altar. Of Memnon's head the tale was told that it retained the prophetic power of the living Helios, a story which is found in the myth of the Teutonic Mimir, and which might also have been related of Kephalos, the head of the sun.

Kephalos and Eôs.

Like Minos and Sarpêdôn, Kephalos is assigned in different versions of the myth to different parents, whose names denote, however, the same idea; but there is no other reason for dividing him into two persons. In the one account he is a son of Hermes and Hersê, the morning breeze and the dew, and by him Eôs becomes the mother of Tithônos or, as others said, of Phaethôn. In the other he is the son of the Phokian Deion, and Hersê appears as the wife of Erechtheus, and the mother of his wife Prokris or Proknê, who is only the dew under another name.[1] Nor is the whole story anything more than a series of pictures which exhibit the dew as lovingly reflecting the rays of the sun, who is also loved by the morning, until at last his fiery rays dry up the last drops which still lurk in the deep thicket. Hence we have at once the groundwork of the jealousy of Eôs for Prokris, as of Hêrê for Iô or Eurôpê. But the dew reflects many images of the same sun; and thus the phrase ran that Kephalos came back in disguise to Prokris, who, though faithless to her troth, yet gave her love to her old lover, as Korônis welcomed in Ischys the reflection of Phoibos Apollôn. All that was needed now was to represent Eôs as tempting Kephalos to test the fidelity of Prokris, and to introduce into the legend some portion of the machinery of every solar tale. The presents which Eôs bestows on Kephalos to lure Prokris to her ruin are the riches of Ixîôn, on which his wife Dia cannot look and live; and when Prokris awakes to a sense of her shame, her flight to Crete and her refuge in the arms of Artemis denote the departure of the dew from the sun-scorched hills to the cool regions on which the moon looks down. But Artemis Hekatê, like her brother Hekatos, is a being whose rays have a magic power, and she bestows on Prokris a hound which never fails to bring down its prey, and the spear which never misses its mark. Prokris now appears disguised before the faithless Kephalos, who has given himself to Eôs, but no entreaty can prevail on her to yield up the gifts of Artemis except in return for his love. The compact is made, and Prokris stands revealed in all her ancient loveliness. Eôs for the time is baffled; but Prokris still feels some fear of her rival's power, and as from a thicket she watches Kephalos hunting, in other words, chasing the clouds along the blue fields of heaven, she is smitten by the unerring spear and dies, like the last drop of dew lingering in the nook where it had hoped to outlive the day. The same mythical necessity which made Delos, Ortygia, or Lykia, the birth-place and home of Phoibos and Artemis, localised the story of Prokris in the land of the dawn-goddess Athênê, and then carried him away on his westward journey, toiling and suffering, like Herakles, or Apollôn, or Kadmos. He must aid Amphitryon in hunting the dog which, sent by Poseidôn or Dionysos, like the Marathonian bull, ravaged the plain of Thebes; he must go against the Teleboans, the sea-robbers of the Akarnanian coast; and finally, wearied out with his toil, he must fall from the Leukadian or glistening cape into the sea, as the sun, greeting the rosy cliffs, sinks beneath the waters.[1]

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 145, is content to regard the name as an abbreviated form of ἡ προκεκριμένη, alleging the use of πρόκριν for πρόκρισιν by Hesiod, a fact which, if proved, is but a slender warrant for the other. But Hersê, the mother of Prokris, is confessedly the dew, and Proknê, the other form of Prokris, cannot be referred to ἡ προκεκριμένη. Preller adduces the expression applied to Hekatê, τὴν περὶ πάντων Ζεὺς Κρονίδης τίμησε, in illustration of his etymology and of his belief that Prokris is the moon. But the incidents in the life of Prokris do not point to the course of the moon and its phenomena; and Prokris is not preferred or honoured, but throughout slighted and neglected. Hence there is absolutely no reason for refusing to take into account the apparently obvious connection of Prokris and Proknê with the Greek πρώξ, a dew-drop, and the cognate words which with it are referred to the root prish. See vol. i. p. 430.

SECTION XI.—TEUTONIC SUN-GODS AND HEROES.

Baldur and Brond.

In Cædmon and the epic of Beowulf the word baldor, bealdor, is found in the sense of prince or chief, as mägða bealdor, virginum princeps. Hence the name Baldr or Baldur might be referred to the Gothic balðs, our *bold*, and stress might be laid on the origin of the name of Baldur's wife Nanna from a verb nenna, to dare. But Grimm remarks that the Anglo-Saxon genealogies speak of the son of Odin not as Baldur but as Bäldäg, Beldeg, a form which would lead us to look for an Old High German Paltac. Although this is not found, we have Paltar. Either then Bäldäg and Bealdor are only forms of the same word, as Regintac and Reginari, Sigitac and Sighar, or they are compounds in which bäl must be separated from däg; and thus the word might be connected with the Sclavonic Bjelbog, Belbog, the white shining god, the bringer of the day, the benignant Phoibos. Such an inference seems to be strengthened by the fact that the Anglo-Saxon theogony gives him a son Brond, who is also the torch or light of day. Baldur, however, was also known as Phol, a fact which Grimm establishes with abundant evidence of local names; and thus the identity of Baldr and Bjelbog seems forced upon us. Forseti, or Fosite, is reckoned among the Asas as a son of Baldur and Nanna, a name which Grimm compares with the Old High German *forasizo*, præses, princeps.[2] The being by whom Baldur is slain is Hödr, a blind god of enormous strength, whose name may be traced in the forms Hadupracht, Hadufians, &c., to the Chatumerus of Tacitus. He is simply the power of darkness triumphing over the lord of light; and hence there were, as we might expect, two forms of the myth, one of which left Baldur dead, like Sarpêdôn, another which brought him back from the unseen world, like Memnôn and Adonis.

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[1] Another account made the dog of Prokris a work of Hephaistos, like the golden statues of Alkinoös, and spoke of it as a gift from Zeus to Eurôpê, who gave it to Minos, and as bestowed by Minos on Prokris, who at last gives it to Kephalos. Prokris is also a bride of Minos, whom she delivers from the spells of a magician who acts by the counsels of Pasiphaê, who is also called a wife of Minos.

[2] *Deutsche Myth.* 212.

The dream of Baldur.

But the essence of the myth lies in his death, the cause of which is set forth in a poem of the elder Edda, entitled Baldur's dream, a poem so beautiful and so true to the old myth that I may be forgiven for citing it in full.

The gods have hastened all to the assembly,
The goddesses gathered all to the council;
The heavenly rulers take counsel together,
Why dreams of ill omen thus terrify Baldur.

Then uprose Odin the all-creator
And flung the saddle on Sleipnir's back,
And downwards rode he to Nebelheim,
Where a dog met him from the house of Hel.

Spotted with blood on his front and chest,
Loudly he bayed at the father of song;
But on rode Odin, the earth made moaning,
When he reached the lofty mansion of Hel.

But Odin rode on to its eastern portal,
Where well he knew was the Völa's mound;
The seer's song of the wine-cup singing,
Till he forced her to rise, a foreboder of ill.

'What man among men, one whom I know not,
Causes me trouble and breaks my rest?
The snow hath enwrapped me, the rain beat upon me,
The dews have drenched me, for I was long dead.'

'Wegtam my name is, Waltam's son am I;
Speak thou of the under world, I of the upper;
For whom are these seats thus decked with rings,
These shining chains all covered with gold?'

'The mead is prepared for Baldur here,
The gleaming draught covered o'er with the shield;
There is no hope for the gods above;
Compelled I have spoken, but now am I mute.'

'Close not thy lips yet, I must ask further,
Till I know all things. And this will I know.
What man among men is the murderer of Baldur,
And bringeth their end upon Odin's heirs?'

'Hödur will strike down the Mighty, the Famed one,
He will become the murderer of Baldur,
And bring down their end on the heirs of Odin:
Compelled I have spoken, but now am I mute.'

'Close not thy lips yet, I must ask further,
Till I know all things. And this will I know;
Who will accomplish vengeance on Hödur,
And bring to the scaffold the murderer of Baldur?'

'Rindur in the west hath won the prize
Who shall slay in one night all Odin's heirs.
His hands he shall wash not: his locks he doth comb not,
Till he brings to the scaffold the murderer of Baldur.'

'Close not thy lips yet, I will ask further,
Till I know all things. And this will I know:
The name of the woman who refuses to weep,
And cast to the heavens the veil from her head.'

'Thou art not Wegtam as erst I deemed thee,
But thou art Odin the all-creator.'
'And thou art not Völa, no wise woman thou,
Nay, thou art the mother of giants in Hel.'

'Ride home, O Odin, and make thy boast,
That never again shall a man visit me,
Till Loki hath broken his fetters and chains,
And the twilight of gods brings the end of all things.'

The death of Baldur.

Some features in this legend obviously reproduce incidents in Greek mythology. The hound of hell who confronts the Father of Song is the dog of Yamen, the Kerberos who bars the way to Orpheus until he is lulled to sleep by his harping; while the errand of Odin which has for its object the saving of Baldur answers to the mission of Orpheus to recover Eurydikê. Odin, again, coming as Wegtam the wanderer reminds us at once of Odysseus the far-journeying and long-enduring. The ride of Odin is as ineffectual as the pilgrimage of Orpheus. All created things have been made to take an oath that they will not hurt the beautiful Baldur: but the mistletoe has been forgotten, and of this plant Loki puts a twig into the hand of Baldur's blind brother Hödr, who uses it as an arrow and unwittingly slays Baldur while the gods are practising archery with his body as a mark. Soon, however, Ali (or Wali) is born, a brother to Baldur, who avenges his death, but who can do so only by slaying the unlucky Hödr.

The avenging of Baldur.

The mode in which this catastrophe is brought about cannot fail to suggest a comparison with the myth which offers Sarpêdôn as a mark for the arrows of his uncles, and with the stories of golden apples shot from the heads of blooming youths, whether by William Tell, or William of Cloudeslee, or any others. In short, the gods are here in conclave, aiming their weapons at the sun, who is drawing near to his doom, as the summer approaches its end. They have no wish to slay him; rather, it is the wish of all that he should not die; but he must be killed by his blind brother, the autumn sun, when the nights begin to be longer than the day. The younger brother born to avenge him is the new sun-child, whose birth marks the gradual rising again of the sun in the heaven. The myth now becomes transparent. Baldur, who dwells in Breidablick or Ganzblick (names answering precisely to Eurôpê and Pasiphaê, the broad-spreading light of morning, or the dazzling heavens), is slain by the wintry sun, and avenged by Ali or Wali, the son of Odin and Rind, immediately after his birth. Ali is further called Bui, the tiller of the earth, over which the plough may again pass on the breaking of the frost. These incidents at once show that this myth cannot have been developed in the countries of northern Europe. Bunsen rightly lays stress, and too great stress can scarcely be laid, on the thorough want of correspondence between these myths and the climatic conditions of northern Germany, still more of those of Scandinavia and of Iceland. It may be rash to assign them dogmatically to Central Asia, but indubitably they sprung up in a country where the winter is of very short duration. Baldur then is 'the god who is slain,' like Dionysos who is killed by his brothers and then comes to life again: but of these myths the Vedic hymns take no notice. 'In the region where they arose there is no question of any marked decline of temperature,' and therefore these poems 'stop short at the collision between the two hostile forces of sunshine and storm.'[1]

The story of Tell and Gesler.

The myth of Tell, with which the story of Baldur and

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[1] 'The tragedy of the solar year, of the murdered and risen god, is familiar to us from the days of ancient Egypt: must it not be of equally primæval origin here?' [in Teutonic tradition].—Bunsen, *God in History*, ii. 458.

The evidence which has established the substantial identity of the story of the *Iliad* with that of the *Odyssey* has also shown that the Nibelung Lay practically reproduces the myth of the Volsungs, and that the same myth is presented under slightly different colours in the legends of Walthar of Aquitaine and other Teutonic romances, vol. i. ch. xii. The materials of these narratives are, in short, identical with the legends of the Teutonic Baldur and the Greek Helen, and the whole narrative thus becomes in each case transparent in almost every part. The identity of the Sigurd of the Edda with the Siegfried of the Nibelung Song has so important a bearing on the results of Comparative Mythology, that I avail myself all the more readily of the evidence by which this fact has been established by one who believes that Atli and one or two other names of the Nibelung Lay are 'undoubtedly historical.' On this point, indeed, Bunsen has left no work to be done. If he has left in the Lay of the Nibelungs two or three historical names, he has left nothing more. The narrative or legend itself carries us to the Breidablick (Euryphaessa) or Ganzblick (Pasiphaê) which is the dazzling abode of Baldur, the type of the several Helgis, of Sigurd and Siegfried, as he is also of Achilleus and Odysseus, of Rustem, Perseus, or Herakles.

Sarpêdôn suggests a comparison, has received its deathblow as much from the hands of historians as from those of comparative mythologists. But there are probably few legends which more thoroughly show that from myths which have worked themselves into the narrative of an historical age there is absolutely nothing to be learnt in the way of history. Even if the legend of Tell be given up as a myth, it might be contended that at the least it indicates some fact, and this fact must be the oppression of the Swiss by Austrian tyrants; and yet this supposed fact, without which the story loses all point and meaning, has been swept away as effectually as the incidents which have been supposed to illustrate it. The political history of the Forest Cantons begins at a time long preceding the legendary date of Tell and Gesler; and the election of Rudolf of Hapsburg as king of the Romans in 1273 was important to the Swiss only from their previous connexion with his house.[1] In short, we have proof of the existence of a confederation of the Three Cantons in 1291, while the popular account dates its origin from the year 1314, and ascribes it to the events which are assigned to that time. Nay, more, 'there exist in contemporary records no instances of wanton outrage and insolence on the Hapsburg side. It was the object of that power to obtain political ascendency, not to indulge its representatives in lust or wanton insult. That it was so becomes all the more distinct, since there are plentiful records of disputes in which the interests of the two were mixed up with those of particular persons.' In these quarrels, the Edinburgh Reviewer goes on to say, 'the symptoms of violence, as is natural enough, appear rather on the side of the Swiss Communities than on that of the aggrandising imperial house;' and the attack on the abbey of Einsiedeln was treated 'not as a crime of which the men of Schwitz were guilty, but as an act of war for which the three Cantons were responsible as a separate state.' The war of Swiss independence which followed this event was brought to an issue in the battle of Morgarten;

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[1] The evidence of this connexion has been ably summarised by the writer of the article on Rilliet's *Origines de la Confédération Suisse* in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1869, p. 134 et. seq.

but the documents which have preserved the terms of peace simply define the bounds of the imperial authority, without questioning that authority itself. In all this there is no real need of the exploits of Tell or rather there is no room for them, even if the existence of the Confederation were not traced back to a time which according to the legend would probably precede his birth.

The myth wholly without historical foundation.

This legend, which makes Tell not less skilful as a boatman than as an archer, is not noticed by chroniclers who would gladly have retailed the incidents of the setting up of the ducal cap by Gesler in the market place, of Tell's refusal to do obeisance to it, of his capture, and of the cruelty which compelled him to shoot an apple placed on his son's head, of his release during the storm on the lake that he might steer the skiff, and finally of the death of Gesler by Tell's unerring shaft. When examined more closely, all the antiquities of the myth were found to be of modern manufacture. The two chapels which were supposed to have been raised by eye-witnesses of the events were 'trumpery works of a much more recent date,'—and if the tales of the showmen were true, the place had 'remained unchanged by the growth and decay of trees and otherwise for six centuries and a half.' Further, the hat set on a pole that all who passed by might do obeisance is only another form of the golden image set up that all might worship it on the plains of Dura, and here, as in the story of the Three Children, the men who crown the work of Swiss independence are three in number.

Utter impossibility of the Swiss story.

Yet so important is this story as showing how utterly destitute of any residuum of fact is the mythology introtroduced into the history even of a well-known age, that I feel myself justified in quoting the passage in which M. Rilliet sums up the argument proving the absolute impossibility of the tale from beginning to end.

'The internal history of the three valleys offers to the existence of a popular insurrection which freed them from the tyranny of King Albert of Austria a denial which the consequent conduct of this prince and that of his sons fully confirms. A revolt which would have resulted not only in defying his authority, but outraging it by the expulsion and murder of his officers, would not have been for one instant tolerated by a monarch not less jealous of his power than resolute to make it respected. So when we see him in the month of April 1308, when he went to recruit in Upper Germany for his Bohemian wars, sojourning on the banks of the Limmat and the Reuss, and approaching the theatre assigned to the rebellion, without making the slightest preparation or revealing any intention to chastise its authors; when we find him at the same time entirely occupied in celebrating the festival of the Carnival with a brilliant train of nobles and prelates; when we find him soon afterwards, on April 25, confirming to the abbey of Zurich the possession of domains comprehending the places which were the very centre of the revolt; when we find him, six days later, regardless of revelations about the plot which was to cost him his life, banqueting with the sons and the nephew whose hands were already raised against him, and thence proceed, full of eagerness, to meet the queen who was on her way to join him,—it seems impossible to admit that he was swallowing in silence an affront inflicted on him by insolent peasants, and which an inexplicable impunity could only render all the more mortifying to his self-love and compromising to his authority.'

Other versions of the myth of Tell.

The myth is thus driven off the soil of the Helvetian republic. We find it growing as congenially in almost every Aryan land, and in some regions which are not Aryan at all. It is the story of the ballad of Clym of the Clough, in which Cloudeslee performs not only the exploits assigned to Locksley in Sir Walter Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' but this very deed of Tell. Here the archer is made to say:

I have a sonne seven years old:
    Hee is to me full deere:
I will tye him to a stake—
    All shall see him that bee here—
And lay an apple upon his head,
    And goe six paces him froe,
And I myself with a broad arrowe
    Shall cleave the apple in towe.'

Hanging is to be the penalty in case of failure. The result is of course as in the myth of Tell; but the sequel which involves the actual death of the Vogt in that legend is represented in the English ballad by the hope which the king expresses that he may never serve as a mark for Cloudeslee's arrows. Here also Cloudeslee is one of a trio (along with Adam Bell and Clym of the Clough), which answers to the Swiss triumvirate; and Grimm is fully justified in remarking that Cloudeslee's Christian name and Bell's surname exhibit the two names of the great Swiss hero.[1] By Saxo Grammaticus, a writer of the twelfth century, the story is told of Palnatoki, who performs the same exploit at the bidding of King Harold Gormson, and who when asked by the king why he had taken three arrows from his quiver when he was to have only one shot, replies, 'That I might avenge on thee the swerving of the first by the points of the rest.' In the Vilkina Saga the tale is related, and almost in the same terms, of Egill, 'the fairest of men,' the brother of Völundr, our Wayland Smith, while in the Malleus Maleficarum it is told of Puncher, a magician on the Upper Rhine.[2] Another version is seen in the Saga of Saint Olaf, who challenges Eindridi, a heathen whom he wishes to convert, to the same task, only leading the way himself. Olaf's arrow grazes the child's head, and the pleading of Eindridi's wife then induces the king to put an end to the contest. With some differences of detail the legend reappears in the story of another Harold (Sigurdarson), in the eleventh century. Here the rival or opponent of the king is Heming, whose arrows, as Harold remarks, are all inlaid with gold, like the arrows of Phoibos. Enraged at many defeats, the king at last dares Heming to shoot a nut on the head not of his son but of his brother. Not less significant in some of its touches is the Faroese tradition, which attributes Tell's achievement to Geyti, Aslak's son, the king being the same who is confronted by Heming. Learning that Geyti is his match in strength, Harold rides to the house of Aslak, and asking where his youngest son is, receives for answer that he is dead and buried in the churchyard of Kolrin. The king insists on seeing the body, and the father replies that where so many lie dead it would not be easy to find the corpse of his son. But as Harold rides back over the heath, he meets a huntsman armed with a bow, and asking who he is, learns that it is the dead Geyti, who has returned to the land of the living, like Memnôn, or Euridykê, or Adonis. The story otherwise differs little, if at all, from that of Heming. Mr. Gould, who like Dr. Dasent has thoroughly examined this subject, cites from Castren a Finnish story, in which, as in the Tell myth, the apple is shot off a man's head; but the archer (and this feature seems specially noteworthy) is a boy of twelve years old, who appears armed with bow and arrows among the reeds on the banks of a lake, and threatens to shoot some robbers who had carried off his father as a captive from the village of Alajârvi. The marauders agree to yield up the old man if the boy will do by him as Tell and Cloudeslee do by their sons. The legend at the least suggests a comparison with the myth of the youthful Chrysâôr, who also is seen on the shore of the Delian sea; while the twelve years look much like the ten years of the Trojan contest, the hours of the night during which the sun lies hid from the sight of men until he comes forth ready for the work in which his triumph is assured. The myth might be traced yet further, if it were necessary to do so. In Dr. Dasent's words, 'it is common to the Turks and Mongolians; and a legend of the wild Samoyeds, who never heard of Tell or saw a book in their lives, relates it, chapter and verse, of one of their marksmen. What shall we say, then, but that the story of this bold master-shot was primæval amongst many tribes and races, and that it only crystallised itself round the great name of Tell by that process of attraction which invariably leads a grateful people to throw such mythic wreaths, such garlands of bold deeds of precious memory, round the brow of its darling champion.'[1] Further still, it seems impossible not to discern the same myth in the legend which tells us of the Lykian Sarpêdôn, that when Isandros and Hippolochos disputed with each other for the throne, his mother Laodameia offered him for the venture, when it was settled that the kingdom should belong to the man who could shoot a ring from the breast of a child without hurting him. The tale is here inverted, and the shot is to be aimed at the child who lies exposed like Oidipous on Kithairon, or Romulus among the reeds of the Tiber, but who is as sure to escape the danger as Tell and the others are to avoid the trap in which their enemies think to catch them.

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[1] 'Ausser den angeführten deutschen und nordischen Erzählungen lässt sich noch eine altenglische in dem northumbrischen Liede von den drei Wildschützen Adam Bell, Clym, und *William* of Cloudesle aufweisen; der letzte, dessen Vorname, wie der Zuname des ersten, Bell, an Tell gemahnt, erbietet sich vor dem König, seinem siebenjährigen Sohn einen Apfel auss haupt zu legen und 120 Schritte weit herab zu schiessen.'—Grimm, *D. Myth.* 355.

[2] The passages from these three works are quoted at length by Dr. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, introduction xxxv.–xxxix.

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[1] *Norse Tales*, introd. xxxv.

The far-shooting god.

To say more is but to slay the slain. 'William Tell, the good archer, whose mythological character Dr. Dasent has established beyond contradiction, is the last reflection of the sun-god, whether we call him Indra, or Apollo, or Ulysses.'[1]

SECTION XII.—THE VIVIFYING SUN.

Flexible character of Vishṇu.

In strictness of speech the Vedic Vishṇu is nothing but a name. The writers of the Aïtareya-brahmana could still say, 'Agni is all the deities, Vishṇu is all the deities.'[2] Hence he rises sometimes to a dignity greater even than that of Dyaus and Indra, while at others he is spoken of as subordinate to them, or is regarded as simply another form of the three deities Agni, Vayu, and Sûrya. In some hymns he is associated with Indra as Varuṇa is linked with Mitra, and Dyaus with Prithivî.

'All divine power, like that of the sky, was completely communicated to thee, Indra, by the gods (or worshippers), when thou, O impetuous deity, associated with Vishṇu, didst slay Vritra Ahi, stopping up the waters.'[3]

In truth, it may almost without exaggeration be said that the whole Vedic theology may be resolved into a series of equations, the result being one quite consistent with a real monotheism. Thus Vishṇu is himself Agni and Indra.

'Thou, Agni, art Indra, bountiful to the excellent; thou art Vishṇu, the wide-stepping, the adorable.'[4]

These are again identified with other gods:

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips*, &c. ii. 233. See Appendix B.

[2] Max Müller, *Sanskrit Lit.* 391.

[3] *R. V.* vii. 20, 2; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. ch. ii. sect. 1.

[4] *R. V.* ii. 1, 3; Muir, *ib.*

'Thou, Agni, art Varuṇa, when thou art born; thou art Mitra, when thou art kindled; son of strength, in thee reside all the gods: thou art Indra to the man who sacrifices.'

'Thou art Aryaman, when thou, self-controlled, possessest the secret name of the maidens.'[1]

Agni, again, although along with Indra, Soma, and Parameshthin he is a son of Prajâpati,[2] is according to the same writers Prajâpati himself.

'The man who became Prajâpati is the same as this Agni who is kindled on the altar.'

This name brings us at once to other equations, for Prajâpati is Daksha: he is also Time and Death.

'The gods were afraid of this ender, death, the year which is Prajâpati, lest he should by days and nights bring on the end of our life.'[3]

Elsewhere Prajâpati is Brahma.

'Those men who know Brahma know him who occupies the highest place (Parameshthin): he who knows Parameshthin and who knows Prajâpati, they who know the ancient Brahmana (deity?), they know Skambha.'[4]

Vishṇu the striding god.

It is scarcely necessary, then, to say that in all the phrases which describe the attributes of Vishṇu, the origin of each conception is plainly discernible. He is especially the god who traverses the heaven in three strides, these strides being taken by some commentators to denote his manifestations as fire on the earth, as lightning in the atmosphere, and as the sun in heaven, or in other words, his identity with Agni, Vayu, and Sûrya. By others they are regarded as setting forth the rising, culmination, and setting of the sun; and there can be little doubt that the latter idea was at the first most closely associated with the thought of Vishṇu.[5] It would seem indeed that these gods are distinguished only when the worshipper wishes to add to the titles of the being whom he invokes in his litanies.

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[1] *R. V.* v. 3, 1; Muir, *Sansk. Texts*, pt. iv. ch. ii. sect. 1.

[2] *Satapatha Brahmana*, xi. 1, 6; Muir, *ib.*

[3] The idea is obviously that of the Greek Kronos, who devours all his offspring.

[4] *Ath. V.* x. 7, 7; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 17. Skambha is the supporter or propper, vol i. p. 37. This function, Dr. Muir remarks, is frequently ascribed to Indra, Varuṇa, Vishṇu, and Savitri.

'Vishṇu, thou didst prop asunder these two worlds; thou didst envelope the earth on every side with beams of light.'—*R. V.* vii. 99, 3.

[5] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 57.

'Agni, Varuṇa, Mitra, ye gods, give us strength, and ye hosts of Maruts, and Vishṇu. May both the Asvins, Rudra, and the wives of the deities, with Pushan, Bhaga, and Sarasvati, be pleased with us.

'I invoke for our protection Indṛa and Agni, Mitra and Varuṇa, Aditî, heaven, earth and sky, the Maruts, the mountains, the waters, Vishṇu, Pushan, Brahmanaspati, Bhaga, Samsa and Savitri.

'And may Vishṇu and the wind, uninjuring, and Soma, the bestower of riches, give us happiness. And may the Ribhus, Asvins, Tvashtri and Vibhvan be favourable to us, so as to grant us wealth.'[1]

Dwarf Incarnation.

Much of the later mythology respecting Vishṇu turns on the Dwarf Incarnation, which may be compared with the myth of the maimed Hephaistos. In both cases the defect is simply a veil putting out of view the irresistible power of the god. The fire at its birth is weak, and its flame puny; the sun sheds but little warmth as he rests on the horizon at his rising; and it might well be said that none could tell how vast a power lay in these seemingly weak and helpless beings. So Vishṇu, manifesting himself as the Dwarf, obtains from the Asuras as much as he can lie upon, or as much as he can cover in three strides. It is thus that Bali, the great enemy of the gods, is overcome. Having conquered the three worlds, Bali terrifies Indra, who, with other deities, beseeches Vishṇu to take the shape of a dwarf and deceive their conqueror. Having in this shape approached the son of Virochana and obtained the boon of the three paces, 'the thrice-stepping Vishṇu assumed a miraculous form, and with three paces took possession of the worlds. For with one step he occupied the whole earth, with a second the eternal atmosphere, and with a third the sky. Having then assigned to the Asura Bali an abode in Patala (the infernal region), he gave the empire of the three worlds to Indra.'[2] In the Mahâbhârata this fact is ascribed to

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[1] *R. V.* v. 46; Muir, *Sansk. T.* pt. iv. p. 69.

[2] *Ramayana,* i. 322; Muir, *ib.* 117.

Krishna, who, having become the son of Aditî, was called Vishṇu.[1] In the Bhagavata Purana the story assumes proportions almost as vast as those of the god whom it seeks to glorify. No sooner has Bali granted the seemingly moderate request of Hari or Vishṇu, than the body of the dwarf begins to expand and fills the whole universe, and Bali is bound with the chains of Varuṇa.[2] This dwarf appears elsewhere in the person of the child Kumâra, the son of Aushasî, the daughter of the dawn.[3] Thus throughout we are dealing with phrases which the Hindu commentators knew to be mere phrases; and thus without a thought of injustice done to the deities whom he seemed to disparage, the worshipper could say that Varuṇa himself and the Asvins do the bidding of Vishṇu, and that Vishṇu is more beneficent than his chosen companion Indra.

'King Varuṇa and the Asvins wait on the decree of this ruler, attended by the Maruts: Vishṇu possesses excellent wisdom, which knows the proper day, and with his friend opens up the cloud.

'The divine Vishṇu who has chosen companionship with the beneficent Indra, himself more beneficent, the wise god has gratified the Arya.'[4]

And again,

'Thou, Agni, art Indra, bountiful to the good; thou art Vishṇu, the wide-stepping, the adorable.'[5]

Majesty of Vishṇu.

So when Indra is about to smite Vritra, he is at once represented as bidding his friend Vishṇu to stride vastly.

'Friend Vishṇu, stride vastly: sky, give room for the thunderbolt to strike; let us slay Vritra and let loose the waters.'[6]

Yet although in some passages Vishṇu is described as having established the heavens and the earth, and as sustaining the world by his own inherent force, still he is said in others to make his three strides through the power of Indra.

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 118.

[2] *Id. ib.* p. 125, &c.

[3] *Id. ib.* p. 284. The diminutive size of many of the heroes of popular tradition must be traced to this idea. Odysseus is small, when he stands, as compared with Menelaos: in other words he is Shortshanks (Grimm). Boots is despised for his insignificant stature, and the Master Thief incurs the same contempt. The idea of mere diminutiveness issues at length in the stories of Tom Thumb: but Tom Thumb is in reality as little to be despised as any other hero of Aryan legends.

[4] *R. V.* i. 156; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 66.

[5] Muir, *ib.*

[6] *R. V.* viii. 89, 12; Muir, *ib.* p. 68.

'When, Indra, the gods placed thee in their front in the battle, then thy dear steeds grew.

'When, thunderer, thou didst by thy might slay Vritra who stopped up the streams, then thy dear steeds grew.

'When by thy force Vishṇu strode three steps, then thy dear steeds grew.'[1]

Elsewhere we are told that mortal man cannot comprehend his majesty.

'No one who is being born, or has been born, has attained, O divine Vishṇu, to the furthest limit of thy greatness.'[2]

The palace of Vishṇu.

The personality of the mythical Vishṇu is, in short, as transparent as that of Helios or Selênê. He dwells in the aerial mountains, in a gleaming palace where the many horned and swiftly moving cows abide. 'Here that supreme abode of the wide-stepping vigorous god shines intensely forth.' These cows are in some places the clouds, in others, the rays which stream from the body of the sun. But on the whole it must be admitted that the place of Vishṇu in the Rig Veda, as compared with the other great deities, is in the background; and the institutional legends of later Brahmanic literature throw but little light on the mythical idea of this deity, and perhaps none on the mythology of any other people.

Avatars of Vishṇu.

As the supreme spirit, whose ten Avatars or Incarnations are among the later developements of Hindu theology, Vishṇu is associated or identified not only with Siva or Mahâdeva, but with Rama in the Ramayana, and with Krishna in the Mahâbhârata.[3] But the Mahâdeva, with whom he is thus identified, is himself only Varuṇa or Dyaus, under another name. 'He is Rudra, he is Siva, he is Agni, he is Saiva, the all-conquering; he is Indra, he is Vayu, he is the Asvins, he is the lightning, he is the moon, he is Iswara, he is Sûrya, he is Varuṇa, he is time, he is death the ender; he is darkness, and night, and the days; he is the months and the half-months of the seasons, the morning and evening twilight, and the year.'[1] Krishna, again, is said to be sometimes a partial, sometimes a perfect manifestation of that god; but the phrases in which Krishna is spoken of are as indefinite and elastic as those which speak of Agni, Indra or Vishṇu. In some passages Krishna is simply a son of Devakî. But as Vishṇu is also Brahma, so is Krishna also the supreme deity.[2] Elsewhere it is said that Brahma and Mahâdeva themselves proceed from Krishna, who again identifies himself with Rudra, although in other passages Rudra is described as mightier;[3] and in each case commentators, as we might expect, are ready with the reasons which reconcile the seeming inconsistency. Like Vishṇu, Krishna rises to greater importance in later times, and in far more abundant measure. The popular affections were more and more fixed on the bright god who was born in a cave, at whose birth the exulting devas sang in the heavens, whose life was sought by a cruel tyrant, and who, like Zeus or Herakles, had many loves in many lands.

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[1] *R. V.* viii. 12; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 77.

[2] Muir, *ib.* p. 63.

[3] *Id. ib.* ch. ii. sect. 5.

Emblems associated with the worship of Vishṇu.

In this later theology the idea which regarded the sun as the generator of all life left the attributes of Vishṇu by comparison in the shade; and the emblem thus especially associated with this deity marks a singular stage in the history of religion. If the subject is one which must be approached with the utmost caution, it is also one in which we are especially bound not to evade or misrepresent the facts. If the form of faith, or rather it should be said, of worship, with which we have now to deal, has prevailed in all lands and still prevails amongst a large majority of mankind, it becomes our duty to trace fairly, to the best of our power, its origin and growth, and to measure accurately the influence which it has exercised on the human intellect and on human morality. If in our search we find that phrases and emblems, to which we now attach a purely spiritual signification, have acquired this meaning gradually as the ruder ideas which marked the infancy of the human race faded from the mind, we shall not allow old associations and prejudices to stand in the place of evidence, or suffer the discovery to interfere with or weaken moral or religious convictions with which these phrases or emblems have no inseparable connexion. The student of the history of religion can have no fear that his faith will receive a shock from which it cannot recover, if his faith is placed in Him with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning, and whose work human passion can neither mar nor hinder. He can walk in confidence by the side of the student of language and mythology, and be content to share his labour, if he hopes that such efforts may one day 'lay bare the world-wide foundations of the eternal kingdom of God.'[1]

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. ch. ii. sect. 5.

[2] *Id. ib.* p. 152. 'Do you not know,' says Krishna to Balarama, 'that you and I are alike the origin of the world, who have come down to lighten its load?'—*Vishṇu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, 519.

[3] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. pp. 214, 216, 239.

Sensuous stage of language.

In truth, the evidence which must guide us at the outset of the inquiry can be furnished by the science of language alone. The very earliest records to which we can assign any historical character refer to states of society which are comparatively late developements. The history of words carries us back to an age in which not a single abstract term existed, in which human speech expressed mere bodily wants and mere sensual notions, while it conveyed no idea either of morality or of religion. If every name which throughout the whole world is or has been employed as a name of the One Eternal God, the Maker and Sustainer of all things, was originally a name only for some sensible object or phenomenon, it follows that there was an age, the duration of which we cannot measure, but during which man had not yet risen to any consciousness of his relation to the great Cause of all that he saw or felt around him. If all the words which now denote the most sacred relations of kindred and affinity were at the first names conveying no such special meaning, if the words father, brother, sister, daughter, were words denoting merely the power or occupation of the persons spoken of, then there was a time during which the ideas now attached to the words had not yet been developed.[2] But the sensuousness which in one of its results produced mythology could not fail to influence in whatever degree the religious growth of mankind. This sensuousness, inevitable in the infancy of the human race, consisted in ascribing to all physical objects the same life of which men were conscious themselves. They had every thing to learn and no experience to fall back upon, while the very impressions made upon them by the sights and sounds of the outward world were to be made the means of leading them gradually to correct these impressions and to rise beyond them to facts which they seemed to contradict. Thus side by side were growing up a vast mass of names which attributed a conscious life to the hosts of heaven, to the clouds, trees, streams and flowers, and a multitude of crude and undefined feelings, hopes, and longings which were leading them gradually to the conscious acknowledgment of One Life as the source of all the life which they saw around them.[1] The earliest utterances of human thought which have come down to us belong to a period comparatively modern; but even some of these, far from exhibiting this conviction clearly, express the fears and hopes of men who have not yet grasped the notion of any natural order whatever. The return of daylight might depend on the caprice of the arbitrary being whom they had watched through his brilliant but brief journey across the heaven. The sun whose death they had so often witnessed might sink down into the sea to rise again from it no more. The question eagerly asked during the hours of night betray a real anguish, and the exultation which greeted the dawn, if it appear extravagant to us, comes manifestly from men for whom nature afforded but a very slender basis for arguments from analogy.[2] But although the feeling of confidence in a permanent order of nature was of long or slow growth, the phenomena of nature suggested other thoughts which produced their fruit more quickly. The dawns as they came round made men old, but the Dawn herself never lost her freshness, and sprang from the sea-foam as fair as when she first gladdened the eyes of man. Men might sicken and die, but the years which brought death to them could not dim the light of the sun; and this very contrast supplied, in

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[1] Max Müller, 'Semitic Monotheism,' *Chips*, &c., i. 378.

[2] See vol. i. ch. ii.

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[1] Max Müller, 'Semitic Monotheism,' *Chips*, &c., i. 355.

[2] See vol. i. p. 41.

Professor Max Müller's words, 'the first intimation of beings which do not wither and decay—of immortals, of immortality.'[1] When from this thought of the immortality of other beings they awoke at length to the consciousness that man himself might be among the number of immortal creatures, the feeling at once linked itself with another which had thus far remained almost dormant. To adopt once more the words of Professor Max Müller, 'by the very act of the creation God had revealed himself;'[2] but although many words might be used to denote 'that idea which the first breath of life, the first sight of the world, the first consciousness of existence, had for ever impressed and implanted in the human mind,'[3] the idea of a real relation with this Unchangeable Being could be awakened in men only when they began to feel that their existence was not bounded to the span of a few score years.

Aryan and Semitic Monotheism.

A twofold influence, however, was at work, and it produced substantially the same results with the Semitic as with the Aryan races. Neither could be satisfied with effects while seeking for a Cause; and the many thoughts as to the nature of this Creative Power would express themselves in many names. The Vedic gods especially resolve themselves into a mere collection of terms, all denoting at first different aspects of the same idea; and the consciousness of this fact is strikingly manifested by the long line of later interpreters. A monstrous overgrowth of unwieldy mythology has sprung up round these names, and done its deadly work on the minds of the common people; but to the more thoughtful and the more truthful, Indra and Varuṇa, Dyaus and Vishṇu, remained mere terms to denote, however inadequately, some quality of the Divine Nature. But the Vedic Indra and Dyaus might have a hundred epithets, and alike in the East and West, as the meaning of these epithets was either in part or wholly forgotten, each name came to denote a separate being, and suggested for him a separate mythical history. Thus the Hindu sun-god Sûrya was represented among the Hellenic tribes not only by Helios and Phoibos, but by

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[1] Max Müller, 'Comparative Mythology,' *Chips*, ii. 97.

[2] *Id.* 'Semitic Monotheism,' *Chips*, ii. 352.

[3] *Id. ib.* 363.

Herakles and Perseus, Theseus and Bellerophôn, Kephalos, Endymiôn, Narkissos, Kadmos, Oidipous, Meleagros, Achilleus, Tantalos, Ixîon, Sisyphos, and many more. The Vedic Dahanâ reappeared not only as Daphnê and Athênê, but as Eurydikê, Euryphassa, Iolê, Iokastê, Danaê, Brisêis, Aphroditê, Eurôpê, Euryganeia, with other beings, for most of whom life had less to offer of joy than of grief. But although the fortunes of these beings varied indefinitely, although some were exalted to the highest heaven and others thrust down to the nethermost hell and doomed to a fruitless toil for ever and ever, yet they were all superhuman, all beings to be thought of with fear and hatred if not with love, and some of them were among the gods who did the bidding of Zeus himself, or were even mighty enough to thwart his will. Thus these names remained no longer mere appellations denoting different aspects of the character of the same being; and from the Dyaus, Theos, and Deus, of Hindus, Greeks, and Latins, sprung the Deva, Theoi, Dii, and the plural form stereotyped the polytheism of the Aryan world.[1] The history of the Semitic tribes was essentially the same. The names which they had used at first simply as titles of God, underwent no process of phonetic decay like that which converted the name of the glistening ether into the Vedic Dyaus and the Greek Zeus. The Semitic epithets for the Divine Being had never been simple names for natural phenomena; they were mostly general terms, expressing the greatness, the power, and the glory of God. But though El and Baal, Moloch and Milcom, never lost their meaning, the idea which their teachers may have intended to convey by these terms was none the less overlaid and put out of sight. Each epithet now became a special name for a definite deity, and the people generally sank into a worship of many gods as effectually as any of the Aryan tribes, and clung to it more obstinately. Of the general monotheistic conviction, which M. Rénan regards as inherent in all the Semitic tribes, there is not the faintest trace. The gods of Laban are stolen by Rachel, and Jacob bargains with God in language which not only betrays 'a temporary want of faith,' but shows 'that the conception of God had not yet acquired that complete universality which alone deserves to be called monotheism, or belief in the One God.'[1]

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[1] Max Müller, 'Semitic Monotheism,' *Chips*, ii. 369.

Ideas and symbols of the vivifying power in nature.

The recognition of beings powerful enough to injure, and perhaps placable enough to benefit, the children of men, involved the necessity of a worship or cultus. They were all of them gods of life and death, of reproduction and decay, of the great mystery which forced itself upon the thoughts of men from infancy to old age. If the language of poets in general describes the phenomena of nature under metaphors suggested by the processes of reproduction and multiplication in the animal and vegetable world, the form which the idea would take among rude tribes with a merely sensuous speech is sufficiently obvious. The words in which Æschylos and Shelley speak of the marriage of the heaven and the earth do but throw a veil of poetry over an idea which might easily become coarse and repulsive, while they point unmistakeably to the crude sensuousness which adored the principle of life under the signs of the organs of reproduction in the world of animals and vegetables. The male and female powers of nature were denoted respectively by an upright and an oval emblem, and the conjunction of the two furnished at once the altar and the ashera, or grove, against which the Hebrew prophets lifted up their voice in earnest protest. It is clear that such a cultus as this would carry with it a constantly increasing danger, until the original character of the emblem should be as thoroughly disguised as the names of some of the Vedic deities when transferred to Hellenic soil. But they have never been so disguised in India as amongst the ancient Semitic tribes;[2] and in the kingdoms both of

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[1] Max Müller, 'Semitic Monotheism,' *Chips*, ii. 368.

[2] 'Wie wenig das Alterthum den Begriff der Unzucht mit diesem Bilde verband, beweist, dass in den Eleusinien nur die Jungfrauen die ἀπόῤῥητα tragen durften (Thucyd. vi. 56; Suid. s. v. Ἀῤῥηφορία) und des Phallus Verehrung selbst von den Vestalischen Jungfrauen (Plin. xxviii. 4, 7).' Nork, *Real-Wörterbuch* s. v. Phalluscult, 52. Even when the emblems still retain more or less manifestly their original character, the moral effect on the people varies greatly, and the coarser developements of the cultus are confined to a comparatively small number. Professor Wilson says that 'it is unattended in Upper Egypt by any indecent or indelicate ceremonies,' ('On Hindu Sects,' *Asiatic Review*, vol. xvii.); and Sir William Jones remarks that 'it seems never to have entered into the heads of the Hindu legislators and people that anything natural could be offensively obscene—a singularity which pervades all their writings, but is no proof of the depravity of their morals; hence the

Judah and of Israel the rites connected with these emblems assumed their most corrupting form. Even in the Temple itself stood the Ashera, or the upright emblem,[1] on the circular altar of Baal-Peor, the Priapos of the Jews, thus reproducing the Linga and Yoni of the Hindu. For this symbol the women wove hangings, as the Athenian maidens embroidered the sacred peplos for the ship presented to Athênê at the great Dionysiac festival. Here, at the winter solstice, they wept and mourned for Tammuz, the fair Adonis, done to death by the boar, as Sûryâ Bai is poisoned by the Rakshas' claw, and Rustem slain by the thorn of winter. Here also, on the third day, they rejoiced at the resurrection of the lord of light.[2] Hence, as most intimately connected with the reproduction of life on earth, it became the symbol under which the sun, invoked with a thousand names, has been worshipped throughout the world as the restorer of the powers of nature after the long sleep or death of winter.

Rods and pillars.

As such the symbol was from the first venerated as a protecting power, and the Palladion thus acquired its magic

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worship of the Linga by the followers of Siva, and of the Yoni by the followers of Vishnu.'—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 311. In other words, the origin of the Phallos-worship 'nicht aus der moralischen Verdorbenheit der Völker . . . . sondern aus ihrer noch kindlich naiven Denkweise erklärt werden muss, wo man unbekümmert um die Decenz des Ausdrucks oder des Bildes stets dasjenige wählte, welches eine Idee am passendsten bezeichnete. Welches Glied konnte aber bezeichnender an den Schöpfer mahnen als eben das schaffende Organ?'—Nork, *Real-Wörterbuch*, s. v. Phallus-cult, 49.

[1] This Ashera, which in the authorised English version of the Old Testament is translated 'grove,' was in fact a pole or stem of a tree; and hence it is that the reforming kings are said to hew it down, while the stone altar, or Yoni, on which it rests is broken up.

[2] That Adonis was known also by the name Iaô cannot be doubted. The epithet specially applied to this darling of Aphroditê is ἁβρός, tender; and in the oracle of the Klarian Apollôn the god of the autumn is called ἁβρὸς Ἰαώ. That Adonis was known to the Cyprians by this name is stated by Tzetzes and Lykophron, 831. ὁ Ἄδωνις Γαύας παρὰ Κυπρίοις καλεῖται—Γαύας here being merely a transcriber's error for Ἰαύας. Adonis again stands to Dionysos in the relation of Helios to Phoibos, or of Zeus to Ouranos. Λέγεται μὲν ὁ Ἄδωνις ὑπὸ τοῦ συὸς διαφθαρῆναι· τὸν δ᾽ Ἄδωνιν οὐχ ἕτερον ἀλλὰ Διόνυσον εἶναι νομίζουσι. Plut. *Sympos.* iv. quest. v. 3; Mövers, *Phönizie*, ch. xiv; Colenso, *On the Pentateuch*, part v. appendix iii. Thus we come round again to the oracle of the Klarian Apollôn, which teaches that the supreme god is called, according to the seasons of the year, Hades, Zeus, Helios, and Iaô.

φρᾶζεο τὸν πάντων ὕπατον θεὸν ἔμμεν Ἰαώ,
χείματι μέν τ᾽ Ἀΐδην, Δία τ᾽ εἴαρος
    ἀρχομένοιο,
Ἠέλιον δὲ θέρους, μετοπώρου δ᾽ ἁβρὸν
    Ἰαώ.

Hades is thus supreme lord while Persephonê abides in the unseen land, and the name of Zeus here retains something of its original meaning. He is the god of the bright sky from which the rain falls, the Indra or sap-god of the Hellenes.

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virtue.[1] So guarded, Jacob is content to lie down to sleep in his weary journey to the house of Laban; and according to later Jewish tradition the stone so set up was carried to Jerusalem, and there reverenced. But the erection of these stone columns or pillars,[2] the forms of which in most cases tell their own story, are common throughout the East, some of the most elaborate being found near Ghizni.[3] The wooden emblem carries us, however, more directly to the natural mythology of the subject. The rod acquired an inherent vitality, and put forth leaves and branches in the Thyrsoi of the Dionysiac worshippers and the Seistron[4] of Egyptian priests. It became the tree of life, and reappeared as the rod of wealth and happiness given by Apollôn to Hermes,[5] the mystic spear which Abaris received from the Hyperborean Sun-god, and which came daily to Phoibos in his exile laden with all good things. It was seen as the lituus of the augur, the crooked staff of the shepherd, the sceptre of the king, and the divining rod which pointed out hidden springs or treasure to modern conjurors.[6] In a form which adhered still more strictly to the first idea the emblem became the stauros or cross of Osiris, and a new source of mythology was thus laid open. To the Egyptian the cross thus became the symbol of immortality, and the god himself was crucified to the tree which denoted his fructifying power.[1] Rising from a crescent, the modified form of the Yoni, the cross set forth the marriage of Ouranos and Gaia, of Vishnu and Sacti, of heaven and earth. But this cross was itself a new symbol of the sun, and in the so-called Assyrian representations of the moon-goddess the sun is exhibited in human form standing on the crescent. More commonly the plain stauros was joined with an oval ring, was worn as an amulet, and was reproduced by the Christians of Egypt as a sacred mark inserted in their inscriptions. In this form, or in that of a ring inclosing a cross of four spokes, this emblem is found everywhere. It is peculiar neither to Egyptians nor Assyrians, neither to Greeks, Latins, Gauls, Germans, or Hindus; and no attempt to explain its original employment by any one of these nations is admissible, unless it explains or seeks to explain them for all. We recognise the male symbol in the trident of Poseidôn or Proteus, and in the fylfot or hammer of Thor, which assumes the form of a cross pattée in the various legends which turn on the rings of Freya, Holda, Venus, or Aphroditê. In each of these stories the ring is distinctly connected with the goddess who represents the female power in nature, or tells its own tale of sensuous passion. In one of the latest of these stories a newly married youth at Rome places his wedding ring on a statue of Venus, and finds to his dismay not only that he cannot dislodge it from her stony finger, but that the goddess herself claims to stand to him in the relation of Aphroditê to Adonis.[2] As we might

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[1] The word denotes simply a figure of Pallas, and Pallas is but another form of Phallos. To the same class belong the names of Pales, the Latin god of flocks and shepherds, and of the Sicilian Palikoi. The former is connected with the Roman Palatium, the spot doubtless where the emblem was supposed to have been first set up. The latter are Dioskouroi, twin sons of Zeus and Thaleia, although they have rather the character of demons.

[2] They are the columns of Herakles, Dionysos, Osiris and Sesostris. The statements of Herodotos about the pillars set up by this last-named god are singularly significant. They are distinctly connected with virile strength, although he supposes that they were erected to receive inscriptions. The names of those nations, who had won a reputation for bravery, were carved on them without further marks: *ὁτέων δὲ ἀμαχητὶ καὶ εὐπετέως παρέλαβε τὰς πόλις, τούτοισι δὲ ἐνέγραψε ἐν τῇσι στήλῃσι κατὰ ταὐτὰ καὶ τοῖσι ἀνδρηΐοισι τῶν ἐθνέων γενομένοισι, καὶ δὴ καὶ αἰδοῖα γυναικὸς προσενέγραψε, δῆλα βουλόμενος ποιέειν ὡς εἴησαν ἀνάλκιδες*, ii. 102. In short, they exhibited, like the representations of Vishnu, the two emblems combined; and they might be combined in many ways. 'Das Zeichen Schiba's ein Triangel, mit der Spitze nach oben (△), das aufwärts strebende, Feuer versinnlichend, wie umgekehrt, des feuchten Wischnu Symbol das (▽), das abwärts fliessende Wasser versinnlichend. Damit die Welt geschaffen werde, musste Wischnu einst dem Schiba die Dienste des Weibes leisten. Der monotheistische Israelit gab beide Zeichen dem Jehovah, wie der Jüdische Talisman (✡) Scutum Davidis genannt, beweist.'—Nork, s. v. Schiba. We cannot hesitate to connect with these columns the pillared Saints whether of the East or the West. The Stylite did not choose thus to exalt himself without any reason. He found the column or pillar, Phallos, an object of idolatrous reverence, and he wished doubtless to connect the emblem with more spiritual associations. See Appendix C.

[3] Fergusson, *Hist. of Arch.* ii. 642.

[4] This instrument exhibits both the symbols in combination.

[5] *Hymn to Hermes*, 529.

[6] In a picture of St. Zeno of Verona the two emblems are combined, the fish

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(vesica piscis) being seen pendant from the pastoral or shepherd's staff.—Jamieson, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, p. 417.

[1] See Appendix C.

[2] This story is given by Fordun, Matthew of Westminster, Roger of Wendover, and Vincent of Beauvais. Mr. Gould cites from Cæsarius Heisterbachensis a tale, in which a necromancer warns some youths placed within a magic ring to be on their guard against the allurements of the beings whom he was about to raise by his incantations. These beings are beautiful damsels, one of whom, singling out a youth, holds out to him a ring of gold, which the youth touches, thus placing himself in her power. *Curious Myths*, i. 225. See also Scott, *Border Minstrelsy*, introduction to ballad of Tamlane.

expect, this myth was transferred to the Virgin Mary, and the knight whose ring she refuses to surrender looks upon himself as betrothed to the mother of God, and dedicates himself to her by taking the monastic vows. In the older Saga of the Faroese this ring appears as that of Thorgerda, who allows Earl Hakon to draw it from her statue after he had besought her for it with many tears. This ring Hakon gives to Sigmund Brestesson, bidding him never to part with it. When Sigmund afterwards refused to yield it to Olaf, the Norwegian warned him that it should be his bane, and the prediction was fulfilled when, for the sake of this ring, Sigmund was murdered in his sleep.[1] Finally, the symbol of the Phallos in its physical characteristics suggested the form of the serpent, which thus became the emblem of life and healing, and as such appears by the side of the Hellenic Asklêpios, and in the brazen crucified serpent venerated by the Jewish people until it was destroyed by Hezekiah.[2]

Tree and serpent worship.

Here then we have the key to that tree and serpent worship which has given rise to much ingenious and not altogether profitable speculation. The analysis of language and all that we know of the historical growth of ideas would prepare us for the developement of such a cultus. The condition of thought which led men to use the names applied first to the visible heaven or the sun as names for the Supreme God could not possibly make choice of any other emblems to denote the power which maintains and multiplies life. The cruder realism which suggested the image of the serpent[1] was in some degree refined in the symbol of the (stauros) tree, and the stake or cross of Osiris gradually assumed a form in which it became capable of denoting the nobler idea of generous self-denial.

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[1] This ring is the 'teterrima causa' of the war of Troy (Horace, *Sat.* i. 3, 107), and carries with it the same doom which the marriage of Brynhild brought to Sigurd the Volsung. With these legends may be compared the story of the crown of the hero Astrabakos (Herodotos, vi. 69), the counterpart of the Scottish myth of Tamlane. Sir W. Scott (*Border Minstrelsy*, ii. 266) cites from Gervase of Tilbury an account of the Dracæ, a sort of water spirits, who inveigled women and children into the recesses which they inhabit, beneath lakes and rivers, by floating past them on the surface of the water, in the shape of gold rings or cups; and remarks that 'this story in almost all its parts is current in both the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, with no other variation than the substitution of Fairies for Dracæ, and the cavern of a hill [the Horselberg] for that of a river.'

[2] This symbol of the serpent reappears in the narrative of the temptation and fall of Eve, the only difference being that the writer, far from sharing the feelings of the devotees of Baalpeor, regarded their notions and their practices with the utmost horror; and thus his narrative exhibits the animal indulgence inseparable from those idolatrous rites, as destructive alike to the body and the mind of man. The serpent is therefore doomed to perpetual contempt, and invested with some of the characteristics of Vritra, the snake-enemy of Indra. But Vritra is strictly the biting snake of darkness; and it is scarcely necessary to say, that the Egyptian serpent is the result of the same kind of metaphor which has given to the elephant the epithet of anguimanus. The phallic tree is also introduced into the narrative of the book of Genesis; but it is here called a tree not of life but of the knowledge of good and evil, that knowledge which dawns in the mind with the first consciousness of difference between man and woman. In contrast with this tree of carnal indulgence tending to death is the tree of life, denoting the higher existence for which man was designed, and which would bring with it the happiness and the freedom of the children of God. In the brazen serpent of the Pentateuch the two emblems of the cross and serpent, the quiescent and energising Phallos, are united.

Sacrifices connected with this worship.

But the cultus with visible emblems would, whether with Semitic or with Aryan tribes, be but imperfectly developed without sacrifice; and although the blood of slain victims might be poured out to appease the power which could restore as well as destroy life, still there remained obviously another sacrifice more in accordance with the origin of the symbols employed to denote that power. It was possible to invest with a religious character either the sensuality to which the Jewish or Phenician idolatry appealed, or the impulse which finds its complete developement in a rigorous asceticism. In the former shape the idea was realised in the rites of the Babylonian Mylitta, and in the vocation of the Hierodouloi of Greek and Hindu temples.[2] In the latter the sacrifice was consummated by a vow of virginity,[3] and the Gerairai and Vestal Virgins of the Athenians and the Romans became the type of the Catholic and Orthodox nun.

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[1] 'The learned and still living Mgr. Gaume (*Traité du Saint Esprit*) joins Camerarius in the belief that serpents bite women rather than men.' Burton, *Tales of Indian Devilry*, preface, p. xix. The facts already cited account for the superstition.

[2] Herod. i. 199. The passage is translated by Mr. Rawlinson, *Ancient Eastern Monarchies*, iii. 465.

[3] In this case, they were devoted to the service of Sacti, the female power: in the former they were the ministers of Aphroditê. That the institution of the virgin priestesses of Vesta and of the female devotees of Mylitta or Sacti had this origin, will probably be conceded by all. But the idea of virginity for men which has been developed into Buddhist or Hebrew or Christian monachism must be traced to another source, and in my belief carries us back to that conviction of the utter corruption of matter which lies at the root of all the countless forms of the Manichean philosophy. *Latin and Teutonic Christendom*, ch. iii. In the theory of monachism for Christian women this conviction is blended with the older sensuous ideas which are sometimes painfully prominent in language addressed to the spouses or

Symbols of wealth.

But the true mythology of the subject is connected rather with the Yoni than with the Linga. If the latter serves as a sign of power, the former becomes the image of unbounded wealth and fertility. If the Linga is the sun-god in his majesty, the Yoni is the earth who yields her fruit under his fertilising warmth; and it thus represents the sum of all potential existence. It is the ark which contains all the living creatures of the earth, while the sun is hidden behind the impenetrable rain clouds; it is the Argo, which shelters all the Achaian chieftains through the weary darkness of their search for the Golden Fleece. In this form the emblem at once exhibits mysterious properties akin to those of the Linga, and passes into a legion of shapes, all closely resembling the original form, all possessing in greater or less degree a talismanic power, but all manifesting the presence of the essential idea of boundless fertility which the symbol was specially adopted to denote. The Argo itself is divine. It was the work of a being akin to, if not identical with, Argos Panoptes, the all-seeing, who guards the heifer Iô. In its prow Athênê, the dawn-goddess, herself places a piece of wood[1] from the speaking oaks of Dodona, and the ship is thus endowed with the power of warning and guiding the chieftains who form its crew. This mystic vessel reappears in the shell of Aphroditê, and in the ship borne in solemn procession to the Parthenon on the great Panathenaic festival,[2] as the phallos was carried before the god in the great feasts of Dionysos. Over this ship floated the saffron-coloured robe woven for it by the hands of Athenian maidens, as the women in the temple at Jerusalem wove hangings for the Ashera of Baal. This ship again is the bark or boat-

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brides of the Lamb. The idea of monachism or asceticism for woman probably never entered the head of Hindu or Buddhists theologians and philosophers.

[1] Seemingly the Phallos, which gave her title of Pallas. In the issue this piece of wood, or pole, is as fatal to Iasôn as the Stauros to Osiris, or the Mistletoe to Baldur.

[2] The connexion of the robe or veil with the Phallic emblem is brought out, as we might expect, with great prominence in the Phrygian or Eastern mythology. 'Nun erzählt Arnobius, Cybele habe mit ihrem Kleide den abgeschnittenen Phallus des Attes bedeckt, ein Gebrauch, welcher in den Mysterien der Isis gleichfalls vorkam, denn zu Byblos wurde im Tempel der Baaltis (Göttermutter) das heilige Holz (φαλλός, palus) von der Isis mit Leinwand bedeckt.—*Plut. de Is.* c. 16. Nun wird auch die Bibelstelle (*Ezech.* xvi. 17) klar.'—Nork, s. v. 'Attes.'

shaped vessel of which Tacitus speaks as the symbol employed by the Suevi in the worship of Isis. Whether this goddess is to be identified with the Teutonic Ziza worshipped in the country about Augsburg is an indifferent matter. It is more likely that the name is given from a resemblance of attributes, as he calls Wuotan Mercury and Thor Mars. But it is strange that Tacitus should have satisfied himself with the remark, that the sign pointed simply to a foreign cultus brought across the sea, when not only was the same symbol used in the Athenian processions of his own day, but the voyage of Isis was marked in the Roman rustic calendar on the 5th of March.[1] This ship of Isis was, however, nothing more nor less than the vehicle of the earth-goddess Herth or Aerth, whose sacred island Tacitus mentions in the same treatise.[2] Here too, as with the Ashera at Jerusalem and the ship of Athênê, the vehicle was carefully covered with a robe which no profane hand might touch, and carried in procession drawn by cows.[3]

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[1] The parallelism of these myths was pointed out with singular accuracy by Mr. Richard Price in his introduction to Warton's *History of English Poetry*. It is impossible for any student of comparative mythology to read this remarkable treatise, written some forty years ago, without feeling that, here as elsewhere, other men have laboured, and we enter into their labours. It deserves in every way to be republished separately, as being the work of a critic far too keen-sighted and judicious to produce a book of which the interest and the value may soon pass away.

[2] Mr. Gould having quoted the passage from Appuleius in which the goddess says, that yearly her priests dedicate to her a new ship laden with the firstfruits of spring, adds that the carrying in procession of ships, in which the Virgin Mary takes the place of Aphroditê or Astartê, has not yet wholly gone out of use, and notices the prohibitions issued at different times against the carrying about of ploughs and ships on Shrove Tuesday or other days. *Curious Myths*, ii. 68, 69. The plough is only one of the many forms of the Phallos, and carries us at once to the metaphor of Æschylos, *Septem c. Th.* 754, and of Sophokles, *O. T.* 1257, and to the gardens of Adônis. The mode in which the advent of this ship was greeted may be seen in a passage quoted at length by Grimm (*D. M.* 237) from the chronicle of Rudolph of St. Trudo, given in the *Spicilegium* of D'Achery. The rites were Bacchic throughout, and at the end the writer adds 'quæ tunc videres agere, nostrum est tacere et deflere, quibus modo contingit graviter luere.' Not less significant as to the meaning of the plough carried about after a like sort, is the statement of another chronicler, 'Mos erat antiquitus Lipsiæ ut Liberalibus (um Bacchusfest, d. i. Fassnachts) personati juvenes per vicos oppidi aratrum circumducerent, puellas obvias per lasciviam ad illius jugum accedere etiam repugnantes cogerent, hoc veluti ludicro pœnam expetentes ab iis quæ innuptæ ad eum usque diem mansissent.' —Grimm, *ib.* 243.

[3] These ships, chests, or boats are the κίσται μυστικαὶ of the Mysteries, and we see them in the chest or coffin of Osiris, 'das Grab des verstorbenen Jahrgotts, der aber in der Idee nur stirbt, weil er vom Tode wieder aufersteht,' in the Korykian cave in which

The Lotos.

Scarcely altered, this vessel reappears in the Lotos of Hindu and Egyptian mythology, the symbol of the earth and its fecundation. In this form it is the seat of the child Harpichruti (Harpokrates) and of Bhayánana or Mahakali, the sanguinary deity of later Hindu worship and the patron goddess of the Thugs. The eating of the lotos is thus the eating of the forbidden fruit, and the Lotophagoi of the Odyssey are an example of unrestrained sensuality, and a warning to all who care for higher things not to imitate their selfish pleasures, and so forget their children and their home.[1]

Goblets and horns.

In the folk-lore of the Deccan the vessel is represented by the can of the milkwoman, the kindly Dêmêtêr, into which the beautiful Sûryâ Bai falls in the form of a mango when the fruit is ripe. As a cup, this sign reappears in a vast number of myths. It is the golden cup into which Helios sinks when his journey is done. It is the crater or mixing bowl in which the Platonists spoke of the Demiourgos as mingling the materials of the future Kosmos. It is the horn of Amaltheia, the nurse of Zeus, who gave to it the power of supplying to its possessor all that he could desire to have. This horn reappears in the myths of Bran, and Ceridwen, and Huon of Bordeaux, to whom Oberon gives a horn which yields the costliest wine in the hands of a good man only.[2] The talismanic power of this horn is still further shown in the prose romance of Tristram, when the liquor is dashed over the lips of any guilty person who ventures to lift it to his mouth, and in the goblet of Tegan Euroron, the wife of Caradoc of the strong arm.[3] It is seen again in the

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Zeus is bound till Hermes (the breath of life) comes to rescue him, and in the boats in which the bodies of Elaine and Arthur are laid in the more modern romance. Nork, s. v. 'Arche.'

[1] This prohibition to eat the lotus, suggests a comparison with the so-called Pythagorean precept to abstain from beans. Whether the word κύαμος belong to the same root which has yielded κύω, κυέω, κύημα, κῦμα, or not, the word φάσηλος shows clearly enough how readily the shape of the bean brought up the idea of a boat, or a boat-shaped vessel. Nor can we well omit to note the prohibition, also attributed to Pythagoras, to abstain from fish, in connexion with the purpose especially ascribed to him, and the ascetic discipline which he is said to have established. It will scarcely be maintained that these precepts, in a peculiarly esoteric system, are to be interpreted literally. The technical meanings acquired by the words κύαμος and κυαμίζω seem to point in the same direction.

[2] Price, *Introd. to Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry*, 66.

[3] *Ib.* 59. This goblet reappears in the Scottish ballad of the Luck of

inexhaustible table of the Ethiopians, in the dish of Rhydderch the Scholar, in the basket of Gwyddno, in which food designed for one becomes an ample supply for a hundred; in the table round which Arthur and his peers hold high revelry; in the wishing-quern of Frodî;[1] in the lamp of Allah-ud-deen, which does the bidding of its owner through the Jin who is its servant; in the purse of Bedreddin Hassan, which the fairy always keeps filled in spite of his wastefulness; in the wonderful well of Apollôn Thyrxis in Lykia,[2] which reveals all secrets to those who look into it. This mysterious mirror is the glass vessel of Agrippa, and of the cruel stepmother in the German tale of Little Snow-white, who, like Brynhild, lies in a death-like sleep, guarded under a case of ice by dwarfs until the piece of poisoned apple falls from between her lips; and we see it again in the cups of Rhea and Dêmêtêr, the milkwoman or the gardener's wife of Hindu folk-lore, and in the modios of Serapis. It becomes the receptacle of occult knowledge. Before the last desperate struggle with the Spartans, Aristomenes buried in the most secret nook of mount Ithomê a treasure which, if guarded carefully, would insure the restoration of Messênê. When the battle of Leuktra justified the hopes of Aristomenes, the Argive Epiteles saw a vision which bade him recover the old woman who was well nigh at her last gasp beneath the sods of Ithomê. His search was rewarded by the discovery of a water-jar, in which was contained a plate of the finest tin. On this plate were inscribed the mystic rites for the worship

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Edenhall. When it was seized by one of the family of Musgrave, the fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

> 'If this glass do break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Edenhall.'

The goblet, it is said, narrowly escaped being broken, when it fell from the hands of the Duke of Wharton. Of course it was caught in its fall by his butler, and the old idea of its inherent fertility remained in the fancy that 'the lees of wine are still apparent at the bottom.'—Scott, *Border Minstrelsy*, ii. 277.

[1] 'When Frôdi, the Norse king, proclaimed his peace, he set two women slaves to grind gold, peace, and prosperity from the wonderful quern, allowing them no sleep longer than while the cuckoo was silent. At length they ground a great army against Frôdi, and a sea king slew him, carrying off great booty, and with it the quern and the two slaves. These were now made to grind white salt in the ships, till they sank in Pentland Firth. There is ever since a whirlpool where the sea falls into the quern's eye. As the quern roars, so does the sea roar, and thus it was that the sea first became salt.'—Thorpe, *Translation of Sæmund's Edda*, ii. 150. See also the story 'Why the Sea is Salt,' in Dasent's *Norse Tales*.

[2] Paus. vii. 21, 6.

of the great gods.[1] The same wonderful ewer or goblet of the sun was bestowed in the Persian legend on Jemshid, and explained the glories of his magnificent reign. The same vessel is the divining cup of Joseph;[2] and in late traditions it reappears in the tale which relates how Rehoboam inclosed the book containing his father's supernatural knowledge in an ivory ewer and placed it in his tomb. The fortunes of this vessel are related by Flegetanis, who is said to have traced up his genealogy on the mother's side to Solomon; and Mr. Price[3] has remarked that it will be 'no matter of surprise to those who remember the talismanic effect of a name in the general history of fiction, that a descendant of this distinguished sovereign should be found to write its history, or that another Joseph should be made the instrument of conveying it to the kingdoms of Western Europe.' This mystic vessel, the Sangreal of Arthurian legend, is at once a storehouse of food as inexhaustible as the table of the Ethiopians, and a talismanic test as effectual as the goblets of Oberon and Tristram. The good Joseph of Arimathæa, who had gathered up in it the drops of blood which fell from the side of Jesus when pierced by the centurion's spear, was nourished by it alone through his weary imprisonment of two and forty years; and when at length, having either been brought by him to Britain, or preserved in heaven, it was carried by angels to the pure Titurel and shrined in a magnificent temple, it supplied to its worshippers the most delicious food, and preserved them in perpetual youth. As such, it differs in no way from the horn of Amaltheia, or any other of the oval vessels which can be traced back to the emblem of the Hindu Sacti. We should be prepared, therefore, to find in the many forms assumed by the Arthurian myth some traces of its connexion with the symbol of the fecundating power in nature; nor is this expectation disappointed. The symbol of the sun has already appeared as a lance, spear, or trident in the myths of Abaris and Poseidôn; and in this form it is seen again in the story of the Holy Grail, when Sir Galahad is to depart with it from the Logrian land. As with his comrades he sups in the palace of King Pelles, he sees a great light, in which he beheld four angels supporting an aged man clad in pontifical garb, whom they placed before a table on which lay the Sangreal. 'This aged prelate was Joseph of Arimathæa, "the first bishop of Christendom." Then the other angels appeared bearing candles and a spear, from which fell drops of blood, and these drops were collected by angels in a box. Then the angels set the candles upon the table, and "the fourth set the holy speare even upright upon the vessel," as represented on an ancient churchyard crucifix, in rude sculpture, at Sancreed in Cornwall.'[1] This mysterious spear is constantly seen throughout the legend. When Sir Bors had seen the Sangreal in the house of Pelles, he was led into a fair chamber, where he laid himself in full armour on the bed. 'And right as he saw come in a light that he might wel see a speare great and long which come straight upon him point-long.'[2] Indeed the whole myth exhibits that unconscious repetition and reproduction of the same forms and incidents which is the special characteristic of the Greek dynastic legends. Perceval, in the episode of Pecheur, the Fisher-king, answers to Sir Galahad in the quest of the Sangreal. In both cases the work can be done only by a pure-minded knight, and Perceval as well as Galahad goes in search of a goblet, which has been stolen from the king's table. The sick king, whom he finds lying on his couch, has been wounded while trying to mend a sword broken by his enemy Pertinax, and Perceval alone can make it sound, as Theseus only can recover the sword and sandals of his father Aigeus. The title of the Fisher-king suggests a comparison with that of Bhekî in the Hindu legend and the Frog-prince of the German story. The latter denotes the sun as it rests upon the water; and as Bhekî cannot reappear in her former beauty until the night is spent, so the Fisher-king cannot regain his health until Pertinax has been slain. He is avenged by Perceval, who bears away the holy vessel and the bleeding lance as the reward of his prowess. An earlier heathen version of this story is found in the legend of Pheredur, in which the boat-shaped vessel appears with the head of a man swimming in blood—a form which carries us to the repulsive Maha Kali of later Hindu mythology.

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[1] Paus. iv. 20, 26. With this may be compared the legend of the great wizard Michael Scott. In this case the Mighty Book is found not in an ewer, but in the hand of the magician. Still the boat-shaped vessel is not wanting. The magic lamp (it is a lamp in the story of Allah-ud-deen) is at his knee; and as the sepulchre is opened, the light bursting forth,

Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof.
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright,
It shone like heaven's own blessed light.

Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, ii. 18.

[2] The same vessel in Taliesin imparts to its possessor the wisdom of Iamos. It healed all the evils to which flesh is heir, and even raised the dead. It was in fact the counterpart of the Sangreal, The cruder form of the myth is seen in the legend of the Caldron of Ceridwen, the Keltic Dêmêtêr. This story is given by Mr. Gould (*Curious Myths*, ii. 335), who adds that 'this vessel of the liquor of wisdom had a prominent place in British mythology.' Sir Walter Scott remarks, that in many Scottish legends a drinking horn will prove a cornucopia of good fortune to any one who can snatch it from the fairies and bear it across a running stream. As an emblem this cup is combined with the serpent in the representations of St. John.

[3] *Introd. to Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry.*

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[1] Mr. Gould, from whom these words are quoted, gives a drawing of this emblem.—*Curious Myths*, ii. 348.

[2] *Morte d'Arthure.* Gould, *ib.* 340.

Gradual refinement of the myth.

In the myth of Erichthonios we have a crucial instance of a coarse and unseemly story produced by translating into the language of human life phrases which described most innocently and most vividly some phenomena of nature. In the myth of the Sangreal we see in the fullest degree the working of the opposite principle. For those who first sought to frame for themselves some idea of the great mystery of their existence, and who thought that they had found it in the visible media of reproduction, there was doubtless far less of a degrading influence in the cultus of the signs of the male and female powers and the exhibition of their symbols than we might be disposed to imagine. But that the developement of the idea might lead to the most wretched results, there could be no question. No degradation could well be greater than that of the throngs who hurried to the temples of the Babylonian Mylitta. But we have seen the myth, starting from its crude and undisguised forms, assume the more harmless shape of goblets or horns of plenty and fertility, of rings and crosses, of rods and spears, of mirrors and lamps. It has brought before us the mysterious ships endowed with the powers of thought and speech, beautiful cups in which the wearied sun sinks to rest, the staff of wealth and plenty with which Hermes guides the cattle of Helios across the blue pastures of heaven, the cup of Dêmêtêr into which the ripe fruit casts itself by an irresistible impulse. We have seen the symbols assume the character of talismanic tests, by which the refreshing draught is dashed from the lips of the guilty; and, finally, in the exquisite legend of the Sangreal the symbols have become a sacred thing, which only the pure in heart may see and touch. To Lancelot who tempts Guenevere to be faithless to Arthur, as Helen was unfaithful to Menelaos, it either remains invisible, or is seen only to leave him stretched senseless on the earth for his presumption. The myth which corrupted the worshippers of Tammuz in the Jewish temple has supplied the beautiful picture of unselfish devotion which sheds a marvellous glory on the career of the pure Sir Galahad.[1]

Aryan and Semitic mysteries.

No idea is, however, more prominent in most of the shapes which the myths connected with the Linga and Yoni have assumed than that of a mysterious knowledge; nor has any feature in the ancient world attracted more attention than the great Mysteries in which a knowledge hidden from the profane was supposed to be imparted to the initiated. Is the knowledge to which the myths refer the sum and substance of the knowledge conveyed in the mysteries? That it has been and is so throughout India, no one probably will deny or dispute. The wailing of the Hebrew women at the death of Tammuz, the crucifixion and resurrection of Osiris, the adoration of the Babylonian Mylitta, the Sacti ministers of Hindu temples, the cross and crescent of Isis, the rites of the Jewish altar of Baal-Peor, wholly preclude all doubt of the real nature of the great festivals and mysteries of Phenicians, Jews, Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hindus. Have we any reason for supposing that the case was essentially different in more western countries, and that the mysteries of the Hellenic tribes were not substantially identical with those of other Aryan and Semitic tribes? Bishop Thirlwall is contented to express a doubt whether the Greek mysteries were ever used 'for the exposition of theological doctrines differing from the popular creed.' Mr. Grote's conclusion is more definite. In his judgment it is to the last degree improbable that 'any recondite doctrine, religious or philosophical, was attached to the mysteries, or contained in the holy stories' of any priesthood of the ancient world. If by this recondite teaching be meant doctrines relating to the nature of God and the Divine government of the world, their judgments may perhaps be in accordance with fact; but it can scarcely be denied that the thoughts aroused by the recognition of the difference between man and woman are among the most mysterious stirrings of the human heart, and that a philosophy which professed to reconcile the natural impulses of the worshippers with the sense of right and duty would carry with it a strange and almost irresistible fascination. The Corinthian Aphroditê had her Hierodouloi, the pure Gerairai ministered to the goddess of the Parthenon, and the altar of the Latin Vesta was tended by her chosen virgins. A system which could justify these inconsistencies in the eyes of the initiated, and lead them to discern different forms of the same sacrifice in the purity of the one and the abandonment of the other, might well be said to be based on a recondite, though not a wholesome, doctrine. Nor, indeed, is it supposed that the character of the Hellenic mysteries was less dramatic than those of Egypt or Hindustan. Every act of the great Eleusinian festival reproduced the incidents of the myth of Dêmêtêr, and the processions of Athênê and Dionysos exhibited precisely the same symbols which marked the worship of Vishṇu and Sacti, of the Egyptian Isis and the Teutonic Hertha. The substantial identity of the rites justifies the inference of a substantial identity of doctrines.[1]

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[1] In the Arabian story the part of Sir Galahad is played by Allah-ud-deen, who is told by the magician that no one in the whole world but he can be permitted to touch or lift up the stone and go beneath it. The Eastern story-tellers were not very careful about the consistency of their legends. The magician, it is true, singles out the boy for his 'simplicity and artlessness;' but the portrait drawn of the child at the outset of the tale is rather that of Boots or Cinderella. The treasure is a lamp in which burns a liquid which is not oil; with the possession of it are bound up wealth, happiness, and splendour: it is, in short, the Sangreal. The ring which the magician places on his finger is the ring of Gyges. Plato, *Polit.* 359. If it does not make himself invisible, the visibility of the minister of the ring depends upon the way in which it is handled, this being in both stories the same.

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[1] 'In den Eleusinischen Mysterien wurde ein Phallus entblösst und den Eingeweihten gezeigt (Tert. ad Valent. p. 289): und Demeter wird dadurch, dass Banbo ihre κτεὶς entblösst, zur Heiterkeit gestimmt. Clem. Al. Protr. p. 16; Arnob. adv. Gent. v. p. 218. Dies lässt voraussetzen, dass desgleichen in den Eleusinien wirklich geschah, wasmann also τὰ ἱερὰ δείκνυσθαι nannte. Vgl. Lobek. Aglaoph. p. 49.'—Nork, iv. 53. The form of dismissal at the Eleusinian mysteries, κὸγξ ὄμπαξ, has been identified by some with the

It is no accident which has given to Iswara Arghanautha, the Hindu Dionysos, an epithet which makes him the lord of that divine ship which bore the Achaian warriors from the land of darkness to the land of the morning. The testimony of Theodoret, Arnobios, and Clement of Alexandria, that an emblem similar to the Yoni was worshipped in the mysteries of Eleusis needs no confirmation, when we remember that the same emblem was openly carried in procession at Athens. The vases in the Hamiltonian collection at the British Museum leave us as little in doubt that the purification of women in the Hellenic mysteries agreed closely with that of the Sacti in the mysteries of the Hindus. That ornaments in the shape of a vesica have been popular in all countries as preservatives against dangers, and especially from evil spirits, can as little be questioned as the fact that they still retain some measure of their ancient popularity in England, where horse-shoes are nailed to walls as a safeguard against unknown perils, where a shoe is thrown by way of good-luck after newly married couples, and where the villagers have not yet ceased to dance round the Maypole on the green.

Real meaning of tree and serpent worship.

It may be confidently said that the facts now stated furnish a clue which will explain all the phenomena of tree and serpent worship. The whole question is indeed one of fact, and it is useless to build on hypothesis. If there is any one point more certain than another, it is that, wherever tree and serpent worship has been found, the cultus of the Phallos and the Ship, of the Linga and the Yoni, in connection with the worship of the sun, has been found also. It is impossible to dispute the fact; and no explanation can be accepted for one part of the cultus which fails to explain the other. It is unnecessary, therefore, to analyse theories which profess to see in it the worship of the creeping brute or the wide-branched tree. A religion based on the worship of the venomous reptile must have been a religion of terror; in the earliest glimpses which we have of it, the serpent is a symbol of life and of love. Nor is the Phallic cultus in any respect a

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'Cansha Om Pacsha,' with which the Brahmans close their religious services.—Nork, i. vii.

cultus of the full-grown and branching tree. In its earliest form the symbol is everywhere a mere stauros, or pole; and although this stock or rod budded in the shape of the thyrsos and the shepherd's staff, yet even in its latest developements the worship is confined to small bushes and shrubs and diminutive plants of a particular kind. Nor is it possible again to dispute the fact, that every nation at some stage or other of its history has attached to this cultus precisely that meaning which the Brahman now attaches to the Linga and the Yoni. That the Jews clung to it in this special sense with vehement tenacity is the bitter complaint of the prophets; and the crucified serpent, adored for its healing powers, stood untouched in the temple until it was removed and destroyed by Hezekiah. This worship of serpents 'void of reason,' condemned in the Wisdom of Solomon, probably survived even the Babylonish captivity. Certainly it was adopted by the Christians who were known as Ophites, Gnostics, and Nicolaitans. In Athenian mythology the serpent and the tree are singularly prominent. Kekrops, Erechtheus, and Erichthonios, are each and all serpentine in the lower portion of their bodies. The sacred snake of Athênê had its abode in the Akropolis, and her olive-tree secured for her the victory in her rivalry with Poseidôn. The health-giving serpent lay at the feet of Asklêpios, and snakes were fed in his temple at Epidauros and elsewhere.[1] That the ideas of mere terror and death, suggested by the venomous or the crushing reptile, could never have given way thus completely before those of life, healing, and safety, is obvious enough; and the latter ideas alone are associated with the serpent as the object of adoration. The deadly beast always was, and has always remained, the object of the horror and loathing which is expressed for Ahi, the choking and throttling snake, the Vritra whom Indra smites with his unerring lance, the dreadful Azidahaka of the Avesta, the Zohak or biter of modern Persian mythology, the serpents whom Herakles strangles in his cradle, the Python, or Fafnir, or Grendel, or Sphinx, whom Phoibos, or Sigurd, or Beowulf, or Oidipous, smite and slay. That the worship of the serpent has nothing to do with these evil beasts is abundantly clear from all the Phallic monuments of the East or West. In the topes of Sanchi and Amravati the disks which represent the Yoni predominate in every part of the design; the emblem is worn with unmistakeable distinctness by every female figure carved within these disks, while above the multitude are seen, on many of the disks, a group of women with their hands resting on the Linga, which they uphold. It may, indeed, be possible to trace out the association which connects the Linga with the bull in Sivaism, as denoting more particularly the male power, while the serpent in Jainaism and Vishnavism is found with the female emblem the Yoni. So again in Egypt, some may discern in the bull Apis or Mnevis the predominance of the male idea in that country, while in Assyria or Palestine the serpent or Agathos Daimon is connected with the altar of Baal. These are really questions of no moment. The historical inquiry is ended when the origin of the emblems has been determined.

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[1] It is, in fact, the healer, under the many names, Iasôn, Iasion, &c., which bear the equivocal meaning of saving or destroying life, as they are referred to ἰός, poison, or ἰάομαι, to heal. It is the means by which the waste caused by death is repaired. 'Daher die Phallusschlange, auch die Heilschlange Ἀγαθοδαίμων: daher der mit Schlangen umgürtete Phallusstab in der Hand des Hermes ἰθυφαλλικός, und des Aesculap, dessen weibliche Hälfte, Hygiea ihm die Schale entgegen trägt, welche ein Symbol des Mutterbeckens ist.'—Nork, s. v. 'Arzt.' This shell is the shell of Aphroditê.

It is scarcely necessary to add that serpents played a prominent part in the rites of Zeus Sabazios, whose worship was practically identical with that of the Syrian Tammuz or Adonis. The epithet Sabazios, which, like the words Adonai and Melkarth, was imported into Greek mythology, is applied not less to Dionysos than to Zeus; but the stories told of this deity remained vague and shadowy. Sometimes he is a son of Zeus and Persephonê, and is nursed by the nymph Nyssa, whose name reappears in Dionysos: sometimes Dionysos is himself the father of Sabazios, who is, again, a child also of Kabeiros or of Kronos.

The education of man.

For the student who is willing to be taught by the facts which he regards as ascertained, this chapter in the history of human thought will involve no more perplexity than the fact that there was a time when human speech had none but sensuous words, and mankind, apparently, none but sensuous ideas. If from these sensuous words have been evolved terms capable of expressing the highest conceptions to which the human mind has yet risen, he may be well content to accept the condition of thought which fastened on the processes of natural reproduction as a necessary stage in the education of man. If our limbs are still shackled and our movements hindered by ideas which have their root in the sensuousness of the ancient language, we shall do well to remember that a real progress for mankind might in no other way have been possible. If the images of outward and earthly objects have been made the means of filling human hearts and minds with the keenest yearnings for Divine truth, beauty, and love, the work done has been the work of God.

SECTION XIII.—THE SUN-GODS OF LATER HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

Vishṇu as Krishna.

If it be urged that the attribution to Krishna of qualities or powers belonging to other deities is a mere device by which his devotees sought to supersede the more ancient gods, the answer must be that nothing is done in his case which has not been done in the case of almost every other member of the great company of the gods, and that the systematic adoption of this method is itself conclusive proof of the looseness and flexibility of the materials of which the cumbrous mythology of the Hindu epic poems is composed. As being Vishṇu, Krishna performs all the feats of that god. 'And thou, Krishna, of the Yâdava race, having become the son of Aditi and being called Vishṇu, the younger brother of Indra, the all-pervading, becoming a child, and vexer of thy foes, hast by thy energy traversed the sky, the atmosphere, and the earth in three strides.'[1]

Parentage of Krishna.

He is thus also identified with Hari or the dwarf Vishṇu, a myth which carries us to that of the child Hermes as well as to the story of the limping Hephaistos. As the son of Nanda, the bull, he is Govinda, a name which gave rise in times later than those of the Mahâbhârata to the stories of his life with the cowherds and his dalliance with their wives; but in the Mahâbhârata he is already the protector of cattle, and like Herakles slays the bull which ravaged the herds.[2] His name Krishna, again, is connected with another parentage, which makes him the progeny of the black hair of Hari, the dwarf Vishṇu.[1] But he is also Hari himself, and Hari is Narayaṇa, 'the god who transcends all, the minutest of the minute, the vastest of the vast, the greatest of the great.' In short, the interchange or contradiction is undisguised, for 'he is the soul of all, the omniscient, the all, the all-knowing, the producer of all, the god whom the goddess Devaki bore to Vishṇu.[2] Elsewhere Krishna speaks of himself as the maker of the Rudras and the Vasus, as both the priest and the victim, and adds,

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 118.

[2] *Ib.* 206.

'Know that Dharma (righteousness) is my beloved first-born mental son, whose nature is to have compassion on all creatures. In his character I exist among men, both present and past, passing through many varieties of mundane existence. I am Vishṇu, Brahma, Indra, and the source as well as the destruction of things, the creator and the annihilator of the whole aggregate of existences. While all men live in unrighteousness, I, the unfailing, build up the bulwark of righteousness, as the ages pass away.'[3] As such he is not generated by a father. He is the unborn.

Krishna and Rudra.

The character of Rudra, thus said to be sprung from Krishna, is not more definite. As so produced, he is Time, and is declared by his father to be the offspring of his anger.[4] But in the character of Mahâdeva, Rudra is worshipped by Krishna, and the necessary explanation is that in so adoring him Krishna was only worshipping himself.[5] Rudra, however, is also Narayana, and Siva the destroyer. There is no difference between Siva who exists in the form of Vishṇu, and Vishṇu who exists in the form of Siva, just as in the form of Hari and Hara Vishṇu and Mahâdeva are combined. 'He who is Vishṇu is Rudra; he who is Rudra is Pitâmaha (Brahma, the great father); the substance is one, the gods are three, Rudra, Vishṇu and Pitâmaha. . . Just as water thrown into water can be nothing else than water, so Vishṇu entering into Rudra must possess the nature of Rudra. And just as fire entering into fire can be nothing else but fire, so Rudra entering into Vishṇu must possess the nature of Vishṇu. Rudra should be understood to possess the nature of fire: Vishṇu is declared to possess the nature of Soma (the Moon); and the world, moveable and immoveable, possesses the nature of Agni and Soma.'[1]

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 221.
[2] *Ib.* 224.
[3] *Ib.* 235.
[4] *Ib.* 205.
[5] *Ib.* 225.

Vishṇu and Rama.

It is the same with Rama, who is sometimes produced from the half of Vishṇu's virile power, and sometimes addressed by Brahma as 'the source of being and cause of destruction, Upendra and Mahendra, the younger and the elder Indra.'[2] He is Skambha, the supporter, and Trivikrama, the god of three strides.[3] But the story of his wife Sita who is stolen away and recovered by Rama after the slaughter of Ravana runs parallel with that of Saramâ and Paṇi, of Paris and Helen.

Hindu mysticism.

This cumbrous mysticism leads us further and further from the simpler conceptions of the oldest mythology, in which Rudra is scarcely more than an epithet, applied sometimes to Agni, sometimes to Mitra, Varuṇa, the Asvins, or the Maruts.

'Thou, Agni, art Rudra, the deity of the great sky. Thou art the host of the Maruts. Thou art lord of the sacrificial food. Thou, who hast a pleasant abode, movest onwards with the ruddy winds.'[4]

It was in accordance with the general course of Hindu mythology that the greatness of Rudra, who is sometimes regarded as self-existent, should be obscured by that of his children.

The story of Krishna.

The two opposite conceptions, which exhibit Herakles in one aspect as a self-sacrificing and unselfish hero, in another as the sensual voluptuary, are brought before us with singular prominence in the two aspects of Krishna's character. The being who in the one is filled with divine wisdom and love, who offers up a sacrifice which he alone can make, who bids his friend Arjuna look upon him as sustaining all worlds by his inherent life, is in the other a being not much more lofty or pure than Aphroditê or Adonis. If, like the legends of the Egyptian Isis and Osiris, the myth seems to lend itself with singular exactness to an astronomical interpretation, it also links itself with many stories of other Aryan gods or heroes, and thus throws on them a light all the more valuable from the independent developements of these several myths from a common germ. Thus if Pausanias speaks of Dionysos Antheus, Krishna also is Vanamali, the flower-crowned. If Herakles smites Antaios, Krishna overthrows the giant Madhu, and the cruel tyrant of Madura. Like Oidipous, Romulus, Perseus, Cyrus and others, he is one of the fatal children, born to be the ruin of their sires; and the king of Madura, like Laios, is terrified by the prediction that his sister's son shall deprive him of his throne and his life. It is but the myth of Kronos and Zeus in another form. The desire of Kamsa is to slay his sister, but her husband promises to deliver all her children into the hands of the tyrant. But although six infants were thus placed in his power and slain, he shut up the beautiful Devaki and her husband in a dungeon; and when the seventh child was about to be born, Devaki prays, like Rhea, that this one at least may be spared. In answer to her entreaty, Bhavani, who shields the newly-born children, comes to comfort her, and taking the babe brings it to the house of Nanda, to whom a son, Balarama, had been born. When Devaki was to become for the eighth time a mother, Kamsa was again eager to destroy the child. As the hour drew near, the mother became more beautiful, her form more brilliant, while the dungeon was filled with a heavenly light as when Zeus came to Danaê in a golden shower, and the air was filled with a heavenly harmony as the chorus of the gods, with Brahma and Siva at their head, poured forth their gladness in song.[1] All these marvels (which the Bhagavata Purana assigns to the birth of the child) are reported to Kamsa by the warders, and his jealousy and fear are still more vehemently excited. But the fatal hour draws nigh, and in a cave, like Zeus and Mithras, Krishna, as the incarnation of Vishṇu, is born with four arms and all the attributes of that god. 'On the day of his birth the quarters of the horizon were irradiate with joy, as if more light were diffused over the whole earth. The virtuous experienced new delight; the strong winds were hushed, and the rivers glided tranquilly when Janárddana was about to be born. The seas with their melodious murmurings made the music, while the spirits and the nymphs of heaven danced and sang.'[1] For a moment he takes away from the eyes of his earthly parents the veil which prevents them from seeing things as they are, and they behold the deity in all his majesty. But the mists are again suffered to fall upon them, and they see only the helpless babe in his cradle. Then the voice of an angel sounds in the father's ears, bidding him take the child and go into Gokala, the land of cows, to the house of Nanda, where he should find a new-born maiden. This child he must bring back, leaving Krishna in her place. This he is at once enabled to do, for the fetters fall from his hands and the prison doors open of their own accord; and guided by a dragon or snake, who here plays the part of the dragons or snakes in the myths of Iamos or Medeia, he reaches the house of Nanda. Nanda himself is in profound sleep, and his wife prostrate from pain when Krishna was left under their roof. As the husband of Devaki reenters the prison, the doors close again and the chains fasten themselves on his wrists, while the cry of the infant rouses the warders, who in their turn carry the tidings to

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 237.
[2] *Ib.* 146, 250.
[3] *Ib.* 151.
[4] *R. V.* ii. 1, 6; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, pt. iv. p. 257.

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[1] This song would of itself suffice to prove how thoroughly Krishna, like Dyu, Indra, Varuṇa, Agni, or any other names, denotes the mere conception of the One True God, who is but feebly shadowed forth under these titles and by the symbolism of these myths. 'As Aditi,' say the gods to Devaki the mother of the unborn Krishna, 'thou art the parent of the gods; as Diti, thou art the mother of the Daityas, their foes. . . . The whole earth, decorated with oceans, rivers, continents, cities, villages, hamlets, and towns; all the fires, waters, and winds; the stars, asterisms, and planets; the sky crowded with the variegated chariots of the gods, and ether that provides space for all substance; the several spheres of earth, sky, and heaven, of saints, sages, ascetics, and of Brahma; the whole egg of Brahma with all its population of gods, demons, spirits, snake-gods, fiends, ghosts and imps, men and brutes, and whatever creatures have life, comprised in him who is their eternal lord and

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the object of all apprehension; whose real form, nature, names, and dimensions are not within human apprehension,—are now with that Vishṇu in thee. Thou art Swáhá; thou art Swadhá: thou art wisdom, ambrosia, light, and heaven. Thou hast descended upon earth for the preservation of the world.'—*Vishṇu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, p. 501. The same idea animates much of the devotion addressed to the Virgin Mary, as in the Litany of Loretto and in many among the authorised hymns of the Breviary.

[1] *Vishṇu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, 503. Milton was led into the same strain of thought as he wrote his Christmas Hymn:—

'Peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.'

the king. At midnight Kamsa enters the dungeon, and Devaki entreats his mercy for the babe. She prays in vain; but before Kamsa can accomplish his will, the child slips from his grasp, and he hears the voice of Bhavani, telling him that his destroyer is born and has been placed beyond his reach. Mad with rage, the tyrant summons his council and asks what should be done. The answer is that, as they know not where the child is, he should order all the newly-born infants or all children under two years to be slain. More assured than ever that his great enemy was his sister's child, he sets everything in motion to insure his destruction. But the demon Putana, who assaults the child in his cradle, is dealt with as summarily as the dragons who seek to strangle the infant Herakles. This demon, finding Krishna asleep, took him up and gave him her breast to suck, the doom of all who do so suck being instant death; but Krishna strains it with such violence as to drain Putana of all life,—a touch which recalls the myth of Herakles and Hêrê in connexion with the Milky Way.[1] As Krishna grew up, he became the darling of the milk-maidens, in whom some have seen the stars of the morning sky,—an inference which seems to be here warranted by the myth that Krishna stole their milk, seemingly as the sun puts out the light of the stars; and this inference is strengthened by the story which connected the formation of the milky way with the nursing of Herakles by Hêrê. When the maidens complained of the wrong, Krishna opened his mouth, and therein they saw revealed his full splendour. They now beheld him seated in the midst of all created things, receiving adoration from all. But from this glimpse of his real glory the legend returns to the myths told of swan-maidens and their lovers. In the nine days' harvest feast of Bhavanî (the nine days' festival of Dêmêtêr) the Gopias, each and all, pray to the goddess that they may become the brides of Krishna.[2]

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[1] See page 44.

[2] This myth is in strict accordance with the old Vedic phrase addressed to the Sun as the horse: 'After thee is the chariot; after thee, Arvan, the man; after thee the cows; after thee the host of the girls.' Thus, like Agni, Indra, and Yama, he is the husband of the wives, an expression which, in Professor Max Müller's opinion, was probably 'meant originally for the evening sun as surrounded by the splendours of the

As they bathe in a stream, Krishna takes their clothes and refuses to surrender them unless each comes separately for her raiment. Thus the prayer is fulfilled, and Krishna, playing on his flute among the Gopias, becomes the Hellenic Apollôn Nomios,[1] whose harp is the harp of Orpheus, rousing all things into life and energy. With these maidens he dances, like Apollôn with the Muses, each maiden fancying that she alone is his partner (an idea which we find again in the story of the Athenian Prokris). Only Radha, who loved Krishna with an absorbing affection, saw things as they really were, and withdrew herself from the company. In vain Krishna sent maidens to soothe her and bring her back. To none would she listen, until the god came to her himself. His words soon healed the wrong, and so great was his joy with her that he lengthened the night which followed to the length of six months, an incident which has but half preserved its meaning in the myth of Zeus and Alkmênê, but which here points clearly to the six months which Persephonê spends with her mother Dêmêtêr. The same purely solar character is impressed on the myth in the Bhagavata Purana, which relates how Brahma, wishing to prove whether Krishna was or was not an incarnation of Vishnu, came upon him as he and Balarama were sleeping among the shepherd youths and maidens. All these Brahma took away and shut up in a distant prison,—and Krishna and his brother on awaking found themselves alone. Balarama proposed to go in search of them. Krishna at once created the same number of youths and maidens so precisely like those which had been taken away that when Brahma returned at the end of a year, he beheld to his astonishment the troop which he fancied that he had broken up. Hurrying to the prison he found that none had escaped from it, and thus convinced of the power of Krishna, he led all his

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gloaming, as it were by a more serene repetition of the dawn. The Dawn herself is likewise called the wife; but the expression "husband of the wives" is in another passage clearly applied to the sinking sun, *R. V.* ix. 86, 32: "The husband of the wives approaches the end."'—*Lectures*, second series, 513.

[1] The parallel is exact. Phoibos giving to Hermes charge over his cattle is represented by Indra, who says to Krishna, 'I have now come by desire of the cattle to install you as Upendra, and as the Indra of the cows thou shalt be called Govinda.'—*Vishṇu Purana*, H. H. Wilson, 528.

prisoners back to him, who then suffered the phantasms which he had evoked to vanish away. Here we have the sleep of the sun-god which in other myths becomes the sleep of Persephonê and Brynhild, of Endymiôn or Adonis,—the slumber of autumn when the bright clouds are imprisoned in the cave of Cacus or the Panis, while the new created youths and maidens represent merely the days and months which come round again as in the years that had passed away. In his solar character Krishna must again be the slayer of the Dragon or Black Snake, Kalinak, the old serpent with the thousand heads, who, like Vritra or the Sphinx, poisons or shuts up the waters.[1] In the fight which follows, and which Hindu art has especially delighted in symbolising, Krishna freed himself from the coils of the snake, and stamped upon his heads until he had crushed them all. The sequel of the myth in its more recent form goes on to relate his death,—how Balarama lay down to sleep beneath the Banyan tree,—how from his throat issued a monstrous snake, like the cobra of Vikram in the modern Hindu story,—how Krishna himself became sorely depressed,—how, as he lay among the bushes with his foot so placed that his heel, in which alone he, like so many others, was vulnerable, was exposed, a huntsman, thinking that he was aiming at a gazelle, shot him with an arrow, and the ground was bathed with his blood,—incidents which are at once explained by a reference to the myths of Baldur, Adonis, or Osiris.[2]

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[1] The *Vishṇu Purana* (Wilson, 514) tells us how, stirred up by the incitements of Nanda, Krishna lays hold of the middle hood of the chief of the snakes with both hands, and, bending it down, dances upon it in triumph. Whenever the snake attempted to raise his head, it was again trodden down, and many bruises were inflicted on the hood by the pressure of the toes of Krishna.

Among the many foes conquered by Krishna is Naraka, from whom he rescues elephants, horses, women, &c. 'At an auspicious season he espoused all the maidens whom Naraka had carried off from their friends. At one and the same moment he received the hands of all of them, according to the ritual, in separate mansions. Sixteen thousand and one hundred was the number of the maidens; and into so many forms did the son of Madhu multiply himself, so that every one of the damsels thought that he had wedded her in her single person.'—*Vishṇu Purana*, *ib.* 589. This myth is beyond all doubt simply that of Prokris in another form. The dew becomes visible only when the blackness of the night is dispelled, and the same sun is reflected in the thousands of sparkling drops: but the language of the *Purana* is in singular accordance with the phraseology in which Roman Catholic writers delight to speak of nuns as the brides of Christ.

[2] It is, of course, true that these

Section XIV.—THE MOON.

Selênê and Pan.

As Endymiôn sinks into his dreamless sleep beneath the Latmian hill, the beautiful Selênê comes to gaze upon the being whom she loves only to lose. The phrase was too transparent to allow of the growth of a highly developed myth. In the one name we have the sun sinking down into the unseen land where all things are forgotten—in the other the full moon comes forth from the east to greet the sun, before he dies in the western sky. Hence there is little told of Selênê which fails to carry with it an obvious meaning. She is the beautiful eye of night, the daughter of Hyperîôn, of Pallas, or of Helios; the sister of Phoibos Apollôn. Like the sun, she moves across the heaven in a chariot drawn by white horses from which her soft light streams down to the earth; or she is the huntress, roving like Alpheios, over hill and dale. She is the bride of Zeus, and the mother of Pandia, the full orb which gleams in the nightly sky;[1] or as loving, like him, the crags, the streams, and the hills, she is beloved by Pan, who entices her into the dark woods under the guise of a snow-white ram.[2] In other words, the soft whispering wind, driving before it the shining fleecy clouds, draws the moon onwards into the sombre groves. In another version, she is Asterodia, the wanderer among the stars, the mother of the fifty daughters of Endymiôn, the Ursula of modern legend with her many virgins.[3]

Iô the heifer.

In the story of Iô, the moon appears in connexion with

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myths have been crystallised round the name of Krishna in ages subsequent to the period during which the earliest Vedic literature came into existence; but the myths themselves are found in this older literature associated with other gods, and not always only in germ. Krishna as slaying the dragon is simply Indra smiting Vritra or Ahi, or Phoibos destroying the Python. There is no more room for inferring foreign influence in the growth of any of these myths than, as Bunsen rightly insists, there is room for tracing Christian influence in the earlier epical literature of the Teutonic tribes. Practically the myths of Krishna seem to have been fully developed in the days of Megasthenes, who identifies him with the Greek Herakles. Nork, s. v. Krishna, 398.

[1] 'Pandia, d. h. die ganz leuchtende.' —Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 347.

[2] Virg. *Georg.* iii. 391.

[3] Preller regards the number 50 here as denoting the fifty moons of the Olympian Festal Cycle. *Gr. Myth.* i. 348. But the myth must be taken along with the legends of the fifty sons or daughters of Aigyptos, Danaos, or Priam.

the myths of Hermes, Prometheus, and other tales. Iô is pre-eminently the horned being, whose existence is one of brief joy, much suffering, and many changes and wanderings; in other words, her life is the life of the moon in its several phases, from full to new, and thence back to the full again. She is the pure priestess of the great queen of heaven, on whom Zeus, the lord of the untroubled ether, looks down with unfailing love.[1] But Hêrê is the wife of Zeus, and thus at once she is jealous of Iô, whom she changes into a heifer[2] (the well-known symbol of the young or horned morn), and places in the charge of Argos Panoptês, the being with a thousand eyes, some of which he opens when the stars arise, while others he closes when their orbs go down. Whether these eyes are, as in some versions, placed on his brow and on the back of his head, or, as in others, scattered all over his body, Argos is the star-illumined sky watching over the moon as she wanders

> Pale for very weariness
> Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
> Wandering companionless
> Among the stars that have a different birth.[3]

In this aspect Argos appears in the Cretan myth as Asteriôn, or the Minotauros, the guardian of the Daidalean labyrinth, the mazes of the star-clothed heavens.

Argos Panoptês.

From this terrible bondage she is rescued at the bidding of Zeus by Hermes, who appears here as a god of the morning-tide. By the power of his magic rod, and by the music of his flute, the soft whisper of the morning breeze, he lulls even Argos himself into slumber, and then his sword falls, and the thousand eyes are closed in death, as the stars go out when the morning comes, and leave the moon alone.[4] This rescue of Iô by Hermes is, in the opinion of Preller, the temporary disappearance of the moon, during her wanderings in unknown regions until she appears as Pandia, the full moon, in the eastern heaven.[1] This time was naturally conceived as one of trouble and toil, and so the myth went that Iô was driven from one place to another by a gadfly sent by Hêrê, who suffers her neither to rest by day nor to sleep by night.

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[1] Iô becomes a mother ἐξ ἐπιπνοίας Διός, Æsch. *Supp.* 18; a myth which may be compared with the story of the mares of Diomêdês.

[2] In the Norse story of Tatterhood, the younger of the two sisters who answer to the Dioskouroi is changed into a calf, and the tale immediately connects the transformation with the voyage of Isis. The same incidents are found in the *Arabian Nights* in the story of the Old Man and the Hind, where the transformation is precisely owing to the jealousy of Hêrê for Iô and her offspring.

[3] It is not likely that Shelley was thinking of the myth of Argos Panoptes when he wrote these lines; but he has singularly reproduced this idea of the antagonism between the moon and the stars.

[4] The myth is thus explained which

Iô and Prometheus.

These wanderings have been related by Æschylos in his immortal drama of the bound Prometheus. They carry her over regions, some of whose names belong to our earthly geography; but any attempts to fix her course in accordance with the actual position of these regions is mere labour lost. That for such accuracy Æschylos cared nothing is plain from the fact that the course which Iô takes in his play of the Suppliants cannot be reconciled with the account given in the Prometheus. It is enough to note that the poet takes his moon from the West towards the North, gradually approaching the East and the South, until in the beautiful Aigyptos she is suffered to resume her proper form, or in other words, appear as the full moon, the shape in which she was seen before Hêrê changed her into the horned heifer or new moon. This mention of Egypt, or the land of the Nile, as the cradle of her child Epaphos, naturally led the Greeks to identify Iô with the Egyptian Isis, and her son with the bull Apis—an identification to which no objection can be raised, so long as it is not maintained that the Hellenic names and conceptions of the gods were borrowed from those of Egypt. The great Athenian poet would naturally introduce among the places visited by Iô places and peoples which excited his curiosity, his wonder, or his veneration. She from whom was to spring the deliverer of Prometheus must herself learn from the tortured Titan what must be the course of her own sufferings and their issue. She must cross the heifer's passage, or Bosporos, which bears her name: she must journey through the country

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makes Hermes the father of Autolykos, who in the *Odyssey* is the grandfather of Odysseus and the craftiest of men—a character which, as Preller remarks, is simply reflected from Hermes. *Gr. Myth.* i. 305. The name Autolykos is as transparent as that of Argos Panoptês. The eyes of the dead Argos are placed by Hêrê in the peacock's tail; but this was only another symbol for the starry heavens. Preller, *ib.* ii. 41.

[1] *Gr. Myth.* ii. 39.

of the Chalybes, beings akin to the Kyklôpes who forge the thunderbolts of Zeus; she must trust herself to the guidance of the Amazons who will lead her to the rocks of Salmydessos, rocks not unlike the Symplegades in the Argonautic story: she must encounter the Graiai and the Gorgons in the land of the gloaming and the night, and finally she is to see the end of her sorrows when she reaches the well or fountains of the sun. There her child will be born, and the series of generations will roll on, which are to end in the glorious victories of her descendant, Herakles.[1]

Hekatê.

To Phoibos, as Hekatos, the far-shooting lord of light, Hekatê stands in the relation which Diana holds towards Dianus or Janus. She falls, in short, into the ranks of correlative deities with the Asvins and the Dioskouroi, Suryâ and Savitri, and many others already named. Her keenness of hearing and sight is second only to that of Helios, for when Dêmêtêr is searching in agony for her lost child, it is Hekatê alone who says that she has heard her cries, while Helios is further able to tell her whither Hades has departed with the maiden. She is then the queen of the night, the moon, and as such she may be described as sprung either from Zeus and Hêrê, or like Phoibos himself, from Lêtô, or even from Tartaros, or again, from Asteria, the starlit night.[2] In a comparison of offices and honours it is hard to see whether Phoibos or Hekatê stands higher; and all that can be said is that the Hesiodic poet could hardly have spoken of her in a strain so highflown if the thought of Apollôn and his wisdom, incommunicable even to Hermes, had at the moment crossed his mind, just as the worshipper of Brahma or Vishnu must have modified his language, had he wished to bring it into apparent consistency with what he may have said elsewhere in his devotions to Varuṇa, Dyaus, or Soma. She is the benignant being, ever ready to hear those who offer to her a holy sacrifice. Nor has she fallen from the high estate which was hers before Zeus vanquished the Titans; but she remains mighty as ever, in the heavens, on the earth, and in the sea. She is the giver of victory in war, the helper of kings in the ministration of justice, the guardian of the flocks and of the vineyards; and thus she is named pre-eminently Kourotrophos, the nurse and the cherisher of men. But these great powers could scarcely fail to throw over her an air of mystery and awe. She would be sometimes the solitary inhabitant of a dismal region, caring nothing for the sympathy or the love of others; and the very help which with her flaming torch she gives to Dêmêtêr would make her a goddess of the dark nether world to which she leads the sorrowing mother. Her ministers therefore must be as mysterious as herself, and thus the Kourêtes and Kabeiroi become the chosen servants of her sacrifices. Like Artemis, she is accompanied by hounds, not flashing-footed like that which Prokris received from the twin-sister of Phoibos, but Stygian dogs akin to Kerberos and the awful hounds of Yama. Only one step more was needed to reach that ideal of witchcraft which is exhibited in its most exalted form in the wise woman Medeia. It is from a cave, like that in which Kirkê and Kalypso dwell, that she marks the stealing away of Persephonê, and her form is but dimly seen as she moves among murky mists. She thus becomes the spectral queen who sends from her gloomy realm vain dreams and visions, horrible demons and phantoms, and who imparts to others the evil knowledge of which she has become possessed herself. Her own form becomes more and more fearful. Like Kerberos, she assumes three heads or faces, which denote the monthly phases of the moon—the horse with its streaming mane pointing to the moon at its full, and the snake and the dog representing its waxing and waning, until it disappears from the sight of men.

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[1] It is, of course, quite possible that with this particular myth of Iô some features borrowed from Semitic mythology may have been designedly blended. The Phenician Astarte, Ashtaroth, was also represented as a wandering heifer, or a horned maiden. Both alike lose their children and search for them as Dêmêtêr searched for Persephonê. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 44.

[2] Hes. *Theog.* 411.

Artemis.

In some traditions Artemis is the twin sister of Phoibos, with whom she takes her place in the ranks of correlative deities. In others she is born so long before him that she can aid Lêtô her mother at the birth of Phoibos—a myth which speaks of the dawn and the sun as alike sprung from the night. Thus her birthplace is either Delos or Ortygia, in either case the bright morning land, and her purity is that of Athênê and Hestia. Over these three deities alone Aphroditê has no power. Love cannot touch the maiden whose delight is in the violet tints of dawn or in the arrows which she sends forth with never failing precision,[1] and which seal the doom, while they are given to avenge the wrongs of Prokris. Like Phoibos, she has the power of life and death; she can lessen or take away the miseries and plagues which she brings upon men, and those who honour her are rich in flocks and herds and reach a happy old age. From those who neglect her she exacts a fearful penalty; and the Kalydonian boar ravages the fields of Oineus only because he had forgotten to include her among the deities to whom he offered sacrifice.[2] In a word the colours may be paler, but her features and form generally are those of her glorious brother. With him she takes delight in song,[3] and as Phoibos overcomes the Pythôn, so is she the slayer of Tityos.[4]

The Arkadian and Delian Artemis.

It seems unnecessary to draw any sharp distinction between the Arkadian and the Delian Artemis. If she is no longer the mere reflection of Phoibos, she still calls herself a child of Lêtô,[5] and appears as the glorious morning roving through the heaven before the birth of the sun. This broad-spreading light is represented by her wanderings among the glens and along the mountain summits of Arkadia. Like Athênê and Aphroditê, she belongs to or springs from the running waters, and she demands from Zeus an attendant troop of fifty Okeanid and twenty Amnisiad, or river, nymphs.[6] With these she chases her prey on the heights of Erymanthos. Mainalos, and Taygetos. Her chariot is fashioned by the fiery Hephaistos, and Pan, the breeze whispering among the reeds, provides her with dogs, the clouds which speed across the sky driven by the summer winds. Here, like Arethousa, she is loved and pursued by Alpheios, who fails to seize her.

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[1] *παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα.*

[2] Mr. Grote remarks that in the hunt which follows for the destruction of the boar, Artemis, who is sometimes confounded even with her attendant nymphs, reappears in the form of Atalantê. *Hist. Gr.* i. 76. The name of Camilla, the counterpart of Atalantê in the *Æneid*, is, according to M. Maury, that of a Gallic divinity, being the feminine form of Camulus (Camillus). *Croyances et Légendes de l'Antiquité*, 229, et. seq.

[3] *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 19. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 228, adopts the explanation which connects her name with the word ἀρτεμής, and regards the epithet as denoting her unsullied purity as well as her physical vigour. Her kindly and indignant aspects are with him the varying, yet constantly recurring, effects produced by the moon on the phenomena of the seasons, and, as was supposed, of human life. For the Ephesian Artemis, see p. 66.

[4] Kallim. *Hymn to Artemis*, 110.

[5] *Ib.* καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ Λητωίας εἰμί. She desires to be worshipped under many names, that she may not need to fear the rivalry of Apollôn, 7.

[6] *Ib.* 20, &c.

Artemis Orthia and Tauropola.

But the cultus of the Spartan Artemis, whose epithet Orthia would seem to denote a phallic deity, is marked by features so repulsive, and so little involved in the myth of the Delian sister of Phoibos, that the inference of an earlier religion, into which Aryan mythical names were imported, becomes not unwarrantable. Whether or not this Artemis be the same as the Artemis known by the epithets Taurica or Tauropola, she is a mere demon, glutted with the human sacrifices which seem to have formed a stage in the religious developement of every nation on the earth. We have here manifestly the belief that the gods are all malignant powers, hungering for the blood of human victims, and soothed by the smoke of the fat as it curls up heavenwards.[1] But the prevalence of this earlier form of faith or practice would tend to prove only that the mythology of the Greeks was not necessarily their religion, and was certainly not commensurate with it. Still, although there is not much in the phenomena of morning, or in the myth of the Delian Artemis, to suggest the practice of slaying youths and maidens, or scourging them until the blood ran in streams to glut the angry demon, there are not wanting mythical phrases which, if translated into the conditions of human life, would point to such revolting systems. Adonis cannot rise to the life of the blessed gods until he has been slain. The morning cannot come until the Eôs who closed the previous day has faded away and died in the black abyss of night. So it is also with Memnôn and Sarpêdôn, with Endymiôn and Narkissos. But all these are the children of Zeus or Phoibos, or some other deity of the heaven or the sun; and thus the parents may be said to sacrifice their children, as Tantalos placed the mangled Pelops on the banquet-table of Zeus. It is thus seemingly that Iphigeneia must die before Helen can be brought again from Ilion: but Helen is herself Iphigeneia, and thus the return of Helen is the resurrection of the victim doomed by the words of Kalchas and the consent of Agamemnon, and Iphigeneia becomes the priestess of Artemis, whose wrath she had been slain to expiate. With an unconscious fidelity to the old mythical phrases, which is still more remarkable, Iphigeneia is herself Artemis, and thus the story resolves itself into the saying that the evening and the morning are the same, but that she must die at night before she can spring into life again at dawn. Nor must it be forgotten that Helen stolen away from the Argive or gleaming land of the West is the golden light stolen away in the evening. The weary voyage from the Achaian shores is the long journey of the sun-children for the stolen treasure, beginning just when the twilight is deepening into night, and when the lagging hours seem likely never to pass away. Iphigeneia is slain at the beginning of this dismal journey—in other words, she dies in the evening that Helen may come back in the morning, when, after ten long hours of mortal strife, the walls of Ilion have fallen. But when Artemis, Helen, and Iphigeneia, had received each her own distinct personality, it was easy to say that the anger of Artemis, offended for some supposed neglect or affront of Agamemnon, was the cause of the death of Iphigeneia.[1]

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[1] The extent to which these horrible superstitions prevailed among the historical Greeks as well as among other races and tribes has been excellently traced by Mr. Paley in a paper on 'Chthonian Worship' (*Journal of Philology*, No. I. June, 1868). His conclusion is that, as 'the propitiation of malignant powers rather than the adoration of a supreme good seems to have formed the basis of the early religions of the world,' so a large part of the early religious systems of the Greeks exhibits this character of devil-worship, in which streams of human blood were the only effectual offerings. The unsatisfied shades or ghosts of heroes became hateful demons, going about with wide-stretched mouths for anything which might serve as a prey. These are the Latin Manduci and Lemures, the Greek Lamyroi, and Charôn, the gaper, words 'all pointing to swallowing and devouring, as our *goblin* is supposed to do,' p. 7. The general proposition is indisputable, but the English goblin seems to represent etymologically the Teutonic Kobold and the Greek Kobâlos, beings doubtless of closely kindred character. If this be so, the idea of sacrifice is traced back to an utterly revolting source in the thoughts of the still savage man. To the question which asks how this conclusion 'can be reconciled with the Jewish doctrine of sacrifice and all its momentous consequences,' he answers, 'I think we may fairly reply, we are not called upon to reconcile them. We are not building up questionable theories, but expounding unquestionable matters of fact; and it is a perfectly open subject of discussion whether the pagan idea of sacrifice is a corruption of a revealed obligation of man to his Creator, or whether it was (as many will think more probable) independently derived and developed from the materialistic and sensuous notions of the untutored races of antiquity about the nature, condition, and wants of beings, infernal and supernal,' p. 13.

Iphigeneia and Britomartis.

The distinction between Artemis and Britomartis is as slight as that which separates her from Iphigeneia. Whatever be the origin of the name, Britomartis is spoken of as a daughter of Lêtô, or of Zeus and Karmê, and as flying from the pursuit of Minos as Artemis flies from that of Alpheios.[2] From this pursuit she escapes, like Arethousa and Daphnê, only by throwing herself into the sea—as some said, because she leaped from the heights of Diktynnaion, or, as others would have it, because she fell into the nets (*δίκτυα*) of the fishermen. Rescued from the water she goes to Aigina, and is reverenced there under the name of Aphaia. The wanderings of Britomartis are simply the journey of the day across the heaven, and the story of the nets must clearly be compared with that of Danaê and the kindly treatment of Diktys of Seriphos, who is contrasted with his gloomy brother Polydektês—a mere reflection of Hades Polydegmon. When the name of Diktys is further compared with the myth of the Diktaian cave, we can no longer doubt that Artemis Diktynna is simply Artemis the light-giving, and that the nets were brought into the myths by an equivocation similar to that which converted Arkas and Kallistô into bears and Lykâôn into a wolf.[3]

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[1] For the Ephesian or Asiatic Artemis, see p. 66.

[2] Kallim. *Hymn. Art.* 192, &c.

[3] As the dawn springs fully armed from the forehead of the cloven sky, so the eye first discerns the blue of heaven as the first faint arch of light is seen in the East. This arch is the Diktaian cave in which the infant Zeus is nourished until he reaches his full strength—in other words, until the day is fully come.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOST TREASURE.

SECTION I.—THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

CHAP. III.

The myth of stolen treasure is found among the Aryan nation

THE idea of wealth is one of the most prominent characteristics in the legends of Helios, Ixîôn, Sisyphos and Tantalos. The golden palace of Helios, blazing with intolerable splendour, is reflected in the magnificent home of the Phrygian and Corinthian kings. So dazzling indeed is the brilliance of this treasure-house that none may look closely upon it and live. Hence Dia the beautiful wife of Ixîôn has never seen her husband's wealth, as the Dawn may never see the sun when high in the heavens: and her father Hesioneus who insists on being put into possession of all the glorious things which Ixîôn said should follow his union with Dia, the radiant morning, finds himself plunged into a gulf of fire. These treasures, in the myth of Prokris, Eôs herself bestows on Kephalos that he may beguile the gentle daughter of the dew. They are the beautiful flowers which bloom in the Hyperborean gardens, the wonderful web wrought and unwrought by Penelopê, the riches which the suitors waste in the absence of Odysseus, the herds of cattle which are fed by the glistening nymphs who rise from the ocean stream. They are the light of day in all its varied aspects and with all its wonderful powers. With them is bound up the idea of life, health, and joy: and hence when these treasures are taken away, the very blackness of desolation must follow. What can the sons of men do, when the bright being who has gladdened their eyes is taken from their sight? Must they not either sit still in utter despair or wait with feverish impatience until they see his kindly face again? What again must be the drama of those dark and dreary hours which pass between the setting of the sun and its rising? What must be the history of the silent time ending in the battle which precedes the defeat of the powers of darkness? That mighty conflict they might see every morning in the eastern heavens, as the first light flickers faintly across the sky, only to be driven back, as it would seem, until it returns with fresh strength and aided by new friends: but the incidents which went before this strife they could not see. All that was before their eyes reminded them of the hosts of vapours, some bright, some murky, which had been marshalled round the dying sun; and the same forms are now seen, the dark clouds being gradually driven away or being even changed from foes into friends as the sunlight turns their blackness into gold. But the bright clouds, sailing along in unsullied purity are especially the children of Helios, the offspring of the union of Ixîon and the lovely Nephelê. These then have sought him through the long hours of the night, and at length have rescued him from the gloomy prison house. There is thus the daily taking away in the West of all that gives life its value, of all on which life itself depends; and it must be taken away by robbers utterly malignant and hateful. Thus there is also the nightly search for these thieves,—a search which must be carried on in darkness amidst many dangers and against almost insurmountable obstacles; and this search must end in a terrible battle, for how should the demons yield up their prey until their strength is utterly broken? But even when the victory is won, the task is but half achieved. The beautiful light must be brought back to the Western home from which the plunderers had stolen it; and there will be new foes to be encountered on the way, storm clouds and tempests, black vapours glaring down with their single eye, fierce winds, savage whirlpools. But at length all is done, and the radiant maiden, freed from all real or fancied stains of guilt, gladdens her husband's house once more, before the magic drama of plunder, rescue, and return is acted over again; and it is precisely this magic round which furnishes all the materials for what may be called the mythical history not only of Greece but of all the Aryan nations. If the features are the same in all, if there is absolutely no political motive or interest in any one which may not be found more or less prominent in all the rest, if it is every where the same tale of treasure stolen, treasure searched for and fought for, treasure recovered and brought back, why are we to suppose that we are dealing in each case with a different story? Why are we to conjure up a hundred local conflicts each from precisely the same causes, each with precisely the same incidents and the same results? Why are we to think that the treasures of Eôs are not the treasures of Helen, that Helen's wealth is not the wealth of Brynhild, and that Brynhild's riches are not the dower of the wife of Walthar of Aquitaine? Why, when myth after myth of the Hellenic tribes exhibits the one ceaseless series of precious things taken away and after fearful toils recovered, and after not less terrible labours brought back, are we to believe that the errand on which the Achaian chieftains depart from Hellas is in every case different? If it be urged that such movements are those of a squirrel in its cage, and that such movements, though they may be graceful, yet must be monotonous, the answer is that not only is the daily alternation of light and darkness proved to be monotonous, but all the incidents and the whole course of human life may be invested with the same dull colouring. Men are married, love and hate, get wealth or struggle in poverty, and die; and the monotony is broken only when we have distinguished the toils and acts of one man from those of another and learnt to see the points of interest which meet us every where on the boundless field of human life, as they meet us also in all the countless aspects of the changing heavens. There is in short no dulness except in those who bring the charge; and the story of Daphnê and Echo does not lose its charm because it is all told over again in the legends of Arethousa and Selênê.

Repetition of this myth under different forms.

The taking away of precious things, and the united search of armed hosts for their recovery come before us first in the great myth of the Argonautic Voyage. The tale is repeated in the stealing of Helen and her treasures, and is once more told in the banishment of the Herakleidai and their efforts, at last successful, to recover their lost inheritance. These myths fall into a regular series, and are repeated until we find ourselves on the confines of genuine history, which cuts the threads of the mythical drama just where it happens to meet them; and we leave the subject in the full confidence that the radiant maiden would have been stolen and the children of the sun banished from the west yet many times more under different names and circumstances sufficiently varied, had not men been awakened to the need of providing in contemporary writing a sure means for the preservation of historical facts.

The Golden Fleece.

Into the Argonautic story, as into the mythical histories or sagas which follow it, a number of subordinate legends have been interwoven, many of which have been already noticed as belonging to the myths of the heavens and the light, clouds, waters, winds, and darkness; and we have now only to follow the main thread of the narrative from the moment when Phrixos,[1] the child of the mist, has reached the Kolchian land and the home of king Aiêtês, a name in which we recognise one of the many words denoting the breath or motion of the air. Hellê, the warm and brilliant-tinted maiden, has died by the way, and the cold light only remains when the golden-fleeced ram, the offspring of Poseidôn and Theophanê, the lord of the air and the waters, and the bright gleaming sky, reaches its journey's end. The treasures of the day, brought to the east, are now in the words of Mimnermos represented by 'a large fleece in the town of Aiêtês, where the rays of Helios rest in a golden chamber.' These treasures must be sought out so soon as the man destined to achieve the task is forthcoming. He is found by the same tokens which foretold the future greatness of Oidipous, Perseus, Têlephos, Romulus, or Cyrus. Pelias, the chief of Iolkos, who had driven away his brother Neleus, had been told that one of the children of Aiolos would be his destroyer, and decreed therefore that all should be slain. Iasôn only (a name which must be classed with the many others, Iasion, Iamos, Iolaos, Iaso, belonging to the same root), is preserved, and brought up like Achilleus by the wise Kentaur Cheiron, the son or descendant of Ixîôn and Nephelê, the sun and the cloud. The child grows up: Pelias receives another warning to be on his guard against the one-sandalled man; and he discerns his enemy when Iasôn appears with one foot only shod, having dropped the other slipper into the stream Anauros. There is nothing, however, that he can do beyond putting him to the performance of impossible tasks; and thus as Eurystheus sent Herakles on hopeless errands, so Pelias thinks to be rid of Iasôn by bidding him bring the golden fleece back to Iolkos.[1] The journey is too long and across seas too stormy, and the toil is too great for any one man, be he ever so mighty; and as all the kinsfolk of Hellê are equally sufferers by the robbery, so all must unite to avenge her wrongs and regain her wealth. From all parts they come together, fifty in number, like the children of Danaos and Aigyptos, of Thestios and Asterodia, to the building of the great ship Argo, which Athênê endows with the gift of speech and the power, possessed also by the Phaiakian barks, of understanding the thoughts of men. But before they could leave their own land there was need of yet further help to enable them to tame the fury of savage beasts, birds, and creeping things; and thus Iasôn betakes himself to the harper Orpheus, whose sweet tones no living thing can withstand. He alone can find his way to the utmost bounds of darkness and return in safety; and the tidings that Orpheus would accompany them scattered the gloom which was gathering thickly on the hearts of the Argonautai. His power is soon shown. In spite of all efforts to dislodge her, the Argo remains fast fixed to the spot on which she was built; but at the sound of the harp of Orpheus it went down quickly and smoothly into the sea. Before she sets out on her perilous voyage, Cheiron gives them a feast, and a contest in music follows between the Kentaur, who sings of the wars with the Lapithai, and

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[1] The name belongs apparently to the same root with Prokris, vol. i., p. 430, and is thus connected with φρίσσω, our *freeze*, the story of the spoiling of the corn being the result of a false etymology.

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[1] It is scarcely necessary to notice the many versions of this myth. In some we have the Enîpeus or the Evênos instead of the Anauros; in others Iasôn loses his sandal while carrying across the stream Hêrê, who loves him and has assumed the form of an old woman, that so she may be borne in his arms. Others make Pelias declare himself ready to yield up his place and power to Iasôn, only he must first bring back the lost treasure.

Orpheus, who, like Hermes, discourses of all things from Chaos downwards, of Eros and Kronos and the giants, like the song of the winds which seem to speak of things incomprehensible by man.

The Argonautic Voyage.

Setting out from Iolkos, the confederate chiefs reach Lemnos, while the island is seemingly suffering from the plagues which produced the myths of the Danaides in Argos. Like them, the Lemnian women all kill their husbands, one only, Thoas, being saved, like Lynkeus, by his daughters and his wife Hypsipylê. These women yield themselves to the Argonautai, as the Danaides take other husbands when they have slain the sons of Aigyptos.[1] In the country of the Doliones they are welcomed by the chief Kyzikos, who, however, is subsequently slain by them unwittingly and to their regret. In Amykos, the king of the Bebrykes, or roaring winds, they encounter Namuki, one of the Vedic adevas or enemies of the bright gods,[2] who slays Polydeukes, the twin brother of Kastor. In the Thrakian Salmydessos they receive further counsel from Phineus the seer, who suffers from the attacks of the Harpyiai, a foe akin to the Bebrykes. In gratitude for his deliverance from these monsters, Phineus tells them that if they would avoid being crushed by the Symplêgades, or floating rocks, which part asunder and close with a crash like thunder, they must mark the flight of a dove, and shape their course accordingly. The dove loses only the feathers of its tail; and the Argo, urged on by the power of Hêrê, loses only some of its stern ornaments, and henceforth the rocks remain fixed for ever.[3] The incidents which follow their arrival in Kolchis repeat in part the myth of Kadmos at Thebes; and indeed the teeth of the dragon which Aiêtês bids him sow are the very teeth which Kadmos had not needed to use. The men who spring from them fight with and slay each other as in the Theban legend, and by the aid of Medeia Iasôn also tames the fire-breathing bulls, beings which answer to the Minotauros of Crete and the brazen bull in which Phalaris is said to have burnt his victims.[1] Dangers thicken round them. While Iasôn is thus doing the bidding of the chieftain, Aiêtês is forming a plan to burn the Achaian ships, and is anticipated only by Medeia, who has lavished her love on Iasôn with all the devotion of Eôs for Orion. She hastens with her lover on board the Argo, and hurriedly leaves Kolchis, taking with her her brother Absyrtos. But Aiêtês is not yet prepared to yield. The Gorgon sisters cannot rest without at the least making an effort to avenge Medousa on her destroyer Perseus. Aiêtês is fast overtaking the Argo when Medeia tears her brother's body limb from limb, and casts the bleeding and mangled members into the sea—an image of the torn and blood-red clouds reflected in the blue waters, as the blood which streams from the body of Herakles represents the fiery clouds stretched along the flaming sky.[2] But Absyrtos is as dear to Aiêtês as Polyphêmos to Poseidôn; and as he stops to gather up the limbs, the Argo makes her way onward, and the Kolchian chief has

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[1] That this incident is precisely the same as the story of the sojourn of Odysseus in the land of the Lotophagoi, is manifest from the phrase used in the Argonautics. They all, we are told, forgot the duty set before them, nor would they have left the island, but for the strains of Orpheus which recalled them to their sense of right and law, 490. Thus this incident throws light on the nature of the enjoyments signified by the eating of the lotos. See p. 120.

[2] Max Müller, *Chips*, &c. ii. 188.

[3] It has been supposed that the Symplêgades represent icebergs which in the ages during which the myth was developed were seen in the Black Sea, and which melted away at the mouth of the Bosporos. In support of the position that the myth thus points to physical phenomena now no longer known in that sea, Mr. Paley remarks that their name Kyaneai is very significant, and that 'they are described as rolling and plunging precisely as icebergs are often seen to do.' 'When the Pontus was a closed lake, as even human tradition distinctly states that it once was (Diod. S. v. 47), it was very likely indeed, especially towards the close of a glacial period, that a great accumulation

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of ice should have been formed in so vast a basin, borne down from the Northern rivers. When the lake burst its barriers, they would be carried by the current towards the entrance of the straits, and there become stranded, as the story says that in fact they did.'—*Pindar*, introd. xxiv. Among other myths pointing to physical facts of a past age Mr. Paley cites the story of the rising of Rhodos from the sea, comparing with it the fact of the recent upheaval of part of Santorin, the ancient Thera, and the old legend of the upheaving of Delos, as all showing that these islands lie 'within an area of known volcanic disturbance.'

[1] Of any historical Phalaris we know absolutely nothing; and the tradition simply assigns to him the character of the Phenician Moloch. The iniquities attributed to him are the horrid holocausts which defiled the temples of Carthage and the valley of Hinnom. His name is probably connected with Pales, Palikoi, Pallas, Palatium, and Phallos, and would thus point to the cruel forms which the worship of Aphroditê, Artemis, and the Light deities generally, often assumed.

[2] The same fate is allotted to Myrtilos, whom Pelops throws into that portion of the Egean sea which was supposed to bear his name. It is, in fact, half the myth of Pelops himself, the difference being that while all are thrown into the water, Pelops is brought to life again —the difference, in other words, between Sarpêdôn in the common version and Memnôn, between Asklêpios and Osiris and Baldur.

to return home discomfited. The Achaians are now possessed of the golden fleece, but Zeus also is wroth at the death of Absyrtos, and raises a storm, of which the results are similar to those of the tempest raised by Poseidôn to avenge the mutilation of Polyphêmos. In fact, the chief incidents in the return of Odysseus we find here also, in the magic songs of the Seirens, and the wisdom of Kirkê, in Skylla and Charybdis and the Phaiakian people. From the Seirens they are saved by the strains of Orpheus, strains even sweeter than theirs, which make the stuffing of the sailors' ears with wax a work of supererogation. It is useless to go into further detail. The accounts given of the course of the voyage vary indefinitely in the different mythographers, each of whom sought to describe a journey through countries and by tracks least known to himself, and therefore the most mysterious. The geography, in short, of the Argonautic voyage is as much and as little worth investigating as the geography of the travels of Iô and the sons and daughters of her descendants Danaos and Aigyptos.

Iasôn and Medeia.

The prophecy uttered long ago to Pelias remained yet unfulfilled; and when Iasôn returned to Iolkos, he found, like Odysseus on his return to Ithaka, according to some versions, that his father Aison was still living, although worn out with age. The wise woman Medeia is endowed with the powers of Asklêpios by virtue of the magic robe bestowed on her by Helios himself, and these powers are exercised in making Aison young again. Pelias too, she says, shall recover all his ancient strength and vigour, if his daughters will cut up his limbs and boil them in a caldron; but when they do her bidding, Medeia suffers the limbs to waste away without pronouncing the words which would have brought him to life again. Thus is Iasôn, like Oidipous and Perseus, Cyrus and Romulus, one of the fatal children whose doom it is to slay their sires. The sequel of the myth of Iasôn has few, if any, features peculiar to itself. Iasôn can no more be constant to Medeia than Theseus to Ariadnê or Phoibos to Korônis. At Corinth he sees the beautiful Glaukê, another of the bright beings whose dwelling is in the morning or evening sky; but the nuptials must be as fatal as those of Iolê and Herakles.

The robe of Helios, which has been thus far only the golden fleece under another name, now assumes the deadly powers of the arrows of Herakles, Achilleus, or Philoktêtês, and eats into the flesh of Glaukê and her father Kreôn, as the robe bathed in the blood of the Kentaur Nessos consumed the body of Herakles. In the murder of the children of Iason by their mother Medeia we have only another version of the slaughter of Pelops by Tantalos, while the winged dragons which bear away her chariot are not the dragons of the night, like the snakes which seek to strangle the infant Herakles, but the keener-eyed serpents of the morning, which feed the babe Iamos with honey in the violet beds. But this portion of the story may be told, and is told, in a hundred different ways. In one version she goes to Thebes, and there cures Herakles of his poisoned wound; in another she is reconciled to Iasôn; in another she becomes the wife of Aigeus, king of Athens, and the enemy of his son Theseus. Others again carry Iasôn back with Medeia to Kolchis, or make him die, crushed beneath the timber-head of the Argo.

SECTION II.—HELEN.

The wealth of Helen.

There was, however, no need to carry Iasôn and Medeia with her golden robe back again to the eastern land. The treasure brought back from that distant shore could not remain long in the west; and in the stealing away of Helen and her wealth we have an incident which, from the magnificent series of myths to which it has given birth or with which it is interwoven, seems to dwarf almost every other feature in the mythical history of the Aryan nations. The story has been complicated with countless local traditions; it has received a plausible colouring from the introduction of accurate geographical details, of portraits which may be true to national character, of accounts of laws, customs, and usages, which doubtless prevailed at the time when the poet wrote. Yet in spite of epithets which may still be applied to the ruins of Tiryns and Mykenai, in spite of the cairns which still bear the names of Achilleus or of Aias on the shores of the strong-flowing Hellespontos, Helen is simply the radiant light, whether of the morning or the evening.[1] As Saramâ, the dawn which peers about in search of the bright cows which the Paṇis have stolen from Indra, we have seen her already listening, though but for a moment, to the evil words of the robbers. These evil words are reproduced in the sophistry of the Trojan Paris, who is only a little more successful than the thief of the Vedic hymns, and the momentary unfaithfulness of the one becomes the long-continued faithlessness of the other. But it is a faithlessness more in seeming than in fact. Helen is soon awakened from her evil dream, and her heart remains always in beautiful Argos, in the house of her husband who never showed her anything but kindness and love. Though Paris is beautiful, yet she feels that she has nothing in common with him, and thus she returns with a chastened joy to the home from which she had been taken away.

The stealing of Helen and her treasures.

But to be stolen or persecuted for her beauty was the lot of Helen almost from her cradle. In the myth of Theseus she is brought into Attica, and guarded in early youth by Aithra in the stronghold of Aphidnai until she is delivered by her brothers, the Dioskouroi; and when she had been stolen by Paris, and spent ten weary years in Troy, she is said in some versions to have become the wife of Deiphobos, another son of Priam, and another representative of the dark beings who own kinship with the Vedic Vritra. When Paris is slain, the brother of the seducer will not suffer Helen to be given up to the Achaians; and thus, on the fall of Ilion, his house is the first to be set on fire. Even after her death the fate of Helen is not changed. In Leukê, the white island of the dawn, she is wedded to Achilleus, and becomes the mother of Euphorion, the winged child who is first loved and then smitten by the thunderbolts of Zeus in Melos.[2] Throughout she is a being not belonging to the land of mortal men. She is sprung from the egg of Leda, the being to whom Zeus comes in the form of a swan, and her brothers are the Dioskouroi, or Asvins. When the time for her marriage draws nigh, suitors come thronging from all parts of Hellas, their numbers being one for each day of the lunar month—a myth which simply tells us that every day the sun woos the dawn. In the Iliad she is never spoken of except as the daughter of Zeus; and Isokrates notices the sacrifices offered in Therapnai to her and to Menelaos, not as heroes but as gods.[1] She is worshipped by the women of Sparta as the source of all fruitfulness, and in Argos as the mother of Iphigeneia, the child of Theseus, and as having dedicated a temple to Eileithyia.[2] In Rhodes she is Helenê Dendritis, and a wild legend was invented to account for the name.[3] Lastly, the myth of her journey to Ilion and her return is in its framework simply the myth of Augê, the mother of Têlephos, like her, taken away to the same land, and, like her, brought back again when all enemies have been overcome.[4]

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[1] This is fully recognised by Preller, who compares her, as such, with the Mater Matuta of the Latins. *Gr. Myth.* ii. 108.

[2] But Achilleus has Iphigeneia and Medeia also as his brides in this bright island: and these are simply other names for the dawn or the evening light.

The story of Conall Gulban.

This is, practically, the Gaelic story of Conall Gulban, which may be fairly regarded as embodying a whole cycle of mythical tradition. The materials of which it is made up carry us to a vast number of legends in Aryan mythology, but the main story is that of Herakles, Achilleus, and Helen. Conall himself is the solar hero, despised at first for his homely appearance and seeming weakness, but triumphant in the end over all his enemies. Nay, as he becomes an idiot in the Lay of the Great Fool, so here he is emphatically Analkis, the coward. But he is resolved nevertheless to make the daughter of the King of Laidheann his wife, although, like Brynhild and Briar Rose and Surya Bai, she is guarded within barriers which the knight who would win her must pass at the cost of his life if he fails. The fortress had a great wall, with iron spikes within a foot of each other, and a man's head upon every spike but the one spike which had been left for his own, although it was never to be graced by it. It is the hedge of spears of the modern Hindu legends, the fiery circle which Sigurd must enter to waken the maiden who sleeps within it. As he draws nigh to the barrier, one of the soldiers says, 'I perceive that thou art a beggar who was in the land of Eirinn; what wrath would the king of Laidheann have if he should come and find his daughter shamed by any one coward of Eirinn?' At a window in this fastness stands the Breast of Light, the Helen of the tale. 'Conall stood a little while gazing at her, but at last he put his palm on the point of his spear, he gave his rounded spring, and he was in at the window beside the Breast of Light,' a name which recalls the Eurôpê, Euryganeia, and Euryphassa of Hellenic myths. The maiden bids him not make an attempt which must end in his death. but he leaps over the heads of the guards. 'Was not that the hero and the worthy wooer, that his like is not to be found to-day?' Yet she is not altogether pleased that it is 'the coward of the great world' that has taken her away; but Conall is preparing to take a vengeance like that of Odysseus, and all the guards and warriors are slain. The insult is wiped out in blood, but with marvellous fidelity to the old mythical phrases, Conall is made to tell the Breast of Light 'that he had a failing, every time that he did any deed of valour he must sleep before he could do brave deeds again.' The sun must sleep through the night before he can again do battle with his foes. The sequel is as in the Lay of the Great Fool. Paris comes while Menelaos slumbers, or heeds him not, or is absent. He has a mirror in his ship which will rise up for none but the daughter of the king of Laidheann, and as it rises for her, he knows that he has found the fated sister of the Dioskouroi, and with her he sails straightway to his home across the wine-faced sea.

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 109–110; *Il.* iii. 426; *Od.* iv. 184, &c.: Isokr. *Helen. Enkom.* 63.

[2] Paus. ii. 22, 7.

[3] Id. ii. 19, 10. This story relates that Helen, being persecuted by Megapenthes and Nikostratos after the death of Menelaos, took refuge at Rhodes in the house of Polyxô, who, being angry with Helen as the cause of the Trojan war and thus of the death of her husband Tlepolemos whom Sarpêdôn slew, sent some maidens, disguised as Erinyes, who surprised Helen while bathing, and hung her up to a tree. This myth is simply a picture of the dawn rising like Aphroditê from the sea; and it preserves the recollection of the Erinyes as dawn-goddesses, while it mingles with it the later notion which represented them as Furies. The tree points probably to her connexion with the sun, and thus carries us back to the special form of worship paid to her at Sparta, as well as to the myth of Wuotan. See vol. i. p. 371, 430.

[4] This myth is to Preller 'eine Vorstellung welche ursprünglich höchst wahrscheinlich auch mit ihrer Bedeutung im Naturleben zusammenhing.'—*Gr. Myth.* ii. 110: and he draws between the stories of Helen and Augê a parallel which may be exhibited in the following equation:—

Augê : Teuthras : : Helenê : Paris,
Tegea : Mysia : : Sparta : Ilion.

But the seducer has sworn to leave her free for a year and a day, if Conall has so much courage as to come in pursuit of her. Like Helen, she is shut up in the robber's stronghold, 'sorrowful that so much blood was being spilt for her;' but Conall conquers in the struggle and rescues her 'out of the dark place in which she was,' the gloomy cave of the Paṇis. Then follow more wanderings answering to the Nostoi, and, like Odysseus, Conall appears in worn-out clothes in order to make his way into the king's fortress, and again a scene of blood ensues, as in the hall of slaughter in the courts of the Ithakan and Burgundian chieftains. The story now repeats itself. The king of the Green Isle has a daughter who, like Danaê, is shut up in a tower, and the other warriors try in vain to set her free, till Conall 'struck a kick on one of the posts that was keeping the turret aloft, and the post broke and the turret fell, but Conall caught it between his hands before it reached the ground. A door opened and Sunbeam came out, the daughter of the king of the Green Isle, and she clasped her two arms about the neck of Conall, and Conall put his two arms about Sunbeam, and he bore her into the great house, and he said to the king of the Green Isle, Thy daughter is won.' The myth is transparent. Sunbeam would marry Conall, but he tells her that he is already wedded to Breast of Light, and she becomes the wife of Mac-a-Moir, the Great Hero, the son of the king of Light.

The voyage of the Achaians to Ilion.

The stealing away of Helen and all her treasures is the cause of another expedition which, like the mission of the Argonautai, brings together all the Achaian chieftains; and the mythical history of these princes, interwoven with the old tale of the death or the taking away of the day, has grown up into the magnificent poems which make up the storehouse of Greek epical literature. But the main thread of the story remains clear and simple enough. If the search and the struggle which end it represent the course of the night, they must last for something like ten hours, and thus we get the ten years of the war. The journey is accomplished during the dark hours: but it cannot begin until the evening is ended, or in other words, until the twilight has completely faded away. Hence the calm which stays the Achaian fleet in Aulis cannot end until Iphigeneia has been offered as a victim to the offended Artemis, the goddess of the moon or the night. It is vain to resist. The sin of Agamemnon is brought back to his mind, as he remembers how he promised before the birth of his child that he would offer up the most beautiful thing which that year might produce, and how he had failed to fulfil his vow. But now the evening must die if the light of morning is to be seen again: and Iphigeneia is slain that Helen may come back to Sparta. But although her blood flows to the grief and agony of her father and her kinsfolk, the war must still last for ten years, for so it had been decreed by Zeus, who sent the snake to eat up the sparrow and her young;[1] and thus room was given for the introduction of any number of episodes, to account for, or to explain the lengthening out of the struggle; and the machinery of a thousand myths was obviously available for the purpose. Like Hippodameia or Atalantê, Helen was beautiful, but many must fail while one alone could win her. Sigurd only can waken Brynhild; and the dead bodies of the unsuccessful knights lie before the hedge or wall of spears in the Hindu folk-lore. Thus with the introduction of Achilleus, as the great hero without whom the war can never be brought to an end, the whole framework of the epic poem was complete. It only remained to show what the others vainly attempted, and what Achilleus alone succeeded in doing. That the life of Achilleus should run in the same magic groove with the lives of other heroes, mattered nothing. The story which most resembled that of Achilleus is indeed chosen by the poet to point to him the moral which he needed most of all to take to heart.

Meleagros and Kleopatra.

This story is the life of Meleagros, and it is recited to Achilleus by Phoinix, the teacher of his childhood, the dweller in that purple land of the east from which Eurôpê was taken to her western home. It is the picture of the short-lived sun, whose existence is bound up with the light or the torch of day, who is cursed by his mother for killing her brothers, the clouds which are scattered by his spear rays, who moves on his way moodily and sullenly, as the clouds pass across his face, and appears at intervals to the terror of all his enemies. He is a son of Oineus or Arês, and Althaia the nourishing Dêmêtêr; and he proves his skill in the use of the javelin by bringing down the monstrous boar which the chieftains assembled at Kalydon had failed to kill. But the interest of his life lies in the burning torch and the prophecy of the Moirai, that with its extinction his own life must come to an end. His mother therefore snatches it from the fire, and carefully guards it from harm. But the doom must be accomplished. Artemis stirs up strife between the men of Kalydon and the Kourêtes for the spoils of the boar, and a war follows in which the former are always conquerors whenever Meleagros is among them. But the Kourêtes are, like the Korybantes and the Idaian Daktyloi, the mystic dancers who can change their forms at will, and thus their defeat is the victory of the sun who scatters the clouds as they wheel in their airy movements round him. These clouds reappear in the brothers of Althaia, and when they are slain her wrath is roused, like the anger of Poseidôn when Polyphêmos is blinded, or the rage of Zeus when the Kyklôpes are slain. The curse now lies heavy on Meleagros. His voice is no more heard in the council; his spear is seen no more in the fight. He lies idle in his golden chambers with the beautiful Kleopatra; Kephalos is taking his rest with Eôs behind the clouds which hide his face from mortal men, and he will not come forth. Wearied out at last, his mother brings forth the fatal brand and throws it into the fire, and as its last spark flickers out, Meleagros dies. With him die his wife and his mother; Dêianeira and Oinônê cannot live when Herakles and Paris are gone.[1] So passes away the hero who can only thus be slain, and his sisters who are changed into guinea-hens weep for his death, as the sisters of Phaethôn, the bright fleecy clouds, shed tears of amber over their brother's grave.

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[1] This incident, *Il.* ii. 300, is related simply as a sign of the number of years which must precede the fall of Ilion, and not at all as the cause of the length of the struggle.

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[1] In the *Iliad* Meleagros does not return home from the fight with the Kourêtes, for the Erinyes who have heard the curse of Althaia overtake him. This is only another form of the myth of Helenê Dendritis.

Thetis and and Achilleus.

In this story Phoinix tells Achilleus that he may see a reflection of himself; and the parallel is closer than perhaps the poet imagined. Like Meleagros, he is a being in whose veins flows the blood of the gods. His mother is the sea-nymph Thetis, for, like Kephalos and Aphroditê, like Athênê and Iamos, the sun-god must rise from the waters; and in the life of his father Peleus the threads of a large number of myths are strangely ravelled together. The tale of his sojourn in Iolkos repeats the story of Bellerophôn and Anteia; and as Proitos sends Bellerophôn that he may be put to death by other hands than his own, so Akastos, the husband who thinks himself injured, leaves Peleus without arms on the heights of Pelion, that the wild beasts may devour him. He is here attacked by Kentaurs, but saved by Cheiron, who gives him back his sword. Here also he becomes the husband of Thetis, at whose wedding-feast the seeds of the strife are sown which produce their baleful fruits in the stealing away of Helen and all its wretched consequences. But the feast itself is made the occasion for the investiture of Peleus with all the insignia of Helios or Phoibos. His lance is the gift of Cheiron: from Poseidôn, the god of the air and the waters, come the immortal horses Xanthos and Balios, the golden and speckled steeds which draw the chariot of the sun through the sky, or the car of Achilleus on the plains of Ilion. For her child Thetis desires, as she herself possesses, the gift of immortality, and the legend, as given by Apollodoros, here introduces almost unchanged the story of Dêmêtêr and Triptolemos. Like the Eleusinian goddess, Thetis bathes her babe by night in fire, to destroy the mortality inherited from his father. Peleus, chancing one day to see the act, cries out in terror, and Thetis leaves his house for ever.[1] Of the many stories told of his later years, the myth of the siege of Iolkos and the death of Astydameia repeats that of Absyrtos and has probably the same meaning. The involuntary slaughter of Eurytion finds a parallel in the death of Eunomos, who is unwittingly killed by Herakles; and the flocks which he offers in atonement to Iros the father, are the flocks which appear in all the legends of Phoibos and Helios. Iros refuses to receive them, and Peleus suffers them to wander untended until they are devoured by a wolf,—a phrase which betrays the nature both of the herds and their destroyer, and carries us to the death of the gentle Prokris.

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[1] Apollod. iii. 13, 6.

The womanly Achilleus.

When Thetis had vanished away, Peleus carried the child to the wise Kentaur Cheiron, who taught him how to ride and shoot,—a myth which at once explains itself when we remember that the Kentaurs are the offspring of Ixîon and Nephelê. In his earlier years Achilleus resembles the youthful Dionysos, Theseus, and Phoibos, in the womanly appearance of his form,—the gentler aspect of the new risen sun when the nymphs wash him in pure water and wrap him in robes of spotless white. But while his limbs yet showed only the rounded outlines of youth, Kalchas the prophet could still foresee that only with his help could the stronghold of the seducer of Helen be taken, and that none but Achilleus could conquer Hektor. Only the death of his enemy must soon be followed by his own. The night must follow the blazing sunset in which the clouds pour out their streams of blood-red colour, like the Trojan youths slain on the great altar of sacrifice. To avert this doom, if it be possible to do so, Thetis clothed the child, now nine years old, in girlish raiment and placed him in Skyros among the daughters of Lykomedes, where from his golden locks he received the name of Pyrrha. But he could not long be hid: and the young boy who had in his infancy been called Ligyron, the whining, was recognised by Odysseus the chieftain of Ithaka as the great champion of the Achaian armies.

The career of Achilleus.

Thus was Achilleus engaged in a quarrel which was not his own; and on this fact we can scarcely lay a greater stress than he does himself. The task is laid upon him, as it was on Herakles or on Perseus; and the sons of Atreus are to him what Polydektes and Eurystheus had been to the sons of Danaê and Alkmênê. The men of Ilion had never ravaged his fields or hurt his cattle; and not only were his exploits made to shed lustre on the greedy chiefs who used him for a tool, but in every battle the brunt of the fight fell upon him, while almost all the booty went to them. It is the servitude of Phoibos: but the despot is here a harsher master than Admêtos, and the grief which Achilleus is made to suffer is deeper than that of Apollôn when Daphnê vanishes from his sight, or of Herakles when Eurytos refuses to perform the compact which pledged him to make Iolê the bride of the hero. The Achaian camp is visited with a terrible plague. First the beasts die, then the men, and the smoke of funeral pyres ascends up everywhere to heaven. At length they learn from Kalchas that the wrath of Phoibos has been roused by the wrong done to the priest Chrysês who had in vain offered to Agamemnon a splendid ransom for his daughter, and that not until the maiden is given up will the hand of the god cease to lie heavy on the people. At length the king is brought to submit to the will of the deity, but he declares that in place of the daughter of Chrysês, Brisêis, the child of the Vedic Brisaya, shall be torn away from the tents of Achilleus, and thus the maiden on whom Achilleus had lavished all his love passes away into the hands of the man whom he utterly despises for his cowardice and his greed. For him the light is blotted out of the sky as thoroughly as the first beauty of the day is gone when the fair hues of morning give way before the more monotonous tints which take their place. Henceforth his journey must be solitary, but he can take that vengeance on his persecutor which the sun may exact of those who have deprived him of his treasure. He may hide himself in his tent, or sullenly sit on the sea-shore, as the sun may veil his face behind the clouds, while the battle of the winds goes on beneath them. Then, in the sudden outburst of his grief, he makes a solemn vow that when the Achaians are smitten down by their enemies his sword shall not be unsheathed in their behalf; and when his mother comes from her coral caves to comfort him, he beseeches her to go to Zeus and pray him to turn the scale of victory on the Trojan side, that the Argives may see what sort of a king they have, and Agamemnon may rue the folly which dishonoured the best and bravest of all the Achaian chieftains. So Thetis hastens to Olympos, and Zeus swears to her that Ilion shall not fall until the insult done to her son has been fully atoned. But to this Agamemnon will not yet stoop. His chieftains stand around him in unimpaired strength, and the men whom they lead are eager for the conflict. It was obviously the point at which the poet might pass from the story of Achilleus to the exploits of other chieftains, and accordingly many books of the Iliad are taken up with narratives showing what those chiefs could and could not do without Achilleus. Whether these narratives formed part of the Iliad in its earliest form, is a point which has been examined elsewhere; but they are so arranged as to lead to the humiliating confession of Agamemnon that he has lost too many men to be able to continue the struggle with any hope of success—a confession which only admits in other words that the conqueror of Ilion is not now in their assembly. The answer is obvious. Briseïs must be restored, and Agamemnon must express his sorrow for all his evil words and evil deeds. If then any attempts were made to appease the wrath of Achilleus before the final reparation which he accepted, it follows that those attempts did not fulfil the conditions on which he insisted, and hence that the ninth of the books of the Iliad, as it now stands, could not possibly have formed part of the original Achillêis or Ilias. The apology which is here rejected is word for word the same as that which is afterwards held to suffice, and the reparation offered after the death of Patroklos is in no way larger than that which had been offered before. The rejection of a less complete submission is, however, in thorough accordance with the spirit of the old myth, and the mediation of Phoinix serves well to exhibit Achilleus to himself in the mirror of the character of Meleagros. But taking the story as it now stands, we may well stand amazed at the unbounded savagery of the picture. There is not only no pausing on the part of Achilleus to reflect that Agamemnon has a heart to feel as well as himself, and that the loss of Chryseïs might at least weigh something against that of the daughter of Brisês, but there is not the slightest heed to the sufferings of his countrymen and the hopeless misery of the protracted struggle. The one redeeming feature is his truthfulness, if this can be held to redeem a character which Patroklos describes[1] as fit only for one who is the child of the rugged rocks and the barren sea. If the tears of Patroklos are of any avail, it is not because he tells him of the wretched plight of the Achaian hosts, but because he is his friend, and his friendship is part of himself, his own selfish and personal concern; and thus when that friend prays him, if he will not go forth himself, to let him have his horses, his armour, and his Myrmidons, Achilleus tells him that all his rage is because Agamemnon had taken from him the prize of his bow and spear, and that even now he would not have yielded a jot of his vow, if the war had not at length touched his own ships.[2] When, further, his friend has fallen by the hand of Hektor, and Achilleus makes his deadly oath that the funeral rites shall not be performed over his body until the head and the arms of Hektor can be placed by its side, the submission of the Argive chiefs is accepted not from any notion that his inaction has sprung from an exorbitant selfishness, but because his own grief and unbounded fury for the loss of his friend drive him to do the things to which the chiefs would urge him by the less exciting arguments of a cooler patriotism. Now that his wrath is thus kindled, the strife shall indeed be ended in the blood of his enemies. Hektor shall die, though the death of Achilleus may follow ever so closely upon it, and the blood of twelve human victims, deliberately reserved for the frightful sacrifice, shall stream on the pyre of Patroklos. As the portrait of a human being, the picture is from first to last inexpressibly revolting; and it is only when we take the story to pieces and trace the origin of its several portions, that we begin to see how there lay on the poet a necessity not less constraining than that which forced Achilleus to his fitful fury and his early doom, a necessity which compelled him to describe under the guise of human warriors the actions of the hosts which meet for their great battle every morning in the heavens. Regarded thus, there is scarcely a single feature, utterly perplexing though it may be on the supposition that we are dealing with a human portrait, which is not seen to be full of life and meaning. We are no longer perplexed to know why Patroklos, who can move in the armour of Achilleus, yet cannot wield his spear, why the horses which Zeus gave to Peleus are the offspring of the west-wind and the harpy Podargê, and why their mother feeds in a meadow by the side of the ocean stream.[1] All is now plain. The Myrmidons must be compared with the wolves which appear almost everywhere in the myths of Phoibos Apollôn; their tongues and their cheeks must be red as with blood. We see at once why Patroklos can return safe from the fight only if he does strictly the bidding of Achilleus, for Patroklos is but the son of Klymenê, who must not dare to whip the horses of Helios. When at length Patroklos goes forth and encounters Sarpêdôn, it is curious to trace the inconsistencies which are forced upon the poet as he interweaves several solar myths together. On the one side is the Zeus who has sworn to Thetis that he will avenge the wrongs done to Achilleus,—a promise which cannot be fulfilled by allowing his friend to be slaughtered, on the other the Zeus whose heart is grieved for the death of his own child Sarpêdôn. His vow to Thetis binds him to shield Patroklos from harm; his relation to the brave Lykian chieftain makes him look upon the son of Menoitios as he looked on Phaethôn while doing deadly mischief in the chariot of Helios. So here Zeus takes counsel whether he shall smite him at once or suffer him to go on a little longer in his headlong course. But each story remains perfectly clear. Sarpêdôn falls by the same doom which presses not only on the man who slays him, but on Achilleus, on Bellerophôn, on Kephalos and a hundred others. The Lykian chief dies, like his enemy, in the prime of golden youth and in the far west, for his Lykia lay far away to the east of Ilion, where the sun comes up, and the Dawn is greeting the earth when the powers of sleep and death bear their beautiful burden to the doors of his golden home. By the same inconsistency the eastern tradition made Apollôn the enemy of Patroklos, as it afterwards associates him with Paris in the death of Achilleus; yet the power by which he preserves the body of Hektor from decay is employed by

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[1] *Il.* xvi. 34.

[2] *Ib.* xvi. 63.

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[1] *Il.* xvi. 150.

Thetis to preserve that of Patroklos. But the terrible fight over the dead Patroklos is fought over again when Achilleus is smitten, as it is fought out by the clouds which do battle together over the dying Herakles. From this point all is transparent. The grief of Achilleus when he learns that his friend is dead is the darkening of the sky when the sun which had been shining through the cloud-rifts withdraws his light; and in the tearing of his hair, in the defilement of his beautiful robe and the tossing of the sand over his head and face, we see the torn vapours hurrying hither and thither in a thousand shapeless forms. Henceforth the one thought which fills his heart is that of vengeance, nor is his burning desire weakened when Thetis tells him that the death of Hektor must soon be followed by his own, as the sunset is not far off when the sun wins his final victory over the clouds which have assailed him throughout his journey. Herakles himself met boldly the doom brought upon him by the wrath of Hêrê; and Achilleus is content to die, if only he may first give his enemies sufficient cause for weeping. Then follows the incident in which Thetis and Hephaistos play precisely the part of Hjordis and Regin in the Volsung tale. The arms of Achilleus are in the hands of Hektor; but when the morning comes, Thetis will return from the east bringing a goodly panoply from the lord of fire. At what other time could the sun receive the new armour which is to replace that of which he had been robbed by the powers of darkness? We can scarcely lay too much stress on these points of detail in which the poet manifestly follows a tradition too strong to be resisted. This story of the evening which precedes the return of Achilleus to the battle-field is a vivid picture of the sun going down angrily and betokening his appearance in fiercer strength on the morrow. When to the bidding of Iris, that he should go forth to avenge his friend, he replies that he has no arms, the goddess bids him show himself in the trenches without them. Like the sudden flash of the sun, when as he approaches the horizon his light breaks from behind the dense veil of vapours, is the shout of Achilleus ringing through the air. It is absurd to think of any human warrior, or to suppose that any hyperbole could suggest or justify the poet's words, as he tells us how the dazzling light thrown from his face reached up to the high ether of Zeus, and how the horses of the Trojans felt the woes that were coming, and their drivers were astonished, as they beheld the awful fire kindled on the head of the great-hearted son of Peleus by the dawn-goddess Pallas Athênê. But for the present there is the blaze of light, and nothing more. At the bidding of Hêrê the sun goes down, and the strife is stayed. But as the hours of the night wear on, the fire-god toils on the task which Thetis prays him to undertake; and when the mighty disk of the shield and the breast-plate more dazzling than the fiercest fire are ready, Thetis flies with them to her son like a hawk winging its way from the snow-clad Olympos. The hour of vengeance is now indeed come. As his mother lays before him the gifts of Hephaistos, his eyes flash like the lightning, and his only fear is that while he is fighting, the body of Patroklos may decay. But Thetis bids him be of good cheer. No unseemly thing shall come near to mar that beautiful form, though it should lie unheeded the whole year round. There can be now no delay, and no pause in the conflict. The black clouds have hidden the face of Achilleus long enough; but now he will not eat before his deadly task is done. He is braced for the final struggle by a sight which he had scarcely hoped to see again. The Achaian chiefs appear to make the submission of Agamemnon, and like Iolê coming to Herakles, or Antigonê to the dying Oidipous, Brisêis is restored to him unscathed as when she was torn away from his tent. In her grief for Patroklos, whom she had left full of life, we have the grief of the dawn for the death of the sun in his gentler aspect. In him there had been no fierceness, and if his gentler temper went along with a lack of strength, like that of Phaethôn in the chariot of Helios, he was none the less deserving of her love. In the arming which follows we have, as plainly as words can paint it, the conflagration of the heavens: and the phrases used by the poet, if regarded as a description of any earthly hero and any earthly army, might be pronounced a series of monstrous hyperboles with far greater justice than the hundred-headed narcissus to which Colonel Mure applies the term when speaking of the myth of Persephonê. The shield flashing like a beacon-fire far away on the deep sea, the helmet crest gleaming like a star, the armour which bears up the hero as on the pinions of a bird, the spear which Cheiron cut on the heights of Pelion, the undying horses gifted with the mind and the speech of man, all belong to no earthly warfare. Of the mighty conflict which follows we have already spoken; but it is scarcely possible to lay too much stress on the singular parallelism between the several stages in this fatal contest, as compared with the battle between Odysseus and the suitors. The hero with the irresistible weapons which no other arm can wield, filled with the strength of Athênê herself, fighting with enemies who almost overpower him just when he seems to be on the point of winning the victory,—the struggle in which the powers of heaven and hell take part, —the utter discomfiture of a host by the might of one invincible warrior,—the time of placid repose which follows the awful turmoil,—the doom which in spite of the present glory still awaits the conqueror, all form a picture, the lines of which are in each case the same, and in which we see reflected the fortunes of Perseus, Oidipous, Bellerophôn, and all the crowd of heroes who have each their Hektor to vanquish and their Ilion to overthrow, whether in the den of Chimaira, the labyrinth of the Minotaur, the cave of Cacus, the frowning rock of the Sphinx, or the stronghold of the Panis. Nor is the meaning of the tale materially altered whether we take the myth that he fell in the western gates by the sword of Paris aided by the might of Phoibos, or the version of Diktys of Crete, that in his love for Polyxena the daughter of Priam he promised to join the Trojans, and going unarmed into the temple of Apollôn at Thymbra, was there slain by the seducer of Helen. As the sun is the child of the night, so, as the evening draws on, he may be said to ally himself with the kindred of the night again; and his doom is equally certain whether the being whom he is said to love represent the dawn or the sister of the night that is coming. With all the ferocity which he shows on the loss of Briseïs, Achilleus none the less resembles Herakles; but the pity which he feels for the amazon Penthesileia, when he discovers her beauty, explains the myths which make him the lover of Diomêdê and Polyxena, and the husband of Medeia, or Iphigeneia, or of Helen herself on the dazzling isle of Leukê. We are dealing with the loves of the sun for the dawn, the twilight, and the violet-tinted clouds.

The Nostoi.

But if the myth of Achilleus is, as Phoinix himself is made to say, only another form of the tale of Meleagros, the story of the sun doomed to go down in the full brightness of his splendour after a career as brief as it is brilliant—if for him the slaughter of Hektor marks the approaching end of his own life, the myth of Helen carries us back to another aspect of the great drama. She is the treasure stolen from the gleaming west, and with her wealth she is again the prize of the Achaians when Paris falls by the poisoned arrows of Philoktêtês. This rescue of the Spartan queen from the seducer whom she utterly despises is the deliverance of Saramâ from the loathsome Panis; but the long hours of the day must pass before her eyes can be gladdened by the sight of her home. Thus the ten hours' cycle is once more repeated in the Nostoi, or return of the heroes, for in the Mediterranean latitudes, where the night and day may be roughly taken as dividing the twenty-four hours into two equal portions, two periods of ten hours each would represent the time not taken up with the phenomena of daybreak and sunrise, sunset and twilight. Thus although the whole night is a hidden struggle with the powers of darkness, the decisive exploits of Achilleus, and indeed the active operations of the war are reserved for the tenth year and furnish the materials for the Iliad, while in the Odyssey the ten years' wanderings are followed by the few hours in which the beggar throws off his rags and takes dire vengeance on his enemies. Hence it is that Odysseus returns, a man of many griefs and much bowed with toil, in the twentieth year from the time when the Achaian fleet set sail from Aulis.

Odysseus and Autolykos.

The interest of the homeward voyage of the treasure-seekers is centered in the fortunes of Odysseus, the brave and wise chieftain whose one yearning it is to see his wife and his child once more before he dies. He has fought the battle of the children of the sun against the dark thieves of night, and now his history must be that of the lord of day as he goes on his journey through the sky in storm and calm, in peace or in strife. This transparence of meaning marks not only the myth of Odysseus; it is seen in all that is related of his kinsfolk. The character of his parents merely reflects his own. His grandfather is Autolykos, the true or the absolute light which kindles the heavens at dawn. But Autolykos, who is endowed with a wisdom which coming from Helios passes into a craft like that of Medeia, is a child of Hermes, the morning breeze, and Telaugê the far-shining. His bride is Neaira, the early dawn, whose daughters feed the cattle of Helios in Thrinakia. His child is Antikleia, a name which suggests a comparison with Antigonê and Antiopê; and Antikleia is the wife of Laertes, a being akin to the Laios of Theban tradition, or of Sisyphos, whose story is that of the sun toiling to the uppermost heights of the heaven with his huge orb, only to see it roll down again to the sea. From these springs Odysseus, whose name, in the belief of the poet,[2] indicated the wrath or hatred of his grandsire Autolykos, but which through the form Olyseus, the Latin Ulyxes or Ulysses, may perhaps rather represent the Sanskrit ulukshaya, the Eurykreion or widely ruling king of the Greeks. With the abode of Autolykos on Parnassos is connected the story of the boar's bite, by whose mark Eurykleia the old nurse recognises Odysseus on his return from Ilion; nor can we doubt that this boar is the beast whose tusk wrought the death of Adonis. It is true indeed that in Autolykos the idea suggested by the penetrating powers of sunlight has produced a character far lower than that of Odysseus: but it must not be forgotten that the latter can lie, or steal, or stab secretly when it suits his purpose to do so. If the splendour of the sun is in one sense an image of absolute openness and sincerity, the rays which peer into dark crannies or into the depths of the sea may as naturally indicate a craft or cunning which must suggest the forms assumed by the myth in the stories of Medeia, Autolykos,

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[1] He is also called the husband of Amphithea, the light which gleams all round the heaven.

[2] *Od.* xix. 410.

and Sisyphos. The process is the same as that which converted the flashing weapon of Chrysâôr into the poisoned arrows of Herakles, Odysseus, and Philoktêtês.

Odysseus and Penelopê.

But Odysseus, the suitor of Helen, is known especially as the husband of Penelopê, who weaves by day the beautiful web of cirri clouds which is undone again during the night; and it is as the weaver that she defeats the schemes of the suitors in that long contest which runs parallel to the great conflict at Ilion. For the departure of the Achaian chieftains at Troy is the departure of the light after sundown; and the powers of darkness as necessarily assail Penelopê as they fight to retain Helen in the city of Priam and Paris. How then could she withstand their importunities except by devising some such condition as that of the finishing of a web which cannot be seen completed except by the light of the sun,—in other words, until Odysseus should have come back? Regarded thus, Penelopê is the faithful bride of the sun, pure and unsullied in her truthfulness as Athênê herself, and cherishing the memory of Odysseus through weary years of sorrow and suffering. As such, the poet of the Odyssey has chosen to exhibit her; but there were legends which spoke of Pan as the offspring of Penelopê and Hermes, or of Penelopê and all the suitors together. Of this myth, which simply exhibits the evening twilight and the darkness as the parents of the breeze which murmurs softly in the night, it is enough to say that we have no right to put it down as necessarily of later growth than the myth which forms the subject of the Odyssey. There is nothing to be urged against, there is much to be urged for, the priority of such myths as Kephalos and Prokris, Dêmêtêr and Persephonê, over by far the larger number of legends noticed or narrated in our Homeric poems; and if one story is to be pronounced of later growth than another, the verdict must be based on other and more conclusive evidence than the mere fact that it happens not to be mentioned in our Iliad or Odyssey. Penelopê indeed is only the dawn or the evening light: and Aphroditê is but another aspect of Athênê. As such, Penelopê is thrown by her parents into the sea at her birth, and she becomes Anadyomenê when the sea-birds, from which she was also said to have her name, raise her up on their cloud-like wings. As such also, when Odysseus has been slain by Telegonos,[1] she becomes the wife of his murderer, either in Aiaia or in Leukê where Helen is also wedded to Achilleus.

The womanly Odysseus.

To the success of the Trojan expedition Odysseus is only less necessary than the great chieftain of Phthia; and hence we have the same story of his unwillingness to engage in it which we find in the story of Achilleus. In this case as in the other it is a work to be done for the profit of others, not his own. It is in short a task undertaken against his will; and it answers strictly to the servitude of Phoibos in the house of Admêtos, or the subjection of Herakles to the bidding of Eurystheus. With the idea of the yoke thus laid upon them is closely connected that notion of weakness to which the Homeric hymn points when it speaks of the nymphs as wrapping Phoibos in the white swaddling-clothes before he became Chrysâôr. This raiment becomes a disguise, and thus the workmen jeer at Theseus for his girlish appearance, and Achilleus is found in woman's garb by those who come to take him to Ilion. The idea of disguise, however, readily suggests that of feigned madness, and as such it comes before us in the story of Odysseus, who is described as sowing salt behind a plough drawn by an ox and an ass. The trick is found out by Palamedes, who, placing the infant Telemachos in his way, makes Odysseus turn the plough aside and avoid him. He is now bound to attempt the rescue of Helen, as he and all her suitors had sworn to do when they sought her hand. At Troy, however, he is but one of many Achaian chieftains, although he is second only to Achilleus; and thus he goes with Menelaos to Ilion to demand the surrender of Helen, before the strife is formally begun. In the long contest which follows he is renowned chiefly for his wisdom and his eloquence. In the council none has greater power; and his cool unimpassioned sobriety stands out in singular contrast with the fierce impetuosity of Achilleus. He can also serve, if need be, as a spy, and in ambush none are more formidable. With him, according to one tradition, originated that device of the wooden horse which simply reproduces the Argo on dry land. As the ship bears the confederated Achaians who contrive to win a welcome from the Kolchian king, so the wooden horse carries all the bravest of the Argives on their errand of death to the Trojans and of rescue to Helen, whose wealth is the Golden Fleece.

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[1] This name, like Telemachos, Têlephos and Têlephassa, denotes the far-reaching spears (rays) of the sun: and as Helios and Phoibos became the lords of life and death, of the light and darkness which depends on the orb of the sun, it follows that all who die are slain by these gods. Hence Odysseus not less than his enemies must be slain by Phoibos or somebody who represents him.

Odysseus the Wanderer.

With the fall of Ilion Odysseus at once appears in another aspect. He is now the man who longs to see his wife, who cannot tarry where he is, and who must go on his way homewards in spite of all that may oppose him or seek to weaken the memory of her beauty and her love. On this thread the poet of the Odyssey has strung together the series of adventures, most of which we have already sufficiently examined in the myths under which each naturally falls. These adventures are interwoven with wonderful skill; but they may each be traced to some simple phrase denoting originally the phenomena of the sun's daily or yearly course through the heaven. Among the most remarkable features of the story are the changes in the companions of Odysseus. He sets out from Ilion with a gallant fleet and a goodly company: he lands in Ithaka from a beautiful bark with a noble crew: but of those who had left Troy with him not one remained—a vivid image of the sun setting among clouds, but the clouds are not the same as those which surrounded him at his birth. These must vanish away and die continually, and a stock of stories to account for each disaster was the inevitable result. The means by which the misfortunes were brought about would also be readily suggested by the daily appearances of the sky. Of all the clouds which are seen in the heavens the delicate vapours which float like islets through the blue seas of air would be the friends of the sun; the black clouds which rudely thrust these aside, or blot them out of sight, would be the enemies who devour his men. The same phenomena would suggest their features and their raiment, the rough shaggy locks and uncouth faces of the beings who represent the dark vapours, the pure white robes and heavenly countenances of the maidens who dwell in the fair Phaiakian land. Thus the enemies and friends of the sun attend him throughout his journey, and the times of peace may at any moment be followed by a time of war. But these gloomy storm-clouds, which move like giants with clubs as high as a ship's mast, all rise from the sea. In other words they are sons of Poseidôn, and thus is explained that enmity of Poseidôn for Odysseus which is partially counteracted by the dawn-goddess Athênê. Hence also many of the beings whom he encounters are only old friends or enemies in a new form or dress. There is really no difference in kind between the Kikones, the Laistrygonians, and the Kyklôpes, between the Lotos-eaters, Kirkê, and the Seirens. It is but a question of the degree of risk and extent of loss in each case. Thus the Kikones gather together, like the leaves of the trees in number, and they gain their victory as the sun goes down in the west. These beings reappear in more formidable shape on the island where the Kyklôpes feed their shaggy flocks, the vapours which lie low and seem to browse upon the hills. Necessarily they can but pasture their herds, for vines or cornfields they can have none. It is hard to say how far the details of the story may not be strictly mythical in their origin. Certain it seems that when Odysseus, having left eleven ships in the goat island, approaches the home of the Kyklôpes with only one, we see the sun drawing near to the huge storm-cloud with but a single Phaiakian bark by his side. As his orb passes behind the mass of vapour the giant becomes the one-eyed or round-faced Kyklops, who devours one by one the comrades of Odysseus, as the beautiful clouds vanish one after the other behind this sombre veil. As the vapours thicken still more, the face of the sun can no longer be seen; in other words, Polyphêmos has been blinded, and his rage is seen in the convulsive movements of the vapours, from beneath which, as from beneath the shaggy-fleeced rams, the white clouds which belong to the Phaiakian regions are seen stealing away, until at last from under the hugest beast of the flock the sun himself emerges, only to draw down on himself another savage attack from the madly rushing storm-cloud. Polyphêmos has been smitten, and as on the discomfiture of Vritra, or the Sphinx, or the Pythian dragon, the mighty waters burst forth, and the ship of Odysseus is well-nigh overwhelmed in the sea.

Odysseus and Aiolos.

The incidents which follow the departure of Odysseus from the island of Aiolos are a picture of a violent gale followed by profound calm. Aiolos himself gives to Odysseus a bag containing all the winds, from which he might let out the Zephyr to waft him on his way. As he sleeps, his comrades bewail the evil fate which sends them home empty-handed while Odysseus has received from the king of the winds vast treasures which would enrich them all. This notion impels them to open the bag, and all the winds of heaven burst forth in wild fury, and carry them back to Aiolia, whence the king drives them away as being under the curse of the gods, and says that henceforth he will not help them more. At once Odysseus is made to relate how his men were now tired out with rowing day and night, because there was not a breath of air to speed them on their voyage.

The Laistrygonians.

In the city of the Laistrygonians, Lamos, a name connected with the Greek Lamuroi and the Latin Lemures, we see simply the awful caves in which the Vritra hides away the stolen cattle of Indra. It is hard by the confines of Day and Night, and round it rise the rocks sheer and smooth from the sea, while two promontories leave a narrow entrance for ships. Within it there is neither wave nor wind, but an awful stillness broken only by the dull sound when

Shepherd calls to shepherd, entering through
The portals, and the other makes answer due,[1]

like thunder-clouds greeting each other with their mysterious voices. No cheering sight, however, meets the eye; and when the men of Odysseus are led by the daughter of Antiphates the chief into his palace, they gaze with horror at his wife, who stands before them huge as a rock. By

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[1] Worsley, *Odyssey*, x. 234.

Antiphates himself they are necessarily treated like their comrades in the Kyklôps' island, and Odysseus escapes after losing many of his men only by cutting the mooring-ropes of his ship and hastening out to sea.

The Lotos-eaters, and Kirkê.

In the land of the Lotos-eaters Odysseus encounters dangers of another kind. The myth carries us to the many emblems of the reproductive powers of nature, of which the Lotos is one of the most prominent. It here becomes the forbidden fruit, and the eating of it so poisons the blood as to take away all memory and care for home and kinsfolk, for law, right, and duty. The sensual inducements held out by the Lotophagoi are, in short, those by which Venus tempts Tanhaüser into her home in the Horselberg; and the degradation of the bard answers to the dreamy indolence of the groups who make life one long holiday in the Lotos land. The Venus of the medieval story is but another form of Kirkê, the queen of Aiaia; but the sloth and sensuality of the Lotos-eaters here turns its victims into actual swine, while the spell is a tangible poison poured by Kirkê into their cups. The rod which she uses as the instrument of transformation gives a further significance to the story. From these swinish pleasures they are awakened only through the interference of Odysseus, who has received from Hermes an antidote which deprives the charms of Kirkê of all power to hurt him. The Herakles of Prodikos is after all the Herakles whom we see in the myths of Echidna or of the daughters of Thestios, and thus Odysseus dallies with Kirkê as he listens also to the song of the Seirens. True, he has not forgotten his home or his wife, but he is ready to avail himself of all enjoyments which will not hinder him from reaching home at last. So he tarries with Kirkê and with the fairer Kalypso, whose beautiful abode is the palace of Tara Bai in the Hindu legend, while she herself is Ursula, the moon, wandering, like Asterodia, among the myriad stars,—the lovely being who throws a veil over the Sun while he sojourns in her peaceful home.

From the abode of Kirkê Odysseus betakes himself to the regions of Hades, where from Teiresias he learns that he may yet escape from the anger of Poseidôn, if he and his comrades will but abstain from hurting the cattle of Helios in the island of Thrinakia—or in other words, as we have seen, if they will not waste time by the way. Coming back to Kirkê he is further warned against other foes in the air and the waters in the Seirens and Skylla and Charybdis. Worse than all, however, is the fate which awaits him in Thrinakia. The storm which is sent after the death of the oxen of Helios destroys all his ships and all his comrades, and Odysseus alone reaches the island of Kalypso, who, like Eôs, promises him immortality if he will but tarry with her for ever. But it may not be. The yearning for his home and his wife may be repressed for a time, but it cannot be extinguished; and Athênê has exacted from Zeus an oath that Odysseus shall assuredly be avenged of all who have wronged him. So at the bidding of Hermes Kalypso helps Odysseus to build a raft, which bears him towards Scheria, until Poseidôn again hurls him from it. But Ino Leukothea is at hand to save him, and he is at last thrown up almost dead on the shore of the Phaiakian land, where Athênê brings Nausikaâ to his rescue. He is now in the true cloudland of his friends, where everything is beautiful and radiant; and in one of the magic ships of Alkinoös he is wafted to Ithaka, and landed on his native soil, buried in a profound slumber. Here the wanderer of twenty years, who finds himself an outcast from his own home, where the suitors have been wasting his substance with riotous living, prepares for his last great work of vengeance, and for a battle which answers to the fatal conflict between Achilleus and Hektor. He is himself but just returned from the search and the recovery of a stolen treasure; but before he can rest in peace, there remains yet another woman whom he must rescue, and another treasure on which he must lay his hands. Of the incidents of this struggle it is unnecessary here to say more than that they exhibit the victory of the poor despised outcast, whether it be Boots, or Cinderella, or Jack the Giant Killer, over those who pride themselves on their grandeur and their strength. He stands a beggar in his own hall. Athênê herself has taken all beauty from his face, all colour from his golden hair; but there remains yet the bow which he alone can bend, the gleaming slipper which Cinderella alone can put on. The whole picture is wonderfully true to the phenomena of the earth and the heavens, but as a portrait of human character, it is not more happy than that of Achilleus. There is the same complete disproportion between the offence committed and the vengeance taken, the same frightful delight in blood and torture—the mutilation of Melanthios and the deliberate slaughter of the handmaidens answering to the insults offered by Achilleus to the body of Hektor, and the cold-blooded murder of the twelve Trojan youths on the funeral pyre of Patroklos. How completely the incidents of the decisive conflict answer to those of the battle of Achilleus, we have seen already. All that we need now say is that Odysseus is united with his wife, to whom Athênê imparts all the radiant beauty of youth in which she shone when Odysseus had left her twenty years ago. The splendid scene with which the narrative ends answers to the benignant aspect in which Achilleus appears when Hektor is dead and his great toil against Ilion is over.

Section III.—THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

The expulsion of the Herakleids.

We have thus far traced the second return of the treasure-seekers. In each case the work to which they had devoted themselves is accomplished. The golden fleece and Helen are each brought back to the land from which they had been taken; and though Odysseus may have suffered many and grievous disasters on the way, still even with him the destruction of the suitors is followed by a season of serene repose. But the poet who here leaves him with the bride of his youth restored to all her ancient beauty, tells us nevertheless that the chieftain and his wife must again be parted; and myths might be framed from this point of view as readily as from the other. It was as natural to speak of the sun as conquered in the evening by the powers of darkness as it was to speak of him as victorious over these same foes in the morning—as natural to describe the approach of night under the guise of an expulsion of the children of Helios or Herakles, as to represent the reappearance of the sunset hues in the west by a myth relating their triumphant return. Such myths are in fact the germs of those recurring expulsions, and those attempted or successful restorations which form what is commonly called the history of the Herakleidai. The extent to which an element of actual history may be traced in these mythical narratives is a question on which something has been said already, and probably it will not be disputed that even if many of the names may be those of real local chieftains (and some of the incidents may possibly be traditions of real local events), yet the narratives in their main features closely resemble the other epical myths with which they are connected. These stories were altered at will by later poets and mythographers in accordance with local or tribal prejudices or fancies, and forced into arrangements which were regarded as chronological. Thus, some speak of the Trojan war as taking place in the interval between the death of Hyllos and the return of his son Kleodaios; but the historical character of all these events has been swept away, and we are left free to reduce the narratives to the simple elements of which they are composed. Thus the story ran that when Herakles died, his tyrant and tormentor Eurystheus insisted on the surrender of his sons, and that Hyllos, the son of Dêianeira, with his brothers, hastily fled, and after wandering to many other places at last found a refuge in Athens. This was only saying in other words that on the death of the sun the golden hues of evening were soon banished from the western sky, but that after many weary hours they are seen again in the country of the Dawn, as indeed they could be seen nowhere else. Athens is the only possible refuge for the children of Herakles; but their enemies will not allow them to slip from their hands without a struggle. The Gorgon sisters almost seize Perseus as he hurries away after the slaughter of Medousa; and thus Eurystheus marches with his hosts against Athens. But the dawn must discomfit the dark beings. The Athenians are led on by Theseus, the great solar hero of the land, by Iolaos, the son of Iphikles, the twin brother of Herakles, and by the banished Hyllos. Eurystheus is slain, and Hyllos carries his head to Alkmênê.

The return of the Herakleids.

If we choose now to follow the ordinary arrangement of these stories, we shall see in them a series which might be indefinitely extended, but of whose mythical origin we can scarcely feel a doubt. If after the defeat of Eurystheus the Herakleids return to the Peloponnesos, we find that they cannot maintain their footing there for more than a year, and that then by an irresistible necessity they find their way back to Athens; and these alternations, which represent simply the succession of day and night, might and would have been repeated any number of times, if the myths had not at length become mixed up with traditions of the local settlement of the country—in other words, if certain names found in the myths had not become associated with particular spots or districts in the Peloponnesos. To follow all the versions and variations of these legends is a task perhaps not much more profitable than threading the mazes of a labyrinth; but we may trace in some, probably in most of them, the working of the same ideas. Thus the version which after the death of Eurystheus takes Hyllos to Thebes makes him dwell by the Elektrian or amber-gates. The next stage in the history is another return of the children of Herakles, which ends in the slaughter of Hyllos in single combat with Echemos—a name connected perhaps with that of Echidna, Ahi, the throttling snake. The night is once more victorious, and the Herakleidai are bound by a compact to forego all attempts at return for fifty or a hundred years, periods which are mere multiples of the ten years of the Trojan war, and of the Nostoi or homeward wanderings of the Achaian chiefs. Once more the children of the dawn goddess give them shelter in Trikorythos, a region answering to the Hypereia or upper land, in which the Phaiakians dwelt before they were driven from it by the Kyklôpes. The subsequent fortunes of Kleodaios and Aristomachos the son and grandson of Herakles simply repeat those of Hyllos; but at length in the next generation the myth pauses, as in the case of Odysseus and Achilleus in the Iliad and the Odyssey, at the moment of victory, and the repetition of the old drama is prevented by the gradual awakening of the historical sense in the Hellenic tribes. For this last return the preparations are on a scale which may remind us in some degree of the brilliant gathering of the Achaian chieftains with their hosts in Aulis. A fleet is built at the entrance of the Corinthian gulf, at a spot which hence bore the name of Naupaktos, and the three sons of Aristomachos, Aristodemos, Temenos and Kresphontes, make ready for the last great enterprise. But Aristodemos is smitten by lightning before he can pass over into the heritage of his fathers, and his place is taken by his twin sons Eurysthenes and Prokles, in whose fortunes we see that rivalry and animosity which, appearing in its germ in the myth of the Dioskouroi, is brought to a head in the story of Eteokles and Polyneikes, the sons of Oidipous. The sequel exhibits yet other points of resemblance to the story of the Trojan war. The soothsayer Chrysês reappears as the prophet Karnos, whose death by the hand of Hippotês answers to the insults offered to Chrysês by Agamemnon. In either case the wrath of Apollôn is roused, and a plague is the consequence. The people die of famine, nor is the hand of the god lifted from off them, until, as for Chrysês, a full atonement and recompense is made. Hippotês is banished, and the chiefs are then told to take as their guide the three-eyed man, who is found in the Aitolian Oxylos who rides on a one-eyed horse. But as the local myth exhibited Tisamenos the son of Orestes as at this time the ruler of Peloponnesos, that prince must be brought forward as the antagonist of the returning Herakleids; and a great battle follows in which he is slain, while, according to one version, Pamphylos and Dymas, the sons of the Dorian Aigimios, fall on the side of the invaders. With the partition of the Peloponnesos among the conquerors the myth comes to an end. Argos falls to the lot of Temenos, while Sparta becomes the portion of the sons of Aristodemos, and Messênê that of Kresphontes. A sacrifice is offered by way of thanksgiving by these chiefs on their respective altars; and as they drew near to complete the rite, on the altar of Sparta was seen a serpent, on that of Argos a toad, on that of Messênê a fox. The soothsayers were, of course, ready with their interpretations. The slow and sluggish toad denoted the dull and unenterprising disposition of the future Argive people; the serpent betokened the terrible energy of the Spartans; the fox, the wiliness and cunning of the Messenians. As indications of national character, more appropriate emblems might perhaps have been found; but it may be noted that the toad or frog reappears in the Hindu legend of Bhekî, the frog-sun, and in the German story of the frog-prince; that the serpent in this legend belongs to the class of dragons which appear in the myths of Helios, Medeia and Iamos; and that the Messenian fox is an animal closely akin to the wolf which we meet in the myths of the Lykian Apollôn and the Arkadian Lykâôn.[1]

SECTION IV.—THE THEBAN WARS.

Adrastos and Amphiaraos.

In spite of all differences of detail between the legends of the Trojan and the Theban wars, the points of resemblance are at the least as worthy of remark. In each case there are two wars and two sieges; and if the Argive chiefs under Adrastos are not so successful as Herakles with his six ships at Ilion, still the Trojan power was no more destroyed by the latter than that of Eteokles was crushed by Polyneikes and his allies. In either case also there is a hero whose presence is indispensable to the success of the enterprise. In the Theban story this hero is Amphiaraos, the Achilleus of the Trojan legend in this its most important feature: and as Troy cannot fall unless Achilleus fights against it, so the Argives cannot hope to take Thebes unless Amphiaraos goes with them. But as neither Achilleus nor Odysseus wished to fight in a quarrel which was not their own, so Amphiaraos shrinks from any concern in a contest in which the prophetic mind inherited by him from his ancestor Melampous tells him that all the chiefs engaged in it must die with the one exception of Adrastos. But he had promised the Argive king that in any differences which might arise between them he would abide by the decision of his wife Eriphylê, and Eriphylê had been bribed by Polyneikes with the gift of the necklace and peplos of Harmonia to decide in favour of the expedition. Thus Amphiaraos departs for Thebes with a presentiment of his own coming doom as strong as the consciousness of Achilleus that his career must be brief; but before he sets out, he charges his sons Amphilochos and Alkmaion to slay their mother, so soon as they hear of his death, and to march against the hated city of Thebes; and thus the starting point was furnished not only for the Theban war, but for a new series of woes to be wrought by the Erinyes of Eriphylê.

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[1] The three sons, Aristodemos, Temenos and Kresphontes, who in this stage of the myth represent the line of Herakles, are seen again in the three sons of the German Mann, the Mannus of Tacitus: but the names in the Teutonic story are more significant. The names of the three great tribes, Ingævones, Iscævones, Herminones, point to Yng, Askr, and Irmin. To Yng, probably, we may trace the English name: in Askr we see the ash-born man, the race of which the Greek spoke as sprung ἐκ μελιᾶν: Irmin is the old Saxon god, whose name is familiar to us under its later form Herman, the Arminius of Tacitus. Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 458.

The son of Oidipous.

The germs of the rivalry, which in the case of the sons of Oidipous grew into a deadly hatred, are seen in the points of contrast afforded by almost all the correlative deities of Greek and Vedic mythology, and the twin heroes whether of the east or the west.[1] Thus there is a close parallel between the Dioskouroi and the sons of Oidipous. The former may not be seen together; the latter agree to reign over Thebes in turn; and it was a ready device to account for the subsequent feud by saying that the brother whose time was over refused to abide by his compact. Hence Polyneikes became an exile; but it is not easy to determine precisely to what degree a purely moral element has forced its way into this series of legends from the horror which a union like that of Iokastê and Oidipous, when regarded as a fact in the lives of two human beings, could not fail to inspire. Here also the Erinys might exercise her fatal office, for the blood of Iokastê must cry for vengeance as loudly as that of Iphigeneia or Amphiaraos; and the same feeling which suggested the curse of Amphiaraos on Eriphylê would also suggest the curse of Oidipous on his children. In the older poems on the subject this curse was pronounced for offences not very grave, if regarded merely from an ethical point of view. His sons had been accustomed to bring him the shoulders of victims offered in sacrifice, and they once brought him a thigh. At another time they put before him the table and the wine-cup of Kadmos, although he had charged them never to do so. But the former of these two acts implied a slight like that which Prometheus put upon Zeus when giving him the choice of the portion for the gods; and the latter made him think of the golden days when he sat down with Iokastê to banquets as brilliant as those of the long-lived Aithiopians and drank purple wine from the inexhaustible horn of Amaltheia. But to Sophoklês, who looked at the matter simply as a moralist, these causes were so inadequate that he at once charged the sons with cruel treatment of their father, whom they drove away from his home to fight with poverty as well as blindness.

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[1] They are, in short, the rival brothers not only of the royal houses of Sparta, but in a vast number of stories in Aryan folk-lore, and are represented by Ferdinand the Faithful and Ferdinand the Unfaithful in Grimm's collection, by True and Untrue, by Big Peter and Little Peter in Dasent's *Norse Tales*. In the story of the Widow's Son (Dasent) we have a closer adherence to the type of the Dioskouroi in the two princes, one of whom is turned into a horse.

Tydeus

Polyneikes, when in his turn an exile, betook himself to Argos where he fell in with Tydeus,[1] with whom he quarrels. But it had been shown long ago to Adrastos that he should wed his two daughters to a lion and a boar; and when he found these two men fighting, with shields which had severally the sign of the boar and the lion, he came to the conclusion that these were the destined husbands of Argeia and Deipylê. Hence also he readily agreed to avenge the alleged wrongs of Polyneikes, and the league was soon formed, which in the later Attic legend carried the Seven Argive Chiefs to the walls of Thebes, but which for the poets of the Thebais involved as large a gathering as that of the chieftains who assembled to hunt the Kalydonian boar or to recover the Golden Fleece. How far these poets may have succeeded in imparting to their subject the charm of our Iliad or Odyssey, the scanty fragments of the poem which alone we possess make it impossible to say; but there was more than one incident in the struggle which might be so treated as fairly to win for the poem a title to the high praise bestowed upon it by Pausanias.[1] Thus the story told by Diomêdês of his father Tydeus when sent to Thebes to demand the restoration of Polyneikes reproduces in part the story of Bellerophôn.[2] Victorious in the strife of boxing or wrestling to which he had challenged the Kadmeians, he is assailed on his way back to the Argive host by an ambuscade of fifty Thebans, all of whom he slays except Maion, who is saved by the special intervention of the gods. So too the prophecy of Teiresias that the Thebans should be conquerors in the war if Arês received the youthful Menoikeus as a victim, must be compared with those utterances of Kalchas which sealed the doom of Iphigeneia and Polyxena; and finally when the Argives are routed and Periklymenos is about to slay Amphiaraos, we see in his rescue by the earth which receives him with his chariot and horses another form of the plunge of Endymiôn into the sea or of the leap of Kephalos from the Leukadian cape. It is the vanishing from mortal sight of the sun which can never die, and so the story went that Zeus thus took away Amphiaraos that he might make him immortal.

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[1] This name, like that of Tyndareôs, means apparently the hammerer. The two forms may be compared with the Latin tundo, tutudi, to beat. The idea conveyed by the word is thus precisely that of Thor Miölnir, of the Molionids and the Aloadai.

The war the Epigonoi.

This first assault of the Argives against Thebes answers to the ineffectual attempts of the Herakleidai to recover their paternal inheritance. It was therefore followed by a second attack in the struggle known as the war of the Epigonoi, or the children of the discomfited chiefs of the former expedition. But it must be noted that as the Herakleids find a refuge in Athens after the slaughter of Hyllos by Echemos, so Adrastos, who alone had been saved from the carnage by the speed of his horse Areion, betakes himself to the Attic Eleusis, whence Theseus marches against the Thebans to insist on the surrender and the burial of the dead,—an incident in which the historical Athenians took pride as an actual event in their annals. The doom of Thebes was now come, and the Epigonoi approach like the Herakleidai when their period of inforced idleness is at an end. The Thebans are utterly routed by the Argives under Alkmaion, the son of Amphiaraos; and Teiresias declares that there is no longer any hope, as the gods have abandoned them. The city is therefore surrendered, and Thersandros, the son of Polyneikes, is seated on the throne of Kadmos.

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[1] ix. 9, 3. Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 364.

[2] *Il.* iv. 384, *et seq.*

Antigonê and Haimon.

Of the remaining incidents connected with these two great struggles the most remarkable is the doom of Antigonê, who is condemned by Kreôn to be buried alive because she had performed the funeral rites over the body of Polyneikes, which had been cast forth to the birds and dogs. Of the sentiments which Sophokles puts into her mouth as explaining her motives and justifying her actions all that we need to say here is that they belong seemingly rather to the Eastern than the Western world, and may be a genuine portion of the Persian myth which Herodotos has clothed in a Greek garb in the story of the Seven Conspirators. But the dismal cave in which she is left to die seems but the horrid den into which the Paṇis sought to entice Saramà, and in which they shut up the beautiful cattle of the dawn. It is the cave of night into which the evening must sink and where she must die before the day can again dawn in the east. Nor can we well fail to notice the many instances in which those who mourn for mythical heroes taken away put an end to their own lives by hanging. It is thus that Haimon ends his misery when he finds himself too late to save Antigonê; it is thus that Iokastê hides her shame from the sight of the world; it is thus that Althaia and Kleopatra hasten away from life which without Meleagros is not worth the living for. The death of these beings is the victory of Echidna and Ahi, the throttling or strangling snake; and the tradition unconsciously preserved may have determined the mode in which these luckless beings must die.

Alkmaiôn and Eriphylê.

Nor may we forget that after the death of Amphiaraos the fortunes of his house run parallel with those of the house of Agamemnon after his return from Ilion. In obedience to his father's command Alkmaion slays his mother Eriphylê, and the awful Erinys, the avenger of blood, pursues him with the unrelenting pertinacity of the gadfly sent by Hêrê to torment the heifer Iô. Go where he will, she is there to torture him by day and scare him by night; and not until he has surrendered to Phoibos the precious necklace of Harmonia or Kadmos, and found out a spot to dwell in on which the sun had never looked at the time when Eriphylê met her doom, can Alkmaion have any rest. Such a refuge was furnished by the Oiniadai, islands which had grown up at the mouth of the river Achelôos from the deposits brought down by the stream to the sea. Here he marries Kallirhoe the daughter of the river god, who causes his death at the hands of the sons of Phegeus by insisting on his fetching her the necklace of Euriphylê. But Kallirhoe is, like Leda and Lêtô, the mother of twin sons, and she prays that they may at once grow into mature manhood and become the avengers of their father, as Hyllos is avenged by the Herakleids of a later generation.

Orestes and Klytaimnêstra.

This is substantially the story of Orestes, who slays Klytaimnestra for murdering her husband Agamemnon as Euriphylê had brought about the death of Amphiaraos, and who is therefore chased, like Alkmaion, from land to land by the Erinyes of his mother, until at last he comes to Athens, the dawn city, and is there by the casting vote of Athênê herself acquitted in the court of Areiopagos. Of this myth there were, as we might expect, many variations: and among these we may notice the story which speaks of him and his friend Pylades as slaying Helen when Menelaos refused to rescue them from the angry Argives, and lastly, the legend that Orestes himself, like Eurydikê, died from the bite of a snake, doubtless the Ahi or throttling serpent of Vedic mythology.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRE.

SECTION I.—AGNI.

Light and heat.

WHEN the old Vedic faith had been long overlaid by an elaborate sacerdotal ceremonialism, Agni still remained, as it had been from the first, a name for light or heat as pervading all things or as concentrated in the flame of fire. In the Satapatha-Brâhmana, Svetaketu tells king Janaka that he sacrifices to two heats in one another which are ever shining and filling the world with their splendour. When the king asks how this may be, the answer is 'Âditya (the sun) is heat: to him do I sacrifice in the evening in the fire (Agni). Agni is heat: to him do I sacrifice in the morning in the sun (Âditya). When to Somasushma, who says that he sacrifices to light in light, the king puts the same question, the Brahman replies, 'Âditya is light; to him do I sacrifice in the evening in Agni. Agni is light; to him do I sacrifice in the morning in Aditya.'[1]

The majesty of Agni.

Thus Agni, like Indra, is sometimes addressed as the one great god who makes all things, sometimes as the light which fills the heavens, sometimes as the blazing lightning, or as the clear flame of earthly fire. The poets pass from one application of the word to another with perfect ease, as conscious that in each case they are using a mere name which may denote similar qualities in many objects. There is no rivalry or antagonism between these deities.[2] Agni is greatest, Varuṇa is greatest, and Indra is greatest; but when the one is so described, the others are for the time unnoticed, or else are placed in a subordinate position. Thus Agni is said to comprehend all other gods within himself, as the circumference of a wheel embraces its spokes;[1] and not unfrequently Indra is said to be Agni, and Agni is said to be Indra, while both alike are Skambha, the supporter of the universe.

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[1] Max Müller, *Sanskrit Lit.* 421.

[2] Professor Max Müller, making this remark, adds, 'This is a most important feature in the religion of the Veda, and has never been taken into consideration by those who have written on the history of ancient polytheism.'—*Sanskr. Lit.* 546.

Physical attributes of Agni.

Hence the character of the god, as we might expect, is almost wholly physical. The blessings which his worshippers pray for are commonly temporal, and very rarely is he asked, like Varuṇa, to forgive sin. In the earlier hymns, he is generally addressed as the fire which to mortal men is an indispensable boon: in the more developed ceremonialism of later times he is chiefly concerned with the ordering of the sacrifice. As bearing up the offerings on the flames which mount to the sky, he stands in the place of Hermes as the messenger between gods and men. Like Phoibos and Indra, he is full of a secret wisdom. He is the tongue (of fire) through which gods and men receive each their share of the victims offered on the altar. Nay, so clearly is his mythical character still understood, that, although he is sometimes the originator of all things, at others he is said to have been kindled by Manu (man), and the expression at once carries us to the legends of Prometheus, Hermes, and Phorôneus, who is himself the Vedic god of fire Bhuranyu. The very sticks which Manu rubbed together are called the parents of Agni, who is said to have destroyed them, as Oidipous and Perseus, Cyrus and Romulus are said to have destroyed their fathers. The hymns describe simply the phenomena of fire.

'O Agni, thou from whom, as a new-born male, undying flames proceed, the brilliant smoke-god goes towards the sky, for as messenger thou art sent to the gods.

'Thou, whose power spreads over the earth in a moment when thou hast grasped food with thy jaws—like a dashing army thy blast goes forth; with thy lambent flame thou seemest to tear up the grass.

'Him alone, the ever youthful Agni, men groom, like a horse in the evening and at dawn; they bed him as a stranger in his couch; the light of Agni, the worshipped male, is lighted.

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[1] Muir, *Principal Deities of R. V.* 570.

'Thy appearance is fair to behold, thou bright-faced Agni, when like gold thou shinest at hand; thy brightness comes like the lightning of heaven; thou showest splendour like the bright sun.'[1]

'Adorable and excellent Agni, emit the moving and graceful smoke.

'The flames of Agni are luminous, powerful, fearful, and not to be trusted:'[2]
phrases which bring before us at once the capriciousness and sullenness of Meleagros and Achilleus. Like Indra, Agni is also Vritrahan.

'I extol the greatness of that showerer of rain whom men celebrate as the slayer of Vritra: the Agni, Vaiśwánara, slew the stealer of the waters.'[3]

Like Indra, again, and the later Krishna, he is 'the lover of the maidens, the husband of the wives.'[4] He is 'black-backed' and 'many-limbed;' 'his hair is flame,' and 'he it is whom the two sticks have engendered, like a new-born babe.'

'Thou art laid hold of with difficulty,' the poet truly says, 'like the young of tortuously twining snakes, thou who art a consumer of many forests as a beast is of fodder.'[5]

The infant Agni.

As the infant Hermes soon reaches his full strength, so the flames of Agni, who, puny at his birth, is kept alive by clarified butter, roar after a little while like the waves of the sea. But Agni consumes that which Hermes is constrained to leave untasted, and scathes the forest with his tongue, shearing off the hair of the earth as with a razor.

Agni the Psychopompos.

As the special guardian and regulator of sacrifices, Agni assumes the character of the Hellenic Hestia, and almost attains the majesty of the Latin Vesta. He is the lord and protector of every house, and the father, mother, brother, and son of every one of the worshippers.[6] He is the keeper of hidden treasures, and all blessings proceed from him as the giver. He is Vasu, the lord of light.[1] During life he shields men from harm, and at death he becomes the Psychopompos, as conveying the 'unborn part' of the dead to the unseen world.

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[1] *R. V.* vii. 3; Max Müller, *Sanskr. Lit.* 567.

[2] H. H. Wilson, *Rig Veda S.* vol. i. pp. 102–104.

[3] H. H. Wilson, *Rig Veda S.* ii. 158.

[4] *Ib.* ii. 180.

[5] *Ib.* iii. 253.

[6] Muir, *Princip. D. of R. V.* 569.

The tongues of Agni.

But in every phase of his character the appellative force of his name remains discernible; nor are there wanting plain assertions that Agni is but one of many titles for the One Great Cause of all things.

'They call (him) Indra, Mitra, Varuṇa, Agni; then he is the well-winged heavenly Garutmat: that which is One, the wise call it many ways: they call it Agni, Yama, Mâtariśvan.'[2] In India, however, as in the western world, there was a constant tendency to convert names into persons, and then to frame for them a mythical history in accordance with their meaning. Thus two of the ever-flickering tongues of the black-pathed Agni were called Kali, the black, and Karali, the terrific; and these became names of Durga, the wife of Siva, who was developed out of Agni; and a bloody sacrificial worship was the result.[3]

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[1] Of the existence of the root *vas*, to shine, there can be, of course, no doubt. It is sufficiently shown by its derivatives φάος, φαίνω, φημί, φήμη, for, fatum, &c. Hence Professor Max Müller naturally refers to this root the Sanskrit vasar, Lat. ver (for vesr), the Greek εἶσρ, ἔαρ, ἦρ, the spring-time, and other words denoting the *year*, which seem to be akin to it. It is thus the shining gleaming time when nature displays herself in her beauty: but in Mr. Peile's judgment the meaning is nevertheless very uncertain. 'There are three distinct roots,' he remarks, 'of the same form VAS. . . but none gives a satisfactory meaning; the best perhaps is that which means to clothe, so that spring should be the reclothing of nature; but this may be thought fanciful.'—*Introd. to Gr. and Lat. Etymology*, 89. Meanwhile we have the facts that other names for one season of the year have been used to denote the year itself. 'Man erinnere sich nur an sarad, herbst, Pers. sâl, jahr: varshâh, regenzeit, oder prâvrish im Veda, dann varsha, jahr; hima, winter, im bîmus, zwei wintrig, i.e. zweijährig.' Thus also, Professor Müller adds, we have the modified form vat in Skr. samvat, as well as in vatsa, vatsara, and samvatsara, and in the Greek, ἔτος, ϝέτος, the year; thus too the Sanskrit parat for para-vat, in the previous year, explains the Greek πέρυσ-ι for πέρ-υτ-ι. This form *vat* or *ut* he traces back to a time preceding the dispersion of the Aryan tribes; the term ἐνιαυτὸς answering to sa*m*vat, may, he thinks, be later. In all this the idea certainly seems to be that of brilliance, and so of freshness, passing into that of youth: and thus, Professor Müller adds, we have the Greek ϝιταλός, the Latin vitulus, meaning literally a yearling, as bimus and trimus would denote creatures two or three years old. Hence vitulus would answer precisely to χίμαιρα as a winterling, i.e. one winter old. Lastly, he remarks, 'der Sa*m*vatsara, das Jahr oder die Jahres-sonne, aus dem Schoosse der Wasser geboren wird,' a myth which only repeats the story of the birth of Aphrodîtê and every other dawn-goddess.

[2] *R. V.* i. 164, 46; Max Müller, *Sanskr. Lit.* 567.

[3] Muir, *Skr. Texts*, part iv. p. 365, 425.

Agni and Hephaistos.

Like Ushas and Eôs, Agni never grows old. He is emphatically the youngest of all the gods, not as being the latest born, but as never losing his strength and might; and in this name Yavishtha, which is never given to any other Vedic god, we may recognise the Hellenic Hephaistos.[1] But the name Agni is nowhere found in the west as the name of any deity. In the Greek dialects the word itself seems to have been lost, while the Latin ignis, with which it is identical, is merely a name for fire; nor are any myths associated with the Lithuanian Agni.

SECTION II.—PHORÔNEUS AND HESTIA.

The Wind and the Fire.

The myth of Hermes brings before us one of the many modes in which men were supposed to have become first possessed of the boon of fire. But although Hermes is there said to have been the first to bestow this gift upon mankind, it is simply as supplying or kindling the materials, not as being himself the fire. The hymn-writer is careful to distinguish between the two. He is the fire-giver because he rubs the branches of the forest trees together till they burst into a flame: but the wood thus kindled and the meat which is roasted are devoured not by himself but by the flames. Hermes remains hungry, although he is represented as longing for the food whose savour fills his nostrils. Nothing can show more clearly that we are dealing simply with the wind or with air in motion, in other words, with the bellows not with the fire. Hence with a keen sense of the meaning of the myth, Shelley, in his translation of the line, speaks of Hermes as supplying to men 'matches, tinderbox and steel' for the kindling of the flame.

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[1] Professor Max Müller thinks that this identification must be regarded as scarcely open to doubt. The name Hephaistos, he says, became the subject of myths in the West, precisely because it is not in strict analogy with the Sanskrit yavishtha, the superlative of yuvah, Lat. juvenis, young. The kindred form yavan, found also in Zend, yields yâvyâ, the name of the Greek Hêbê. The only difficulty is presented by the change of the Sanskrit v into the Greek β; but this change is seen in the Greek σφὸς for the Sanskrit svas. To the objection that the Sanskrit yavishtha ought to be represented by the Greek Hephistos, he replies that the Zend form stâvaesta represents the Sanskrit sthavistha, and thus from the analogous yâvaesta we should reach Hephaistos. Thus, with the exception of Agni, all the names of the fire and the fire-god were carried away by the Western Aryans: and we have Prometheus answering to Pramantha, Phorôneus to Bhuranyu, and the Latin Vulcanus to the Skr. ulkah, a firebrand, a word used in connection with the flames or sparks of Agni.

The Argive Phorôneus.

Another discoverer or bestower of fire is the Argive Phorôneus, who represents the Vedic fire-god Bhuranyu, and whose name is thus seen to be another form of the Greek Pûr, the Teutonic feuer and fire. Phorôneus is thus the fire itself, and as such he dwelt on the Astu Phorônikon of Argos,—in other words he is the Argive Hestia with its holy flame of everlasting fire.[1] In this aspect he was naturally represented as the first of men and the father of all who are subject to death; and as such, he is also described, in accordance with the myth of the Askingas, as springing from an ash-tree.[2] To Phorôneus himself more than one wife is assigned. In one version he is the husband of Kerdo, the clever or winsome, a name pointing to the influence of fire on the comfort and the arts of life; in another of Telodikê, a word which indicates the judicial powers of the Greek Hestia and the Latin Vesta. For the same reason, he is also wedded to Peitho, persuasion. Among his children are Pelasgos, Iasos and Agenor, of whom a later tradition said that after their father's death they divided the kingdom of Argos among themselves. He is thus described as the father of the Pelasgic race, in contrast with Deukalion, who is the progenitor of the Hellenic tribes. But it is unnecessary to enter the ethnological labyrinth from which it seems as impossible to gather fruit as from the barren sea. It is enough to say that Agenor, in this Argive myth, is a brother of Eurôpê, while in that of the Phoinikian land he is her father, and that Argos and Phoinikia are alike the glistening regions of the purple dawn. The phrase that Eurôpê, the broad-spreading morning light, is the daughter of Phorôneus, corresponds precisely with the myth which makes Hephaistos cleave the head of Zeus to allow the dawn to leap forth in its full splendour. But from fire comes smoke and vapour, and Phorôneus is thus the father of Niobê, the rain-cloud, who weeps herself to death on Mount Sipylos.

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 37.

[2] *Ib.* Melia, of course, becomes a nymph, and is said to be wedded to Inachos, who thus becomes the father of Phorôneus.

Hestia.

As gathering to one centre the Argives, who had thus far dwelt scattered without a notion of social order and law, Phorôneus discharges the functions of Hestia. Nay, his Astu is Hestia, the inviolable fire on the sacred hearth which may not be moved but stands fast for ever.[1] But no great accretion of myths was possible in the case either of Phorôneus or of Hestia. The legend, such as it is, belongs to that class of transparent stories among which the myths of Endymiôn, Narkissos, Daphnê, Sarpêdôn, and Memnôn are among the most conspicuous; and the beneficial influence of her cultus is perhaps most strongly marked by the almost complete absence of folk-lore in connexion with her name. She is so clearly the fire on the hearth, the symbol and the pledge of kindliness and good faith, of law and order, of wealth and fair dealing, that it was impossible to lose sight of her attributes or to forget their origin; and except under these conditions there can be no full developement of mythology. Of no other deity perhaps was the worship so nearly an unmixed blessing. Falsehood and treachery, fickleness and insincerity, were to her things utterly hateful. Her purity could brook no uncleanness; her youth could know no decay, and thus her sacred dwelling became the centre of influences which breathed some life into a society prone to become more and more heartless and selfish. From the horrible devil-worship of Artemis Orthia, or Tauropola, we may turn to the redeeming cultus of Hestia and Asklêpios,—the shrines of the one being the stronghold of generosity and sympathy, the temples of the other being devoted to those works of mercy, which we are disposed to regard as the exclusive products of Christianity.[2]

The sacred fire.

Hestia in the common legend is the eldest daughter of

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[1] The names Astu and Hestia are both referred by Preller to the Sanskrit vas, to dwell, the cognate Greek forms being ἕζω and ἵζω, thus connecting together the Latin Vesta and sedes, a permanent habitation. But on the other hand it is urged that the name Hestia may more reasonably be referred to the root vas, to shine, which has yielded Vasu as a name for Agni, as well as many names for the year. (See note [1], p. 193). Hestia and Vesta would thus denote the glistening flame, and would be akin to the names for the hot wind, Euros and Auster, *αὐστηρός*. Peile, *Introduction to Greek and Latin Etymology*, 77.

[2] The temples of Asklêpios were practically large hospitals, where something like the aid of Christian charity was extended to the sick and afflicted by physicians whose knowledge raised them far above the empirics and spell-mutterers of the Middle Ages.

Kronos and Rheia, and is wooed both by Phoibos and Poseidôn; but their suit is vain. Hestia makes a solemn vow that she will never be a bride, and as her reward she receives honour and glory both among gods and among men. As the pure maiden, she is to have her home in the inmost part of every dwelling, and at every sacrifice offered to Zeus and the other deities she is to preside and to receive the first invocation and the first share. As apart from her there can be no security for truth, peace, and justice, each town, city, and state must have its own Prytaneion, with its central hearth, uniting the citizens in a common faith and in common interests. Here the suppliant should obtain at the least the boon of a fair trial, here should all compacts, whether between states or private men, receive their most solemn sanction; and when it became necessary to lighten the pressure of population at home by sending forth some of the citizens into new countries, from this hearth should the sacred fire be taken as the link which was to bind together the new home with the old. This fire should never be extinguished; but if by chance such calamity should befall, it was to be lit again, not from common flame but as Hermes kindled fire, by friction, or drawn by burning-glasses from the sun itself. Hands impure might not touch her altar, and the guardians of her sacred fire should be pure and chaste as herself. All this is so transparent that we cannot be said to have entered here on the domain of mythology; and even the great hearth of the Universe is but an extension to the whole Kosmos of the idea which regarded Hestia as the very foundation of human society.

SECTION III.—HEPHAISTOS AND LOKI.

The maimed Hephaistos.

In Hephaistos, the ever-young,[1] we see an image of fire, not as the symbol and pledge of faith and honour, of law and equity, but like Agni, dark and stunted in its first beginnings but able to do wonders in its power over earths and metals. He is the mighty workman who, at the prayer of Thetis, forges for Achilleus the irresistible armour in which he is to avenge the death of Patrôklos, as Regin the smith of Hialprek the king of Denmark fashions a new sword for Sigurd at the intercession of his mother Hjordis. But in spite of all his power he himself is subject to great weakness, the result, according to one version, of his mother's harshness, in another, of the cruelty of Zeus. The former relates that Hêrê was so horrified by his deformity and limping gait that she cast him forth from Olympos, and left him to find a refuge with the Ocean nymphs Thetis and Eurynomê. The other tells how when once he was taking his mother's part in one of her quarrels with her husband, Zeus, indignant at his interference, seized him by the leg and hurled him out of heaven. Throughout the livelong day he continued to fall, and as the sun went down he lay stunned on the soil of Lemnos, where the Sintians took him up and tended him in his weakness.[1] The myth also ran that he had no father, as Athênê has no mother, and that he was the child of Hêrê alone, who in like manner is called the solitary parent of Typhon. The mystery of his birth perplexed Hephaistos: and the stratagem in which he discovered it reappears in the Norse story of the Master Smith, who, like Hephaistos, possesses a chair from which none can rise against the owner's will. In the one case it is Hêrê, in the other it is the devil who is thus entrapped, but in both the device is successful.

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[1] See note [1], p. 194.

The forge of Hephaistos.

The Olympian dwelling of Hephaistos is a palace gleaming with the splendour of a thousand stars. At his huge anvils mighty bellows keep up a stream of air of their own accord; and giant forms, Brontês, Steropês, Pyrakmon (the thunders, lightnings and flames) aid him in his labours. With him dwells his wife, who in the Iliad, as we have seen, is Charis, in the Odyssey Aphroditê. In its reference to Hephaistos the lay of Demodokos which relates the faithlessness of Aphroditê is worthy of note chiefly as it attributes to him the powers of Daidalos. The thin chains which, catching the eye scarcely more than spiders' webs, entrap Arês and Aphroditê in a network from which there is no escape, at once suggest a comparison with the tortuous labyrinth made for Pasiphaê in the land of Minôs.

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[1] The tradition which assigns this incident as the cause of his lameness refers probably to the weakened powers of fire when either materials or draught fail it. The Vedic hymn speaks of Agni as clothed or hindered by smoke only at his birth; but with a feeling not less true to the phenomena of fire, the poets of the *Iliad* represent him as always halting, and so furnishing the gods with a source of inextinguishable laughter, as they see him puffing and panting in his ministrations as the cup-bearer. The golden supports which hold him up as he walks are the glittering flames which curl upward beneath the volumes of smoke which rise above them.

Hephaistos and Athênê.

In our Homeric poems no children of Hephaistos are mentioned. In Apollodoros we have the strange story which makes him and Athênê the parents of Erichthonios, and the legend which represents him as the father of the robber Periphêtês, who is slain by Theseus—myths transparent enough to render any detailed explanation superfluous. The Christian missionaries converted Hephaistos into a demon, and thus he became the limping devil known in Warwickshire tradition as Wayland the Smith.

The Latin Vulcan.

Of the Latin Vulcan little more needs to be said than that he too is a god of fire, whose name also denotes his office, for it points to the Sanskrit ulka, a firebrand, and to the kindred words fulgur and fulmen, names for the flashing lightning.[1] Like most other Latin gods, he has in strictness of speech no mythology; but it pleased the later Roman taste to attribute to him all that Greek legends related of Hephaistos.

The fire-god Loki.

The name Loki, like that of the Latin Vulcanus, denotes the light or blaze of fire, and in such phrases as Locke dricker vand, Loki drinks water, described the phenomena of the sun drinking when its light streams in shafts from the cloud rifts to the earth or the waters beneath. The word thus carries us to the old verb *liuhan*, the Latin lucere, to shine, and to Logi as its earlier form, the modern German lohe, glow; but as the Greek tradition referred the name Oidipous to the two words *οἶδα* and *οἰδέω*, to know and to swell, so a supposed connexion with the verb lukan, to shut or lock, substituted the name Loki for Logi, and modified his character accordingly.[2] He thus becomes the being who holds the keys of the prison-house, like the malignant Grendel in Beowulf, or the English fire-demon Grant mentioned by Gervase of Tilbury, a name connected with the Old Norse grind, a grating, and the modern German grenz, a boundary. At no time, however, did Loki exhibit the features of the Semitic devil or the Iranian Ahriman. Like Hephaistos, a god of the fire, he resembles him also in his halting gait and in the uncouth figure which provokes the laughter of the gods; and if we are not told that like him Loki was hurled out of heaven, yet we see him bound for his evil deeds, and, like Prometheus, he shall be set free, we are told, at the end of the world, and shall hurry in the form of a wolf to swallow the moon, as the deliverance of Prometheus is to be followed by the overthrow of his tormentor. Hence the Norse phrase, 'Loki er or böndum,' answering to the expression, 'Der Teufel ist frei gelassen,' the devil is loose.[1]

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[1] In the Gaelic Lay of Magnus, the smith or forging god appears under the name Balcan, his son being the sailor. This looks as if the Latin name had been borrowed. In this story the twelve ruddy daughters of the King of Light marry the twelve foster-brothers of Manus the hero—the months of the year.—Campbell, iii. 347.

[2] Grimm. *D. M.*, 221.

Loki the thief.

The last day of the week bore, in Grimm's opinion, the name of this deity.[2] In place of our Saturday we have the Old Norse laugardagr, the Swedish lögerdag, the Danish löverdag, a word which at a later period was held to mean the day appointed for bathing or washing, but which was more probably used at first in the original sense of brightness attached to Loki's name. When, however, this meaning gave way before the darker sense extracted from the verb lukan, to shut or imprison, Loki became known as Sætere, the thief who sits in ambush. The Christian missionaries were not slow to point out the resemblance of this word to the Semitic Satan and the Latin Saturnus, who were equally described as malignant demons: and thus the notions grew up that the name of the last day of the week was imported from the old mythology of Italy, or that the Teutonic god was also the agricultural deity of the Latin tribes.

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[1] The root of the two myths of Loki and Prometheus is thus precisely the same. In each case the benefactor of man is a being as subtle as he is wise, and as such he is expelled from the family of the gods. The vulture of Prometheus is in the case of Loki replaced by a serpent whose venom trickles down upon his face.

[2] Grimm, *D. M.*, ii. 227.

SECTION IV.—PROMETHEUS.

The Hesiodic ages.

Another and in some versions a very different account of fire is given in the myths of Prometheus. In the Hesiodic Theogony Prometheus is a son of the Titan Iapetos, his brothers being Epimetheus, Atlas, and Menoitios. But even of these the Hesiodic account cannot easily be reconciled with that of the Odyssey. In the latter, Atlas (Skambha) is the guardian and keeper of the pillars which hold up the heaven above the earth, and he knows all the depths of the sea.[1] In the former he is condemned by Zeus to support the heaven on his head and hands,[2] while Menoitios undergoes a punishment corresponding to that of Sisyphos or Ixiôn, and with his father Iapetos is consigned to the abyss of Tartaros. In short, if we put aside the assertion that in some way or other Prometheus was a giver of the boon of fire to men, the story is told with a singular variety of inconsistent details. Nothing can be more clear and emphatic than the narrative in which Æschylos asserts the utter and hopeless savagery of mankind before Prometheus came to their aid. They had no settled homes, no notion of marriage or of the duties which bind the members of a family together; they burrowed in the ground like the digger Indians, and contented themselves with food not much better than that of the insect-eating Bushmen, because they knew nothing about fire, and how far it might raise them above the beasts of the field. This wretched state was their original condition, not one to which they had fallen from a higher and a better one, and it was from mere compassion to their utter helplessness that Prometheus stole fire from the house of Zeus, and hiding it in a ferule, imparted it to men, teaching them at the same time how to cook their food and build houses. With this notion the narrative of the Hesiodic Theogony is in complete antagonism. In this legend the existence of man upon earth began with a golden age, during which the earth yielded her fruits of her own accord, and in which plagues and sicknesses were unknown. They were subject indeed to the doom of death; but they died as though they were merely going to sleep, and became the righteous demons who, wandering like the Erinyes everywhere through the air, watch the ways and works of men, to uphold the righteous and overturn the wicked. The second is the silver age, the men of which incurred the wrath of Zeus, and were hidden by him beneath the earth for impiously witholding the honours due to the immortal gods. Still when they die they are reckoned among the blessed, and are not without honours themselves.[1] The brazen age which followed exhibits a race of men who ate no corn and had hearts of adamant, and whose hands sprung from their vast shoulders. These were the workers in brass (for men had not yet needed or come to know the use of iron), and their weapons were used to their own destruction. Like the men sprung from the dragon's teeth in the Theban and Argonautic myths, they fought with and slaughtered each other, and went down without a name to the gloomy underworld of Hades. But it must not be forgotten that the Hesiodic poet knows of no transitional periods. The old age does not fade away insensibly into the new. It is completely swept off, and the new takes its place as virtually a new creation. Thus the earth becomes the possession of a series of degenerating inhabitants, the race of the poet's own day being the worst of all. These are the men of the iron age, who know no peace by day and by night, and for whom, although some good may yet be mingled with the evil, the poet anticipates nothing but an increasing misery which at the last will become unbearable. Good faith and kindly dealing will in the end vanish from the face of the earth, until Aidôs and Nemesis (reverence and righteousness) will wrap their shining garments around their radiant forms, and soar away into the heights never pierced by the eye of man.

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[1] *Odyss.* i. 52. Grote, *Hist. Gr.* i. 101.

[2] Hesiod, *Theog.* 516.

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[1] The portions thus allotted to the departed of the golden and silver races tended to foster and develope that idea of a moral conflict between good and evil which first took distinct shape on Iranian soil. The evil spirits are there the malignant powers of darkness who represent both in name and in attributes the gloomy antagonist of the sun-god Indra. The Hesiodic myth coincides completely with this sentiment, while it extends it. Here the spirits of the men belonging to the golden age are the good demons, these demons being generically different from the blessed gods of Olympos: but it was easy to assign to the departed souls of the silver age a lower, or even a positively malignant, character. They are not called Daimones by the Hesiodic poet, but they have a recognised position and dignity in the realm of the air. There was no reason, therefore, why they should not be represented by others as evil demons; and this step which, as Mr. Grote remarks, was taken by Empedokles and Xenokrates, led to that systematic distinction of which the Christian teachers availed themselves for the overthrow or rather the transformation of the system itself. It only remained for them to insist on the reality of the evil demons thus brought into existence, and then, as the gods themselves are in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and elsewhere called demons, to include all together in the one class of malignant devils: and at once the victory of the new creed was insured. The old mythology was not killed, but it took a different shape, and, losing all its ancient beauty, acquired new powers of mischief and corruption. —Grote, *Hist. Greece,* i. 96, &c.

The Heroic age.

Such is the purely ethical legend by which the Hesiodic poet accounts for the present condition of mankind—a state not only opposed to the legends of Hermes, Prometheus, and Phorôneus, but also to all the associations which had taken the strongest hold on the popular mind. The stories recited by bards or rhapsodists told them of a time when men walked the earth who were the children of immortal mothers, whose joys and sorrows were alike beyond those of men now living, who had done great deeds and committed great crimes, but who nevertheless held open converse with the flashing-eyed goddess of the dawn, and for whom the fire-god forged irresistible weapons and impenetrable armour. In the conviction of the Hesiodic as of our Homeric poets, the heroes of this magnificent but chequered age were utterly different from the miserable race which had followed them, nor could they be identified with the beings of the three races who had gone before them. It was, however, impossible even for a poet, who probably preferred his ethical maxims to the story of the wrath of Achilleus or the avenging of Helen, to pass them by in contemptuous silence. They must therefore be placed by themselves in a position which breaks the ethical order of the primeval ages;[1] and thus the poet contents himself with saying that many of them slew each other at Thebes fighting for the apples or the cows of Oidipous, while others met their doom at Troy. All these were placed by Zeus in a region far away from the undying gods and beyond the bounds of the earth, where Kronos is their king, and where the teeming soil produces yearly its triple harvests in the islands of the blessed by the deep eddying ocean.

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[1] It is noteworthy that the generations given in the *Theogony* of the Popol Vuh are interrupted after the third creation. Max Müller, *Chips*, i. 335.

The Prometheus of Æschylos.

In contrast with this gloomier belief, the Promethean myth exhibits mankind in a scale ascending from the savage state in which they knew the use neither of fire nor of metals to that high civilisation in which Zeus fears that men may become like the gods in wisdom and thus share their power. For this myth, as related by Æschylos, knows nothing of a previous knowledge of fire, which, according to the Hesiodic version, Zeus took away from men in revenge for the cheat which left only the fat and bones of victims as the portion of the gods. This explanation, which is not altogether consistent with other passages in the Hesiodic Theogony, completely excludes the idea which lies at the very root of the Æschylean tradition, for Prometheus expressly speaks of men not as having lost high powers and the fruits of great results achieved by those powers, but as never having been awakened to the consciousness of the senses with which they were endowed. From the first, until he came to their aid, they were beings to whom sight and hearing were wholly useless, and for whom life presented only the confused shapes of a dream. The sunless caves, in which they lived like ants, were not wrought into shape by their hands. For them there were no distinctions of seasons, no knowledge of the rising and setting of the stars. For this state of unspeakable misery there was no remedy until men could be roused to a knowledge of their own powers and be placed in the conditions indispensable for their exercise—a result to be achieved only by bestowing on them the boon of fire. But this very idea involves the fact that till then fire was a thing unknown to men upon the earth. They might see it in the cloven thunderclouds, or tremble at the fiery streams hurled into the air from the heaving volcano, but to them fire was at the least a thing which they dared not approach with the thought of mastering and turning it to use. Some wiser being than they must therefore bring it to them in a form which shall deprive it of its terrors and make it the servant, not the destroyer of man. That being is Prometheus, who, ascending to the palace of Zeus, fills a ferule with fire, and thus brings down the precious boon to the woe-begone children of men. Henceforth the task of raising them was practically stripped of its difficulty, and Prometheus was enabled to teach men how to cook and build, and where to find the riches stored up within the earth. From him came the knowledge of the movements of the heavens, and the changes of the seasons; by him men were taught to plough and reap, and to launch themselves in ships on the waters and spread their white wings to the breeze. From him they received skill in the discernment of herbs and roots for the healing of diseases under which they had groaned in hopeless suffering; and from him they learnt to understand the signs of the calm and the troubled heavens, and the meanings of the muscular movements of victims slain in sacrifice.

The punishment of Prometheus.

It was impossible for the poet to show more clearly that Prometheus was the friend who bestowed on man, originally a creature more feeble and helpless than any of the brute beasts, all that can make life valuable. Of any earlier condition in which men lived, as in the golden or silver ages, or of any state better in any respect than the one in which he found them, the Prometheus of the great tragic poet knows nothing. Nor can we well lay too great a stress on this fact, because the version given by Æschylos not only makes the whole myth self-consistent, but it is clearly the earlier form of the legend into which the Hesiodic poet introduced the vengeance taken by Zeus for the cheat put upon him. This story is really a mere patchwork; for according to it men, deprived of fire as a punishment, lose a thing on which much of their comfort may depend, but they are not deprived of the crafty wisdom in which Prometheus had been their teacher. In short, they are as far as ever from that state of unawakened powers which is of the very essence of the story in the tragedy of Æschylos. But there were two things which Æschylos felt it needful to explain. The very mode in which Prometheus became possessed of the priceless treasure implied that he was acting in opposition to the will of Zeus, or at the least without his knowledge, while it showed that he had access to the gleaming palace of the father of the gods.

How then came it about that Prometheus should be able thus to enter Olympos, and why should he seek to conceal the deed which he had resolved to do? These questions the poet answered by a reference to other myths with which Prometheus was connected. This friend of man was himself either a Titan or the son of the Titan Iapetos; and when his gigantic kinsfolk rose in rebellion against Zeus, Prometheus played the part of Michael in the great war waged within the courts of heaven. Finding that all good counsels were cast away on the brutal partisans of Kronos, Prometheus throws in the weight of his wisdom on the side of Zeus, and the result is that Kronos with his adherents is hurled, like Satan with the revolted angels, into the abyss of Tartaros or hell. Thus far Prometheus was a benefactor to Zeus without awakening either his jealousy or his wrath. Henceforth he might have remained for ever in the bright homes of Olympos had it not been for the injustice of which Zeus became guilty as soon as he found himself securely seated on the throne of heaven. To each of the deathless gods he assigned a place and function; of men alone he took no count, his heart's desire being to sweep the whole race from the earth and to create another. But it is clear that this resolution was formed not because men were already becoming too wise and too powerful, as the Hesiodic version would represent it, but because man was too mean and wretched a thing to be suffered to cumber the earth. Here Zeus expresses no fear, and Prometheus is opposed to him not because he is too severe upon enemies whom he dreads, but because he feels no pity for creatures whose wretchedness calls only for compassion. The mercy refused by Zeus is extended to them by Prometheus, who determines to raise them from their abject misery and by stealing the fire converts the opposition of Zeus into a fierce longing for vengeance against the mighty being who had dared to thwart his will. The great heart whose pulses had beaten in sympathy with the griefs and wants of men shall itself be torn with an agony far surpassing their puny woes. In the sentence thus passed upon him it seems difficult not to discern a phrase or a sentiment in close analogy with those which are seen in the myths of Erinys or Atê. The awful being, who with sleepless eye wanders through the air to watch the deeds of men and exact a righteous penalty for the shedding of innocent blood, had been, or was, in the land of the Five Streams only the beautiful Saranyû or morning. But the natural phrase, 'the dawn will find out the evil doer,' changes Saranyû in Hellas into the dread minister of divine vengeance; and it was necessary only to give a physical meaning to the phrase that the hearts of the enemies of Zeus shall be racked with pain, to furnish a starting-point for the myth which told how the vulture gnawed the heart of Prometheus as he lay bound to the frozen crags of Caucasus. But the visible vulture gnawing a bleeding heart would soon have finished its horrid task; the heart, therefore, must constantly grow, and thus the story ran that the portion consumed during the day was restored in the night, and the region of everlasting ice and storm was chosen as the place of torture presenting the most awful contrast with the sunlit halls of Olympos.

The cheating of Zeus.

The zeal of Prometheus on behalf of mankind is brought to a climax in the institutional legend which professed to account for the portion assigned to the gods in the distribution of victims slain in sacrifices. They have only the bones and the fat, while the meat and the entrails belong to men. This practice is ascribed strictly to the craft of Prometheus, who, in the great contest between gods and men in Mêkônê, divided an ox, and placing the meat under the stomach and the bones under the more inviting and auspicious fat, called on Zeus to make his choice. The god with great eagerness placed both hands on the fat, and was enraged on finding that it concealed only a heap of bones.[1] This insult, according to the Hesiodic Theogony, Zeus avenged by depriving men of fire—a sequel hopelessly at variance with the more genuine form of the myth as related by Æschylos.

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[1] The Hesiodic poet in relating this story makes use of one or two expressions which imply or assert that Zeus saw through the trick from the first, and that thus it was in fact no trick at all. When Zeus saw the two heaps laid out for his choice, he is made to say that the division is not fair. The poet adds that this was a sarcasm from a god whose wisdom was boundless; and in the same way, when he is summoned to choose, the poet says that he did so with his eyes open, *γνῶ ῥ' οὐδ' ἠγνοίησε δόλον*. The words are introduced simply to save the majesty of Zeus at the cost of complete inconsistency with the story. Had he thus seen through the trick, he would have defeated it, and would certainly have shown no feverish eagerness to lay his hands on the tempting heap of fat. But Prometheus succeeds in his scheme; in other words, Zeus is really outwitted. Mr. Grote sees clearly that the poet's reservation cannot be admitted. *Hist. Greece*, i. 86. In one point, however, the Æschylean version is as singularly at variance with itself as in all others it

Prometheus and Pandora.

But the name Prometheus[1] suggested to the Greeks a connexion with words springing from the same root with Metis and Medeia. It came, in short, to mean Forethought or Providence, and thus they were led to its antithesis Epimetheus, Afterthought, and to exalt the one by framing a story to illustrate the vanity of the other. This is as manifestly implied by the story of Pandora as the overreaching of Zeus is patent in the institutional myth of the sacrifices. Prometheus is the wise and cautious counsellor, whose advice, if followed, will assuredly mitigate an evil or prevent a catastrophe. As such, he had bidden men, and more especially his brother Epimetheus, to be on their guard against any gifts which might be offered to them by Zeus, as their acceptance would be followed only by pain and misery. But it was impossible thus to defeat the schemes of Zeus or avert the doom of man. No sooner had Zeus been tricked in the matter of the sacrificial victims than he bade the fire-god Hephaistos mould of clay the figure of a maiden,[2] into which Athênê the dawn-goddess breathed the breath of life, clothing her with silver raiment, while

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is with the Hesiodic myth. These children of men, who are described as being unable either to see or hear, and as clustering together like ants in their sunless caves until they receive the boon of fire and the blessings which follow that gift, yet possess a knowledge of things to come, and see most clearly what is to be the course and the close of their lives, προδέρκεσθαι μόρον, *before* Prometheus brings down for them the heavenly fire. This power he takes away from them, substituting blind hopes or dreams in its place; and when he has added to this benefit the gift of the fire, he then instructs them in divination, thus supplying in a measure the very knowledge which he had wished to take away, and of which he had in fact deprived them. The contradiction could not be more complete.

[1] It has been connected by Dr. Kuhn with the Sanskrit Pramantha or churn used for kindling fire with dried pieces of wood. The wood thus has reference not to his wisdom but to his giving of the fire; and it was in this case a mere resemblance of sound which led the Greeks to explain the name as denoting forethought. Hence Epimetheus is strictly the result of a false etymology; and the process which brought him into existence is illustrated by the language of Pindar, *Pyth.* v. 25, who assigns to Epimetheus a daughter Prophasis, Excuse, the offspring of after-thought. Grote, *Hist. Gr.* i. 102.

[2] In the Finnish epic of Wäinämöinen, the smith is Ilmarinen, who makes, not for others, but for himself, a wife of gold and silver whom he brings to life after vast trouble. He finds however, that that side of his body which has touched the golden Bride is very cold in the morning. Hence he is willing to turn her over to Wäinämöinen, who, not much relishing the gift, advises him to take it to some place where gold is in more request.

Hermes gave her the mind of a dog, to cozen, deceive, and ruin those with whom she might come in contact. The maiden, thus arrayed, is brought to Epimetheus, and presented to him under the name Pandora, the gift of all the gods.[1] Thus was woman brought to man; and the poet of the Theogony only adds that through woman man was speedily plunged into woe irremediable. The author of the Works and Days gives the reasons in detail. In the keeping of Epimetheus was a fatal jar, whose cover could not be lifted without grievous consequences to mankind. Pandora of course raises the lid, and a thousand evils are let loose. Thus far men had been plagued by no diseases: now the air was filled with the seeds of sickness which every where produced their baneful fruit; and the only possible alleviation of their woe was rendered impossible by the shutting up of Hope, which alone remained a prisoner within the cask when Pandora in her terror hastily replaced the cover.[2] Here manifestly we have an account of the origin of evil which is altogether at variance with the true Promethean legend. The disaster thus caused by Pandora occurs long after the theft of the fire from Olympos, and at a time when Prometheus was paying the penalty for his offence. But in the version given by Æschylos Prometheus mentions, as one of his reasons for wishing to bestow on men the boon of fire, the crowd of diseases and plagues which they were unable either to mitigate or to cure. The reconciliation of these two myths, thus sprung from two different lines of thought, is an impossibility. But the Hesiodic legend is indeed inconsistent throughout. The mere comparison instituted between Prometheus and Epimetheus, the fore-thinker and the after-thinker, implies that there must be some advantage in the one, some loss in the other, if the contrast is to have any force. But in the Theogony and the Works and Days there is no more to be said in behalf of one than of the other. The provident and the improvident are alike outwitted and punished; and the gain, if any there be, is decidedly to the man who does not see the coming evils as they cast their shadows before them.

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[1] In another and a more probable tradition Pandora is an epithet of Gaia, the bountiful earth, lavish of her gifts to all her children: it would thus answer to the phrase δώτωρ ἐάων.

[2] The opinion that Hope was left a prisoner out of mercy to men seems untenable. The genuineness of the line in which Zeus bids Pandora replace the lid is very doubtful, while the whole legend assuredly represents Zeus as inexorably hostile to men, and hence as most unlikely to interfere in their behalf. In Mr. Grote's opinion the point is one which does not admit of question. Pandora, he says, does not in Hesiod 'bring with her the cask . . . . The case is analogous to that of the closed bag of unfavourable winds which Æolus gives into the hands of Odysseus, and which the guilty companions of the latter force open, to the entire ruin of his hopes . . . . The diseases and evils are inoperative so long as they remain shut up in the cask: the same mischief-making which lets them out to their calamitous work takes care that Hope shall still continue a powerless prisoner in the inside.'—*Hist. Gr.* i. 104.

Prometheus and Deukalion.

Putting aside these myths as the result of a mistaken etymology, we see in Prometheus simply another Phoroneus, the giver of fire, and, by consequence, of the blessings which spring from the knowledge of fire. As wakening the senses of men, as providing them with the appliances and comforts of life, as teaching them how to plough and build, to cross the seas and search the mines, he is practically the creator as well as the preserver of men; and the creative function thus assigned to him is brought out still more in the story of his son Deukalion, in whose days the great flood of waters overwhelms the whole of Hellas. By his father's advice Deukalion builds an ark, in which with his wife Pyrrha he floats for nine days and nights until the vessel rested on the summits of Parnassos.[1] When descending from the ark with Pyrrha (a name denoting redness, whether of the soil, or, as other names in the myth render far more probable, of the early morning), he offers his first sacrifice. Hermes is sent to grant them any one thing which they may choose. The prayer of Deukalion reflects the spirit of Prometheus; and he beseeches Zeus to restore mankind, now that the race has been swept away, as his father had entreated him to stay his hand when first he resolved to destroy them. The answer, whether given by

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[1] For other versions of this Flood see page 87, and vol. i. page 414. In all these deluges only the righteous, or those who have a consecrated character, are saved. The men of Delphoi are the ministers of the light-god Phoibos: hence wolves, by the same equivocation which led to the confounding of the tail of light, Lykosoura (Lykabas), with that of the wolf, led them to the heights of Parnassos, where, of course, the city of Lykoreia, or Mountain of Light, is founded. Megaros, again, who is saved by following the high-soaring cranes, is a son of Zeus and a Sithnian nymph, or, in other words, a child of the waters, akin to the morning deities Athênê, Artemis, and Aphroditê. —Paus. i. 40, 1.

Zeus or by Theseus, is that they must cast the bones of their mother behind them as they go upon their way; and the wisdom of Prometheus, which had warned them of the coming deluge, now teaches them that their common parent must be the Earth, and that her bones were to be seen in the rocks and stones strewn around them. These, accordingly, they cast backwards over their heads; and from those which Deukalion hurls spring up men, from those cast by Pyrrha women.[1]

Prometheus and Iô.

But Prometheus is one of those beings over whom tortures and death have no lasting hold. Memnôn, Sarpêdôn, and Adônis may all die, but they must rise again to more than their ancient splendour; and thus Prometheus must be delivered from his long torments by one of those bright heroes whose nature he shares. The Promethean legend thus becomes intermingled with that of Iô as a parent of Herakles, for only beings like Herakles, Phoibos, or Asklepios may achieve such deliverances. Since, again, the sufferings of Prometheus have been caused by his resisting the will of Zeus, it follows that his rescue must involve the humiliation of Zeus; and thus the indomitable son of Iapetos is represented as using language which seems to point distinctly to the Norse belief in the Twilight of the gods, when the long day of the deities of Asgard shall be quenched in endless night.[2] Nor are Iô and Herakles the only names denoting the brilliance of the morning or the sun, which are associated with the name of Prometheus. The whole legend teems with a transparent mythical history in its very names, if we confine ourselves to these alone. Deukalion and Pyrrha are the parents of Protogeneia, who, being wedded to Zeus, becomes the mother of Aethlios, whose wife, Kalyke, is the mother of Endymiôn, the husband of Asterodia, who bears him fifty children. Translating these words into English, we have simply the assertions that the clear purple tints usher in the early dawn, the mother of the struggling sun, from whose union with the earth springs the wearied sun of evening, who, plunging into the western waters, is wedded to the tranquil night moving among the stars who are her children.

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[1] This myth, in Professor Max Müller's opinion, 'owes its origin to a mere pun on λαὸς and λᾶας.'—*Chips, &c.* ii. 12. The temptation so to assign it is great; but it seems unlikely that the same equivocation should run through the language of other tribes, among whom the story is found, as among the Macusi Indians of South America, who believe that the stones were changed into men, and the Tamanaks of Orinoko, who hold that a pair of human beings cast behind them the fruit of a certain palm, and out of the kernels sprang men and women.

[2] It may be doubted whether this idea is anything more than an inference conceived by the mind of Æschylos; for no other mention of the downfall of the Olympian hierarchy seems to be found in any other Greek writer. The notion, which agrees well with the gloomy climate of the North, was not likely to fasten on the imagination of Hellenic tribes in their sunnier home.

SECTION V.—THE LIGHTNING.

The Titans.

With the gift of fire Prometheus imparted to man the power of interpreting the fiery lightnings which flash across the sky and seem to pierce the very bowels of the earth. These lightnings are the mighty fires in which the invincible weapons and arms are welded for beings like Phoibos, Herakles, or Achilleus; or they are themselves the awful thunderbolts forged by Hephaistos, the fire-god, and his ministers for Zeus himself. These ministers are the gigantic Titans, some of whom are thus compelled to do service to the god against whom they had rebelled; while others, like Typhôeus and Enkelados, are bound on fiery couches beneath huge mountains, through which they vomit forth streams of molten fire. Thus, among the myths related of these beings, we find some which refer to the manifestations of fire in the heaven, while others exhibit the working of the same forces upon the earth or under it. When we reach the Hesiodic or Orphic theogonies, these myths have been modified and woven together in a highly elaborate system. It is true that even here we find the poets, or mythographers, working more or less in unconscious fidelity to the old mythical phrases, which had mainly furnished them with their materials. Thus when the Orphic poet desired to go further back than the point to which the Hesiodic theogony traces the generation of the Kosmos, he traced the universe to the great mundane egg produced by Chronos, time, out of Chaos and Aithêr,—a symbol answering to the mighty mixing-bowl of the Platonic demiourgos, and akin to all the circular, oval, or boat-shaped emblems of fertility which have been associated with the signs of the male-powers in nature. But the artificial character of these theogonies can neither be ignored nor explained away; nor can it be denied, that the deliberate process of manufacture which they have undergone deprives them in great part of any mythological value, while it frees us from the necessity of going through their tedious details, or of adhering invariably to their order. Thus, if we take the story, whether of the gigantic Polyphêmos or of the Kyklôpes among whom he is reckoned, we are not bound to go through the cumbrous genealogy of Ouraniones, Titans, and Gigantes with which the theogonies are overloaded. It is enough to say that when Argês, Steropês, and Brontês are spoken of as Kyklôpes, these are manifestly the dazzling and scorching flashes which plough up the storm-clad heavens. But although it is possible to trace the affinity between these Kyklôpes and the beings to whom the poets of the Iliad and the Odyssey give the same name, the latter exhibit nevertheless features very different from the former. The Kyklôps of the Odyssey has nothing to do with fire; he is the son of Poseidôn and the nymph Thoôsa; in other words, he is emphatically the child of the waters, and of the waters only—the huge mists which wrap the earth in a dark shroud. Instead of forging armour, he feeds his flock of sheep and goats on the rough hill-side. These herds answer to the cattle of Helios in every respect except their brilliance. The flocks of the Kyklôps are the rough and misshapen vapours on which no sunshine sheds its glory, while the Kyklôps himself is the oppressive and blackening mist, through which glares the ghastly eye of the shrouded sun. This terrible being may be seen drawn with wonderful fidelity to the spirit of the old myth in Turner's picture of the overthrow of the troops sent by Cambyses to the shrine of the Libyan Ammon; and they who see the one-eyed monster glaring down on the devoted army, where the painter was probably utterly unconscious that he was doing more than representing the simoom of the desert, will recognise at once the unconscious accuracy with which the modern painter conveys the old Homeric conception of

Polyphêmos. In this picture, as in the storms of the desert, the sun becomes the one great eye of an enormous monster, who devours every living thing that crosses his path, as Polyphêmos devoured the comrades of Odysseus.[1] The blinding of this monster is the natural sequel when his mere brute force is pitted against the craft of his adversary.[2] In his seeming insignificance and his despised estate, in his wayworn mien and his many sorrows, Odysseus takes the place of the Boots or Cinderella of Teutonic folk-lore; and as the giant is manifestly the enemy of the bright being whose splendours are for the time hidden beneath a veil, so it is the representative of the sun himself who pierces out his eye; and thus Odysseus, Boots, and Jack the Giant Killer alike overcome and escape from the enemy, although they may each be said to escape with the skin of their teeth.

The Kyklôpes.

Polyphêmos then is the Kyklôps, in his aspect as a shepherd feeding his vast flocks on the mountain sides; but from the mighty vapours through which his great eye glares may dart at any moment the forked streams of lightning; and thus the Kyklôpes are connected with the fire-convulsed heaven, and with Hephaistos the lord of the awful flames. These, with the Hekatoncheires, or hundred-handed monsters, are the true Gigantes, the earth-born children of Ouranos, whom he thrusts down into the nether abyss, like the pent-up fires of a *volcano*. But the Titans still remained free. Whatever may be the names of these beings, they are clearly the mighty forces which carry on the stupendous changes wrought from time to time in the physical world. Of the titles given to them by mythographers, many doubtless, like the abstract conceptions of Themis and Mnemosynê, are artificial additions, and may be the manufacture of the mythographers themselves. Others, as Krios and Hyperion, denote simply might or supremacy, and as such might become the names of Helios, Phoibos, or other kindred beings. Others, as Kronos, have their origin in epithets wrongly understood. Between these beings and their father a second war is waged, in which Gaia enables her children to mutilate Ouranos, from whose blood spring the Erinyes, so fearful on Hellenic soil, so beautiful in the land of the five streams, and Aphroditê, the dawn goddess, who may be terrible as well as lovely. The Kyklôpes are now delivered from their prison-house, and Kronos becomes the supreme king; but time can only swallow the things which he has made, and vomit them forth again. The thing which hath been, shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun. But it was as impossible that the Kyklôpes could continue the allies of any monarch of heaven, as that the same fountain should send forth sweet water and bitter; and again they are thrust down into the depths from which they had been rescued, once more to be avenged when the Titans, led on by Zeus, waged a third war of elements, in which Kronos is hurled from his throne, and the child born in the Diktaian (or Light) cave reigns in his stead. But when the Kyklôpes are once more set free, Zeus avails himself of their might to crush the Titans; and finally the Kyklôpes themselves are slain by Phoibos in vengeance for the death of Asklêpios the Healer and the Saviour. These several contests are not distinguished from each by any peculiar features; and the theogonies simply heap together mountains of words almost as vast as the rocks hurled by the hands of the giants, as if conscious of the barrenness of their theme, and of its lack of interest as compared with myths springing from phrases which, though they may denote the phenomena of nature, strike a responsive chord in the human heart. It is, in fact, the old story of the struggle between Indra and Vritra, regarded from a point of view which removes it altogether from the region of human sympathies.[1]

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[1] The sun, thus glaring through the storm cloud, may be regarded not merely as the eye but as the whole face of some horrible monster; and the name Kyklôps agrees etymologically with the latter meaning better than with the other. The word no more means of necessity a being with one eye in the middle of his forehead, than Glaukôpis, as an epithet of Athênê, implies that she had only a grey eye. This name really denotes the blinding splendour of her countenance; and thus the Kyklôps became a being not with an eye in the middle of his head, but with a round face. In this case, as it so happens, either description is equally true to the phenomena of nature. Even if the notion of the round face was suggested before the Greek myth-makers reached the idea of the one eye in the centre of the forehead, we can see at once how readily the latter notion may be derived from the sight of the black storm-cloud, as it suffers the sun to glare dimly through its mysterious shadows.

[2] The story and attributes of Polyphêmos with a thousand others were transferred to the devil, when the Christian missionaries had converted all the ancient gods into demons. See ch. x. of this book, section 8.

Schamir and Sassafras.

Thus, then, the myth of the Kyklôps brings before us in close connexion the two images of the cloud and the lightning. This connexion may be traced through a vast number of stories, in many cases but slightly resembling each other, yet all adhering to the original ideas of mist and fire. In these the lightning becomes an arrow capable of piercing the mountain side or the huge storm-cloud, and displaying for a moment marvellous treasures of jewels and gold. The effects produced by this arrow or spear are sometimes good, sometimes disastrous. It may scorch and paralyse, or in times of drought, when the waters are pent up in the cloud, it may cleave the vapours and call the dead earth to life again with the streams let loose upon her parched surface. But the cloud might assume the form not only of sheep and cattle, as in the Vedic hymns and in the Thrinakian legend, but of birds, as of swans or eagles; and as the clouds carry the lightning with them until the time comes for using the mighty weapons, so the bird carries a stone capable of splitting the hardest substance. Finally the stone becomes a worm, and thus we have the framework of a large family of stories which, if they have their origin among Aryan tribes, have been extended far beyond the limits of that race. These myths have been so fully traced by Mr. Baring Gould,[2] that nothing is left for us but to follow his steps. In the many versions devised by Hebrew tradition for a legend gained through their contact with Iranian tribes, the cloud is in each case a bird, the lightning being either a stone or a worm. Thus Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, discovers the wonder-working pebble Schamir, by watching a moor-hen, which, finding a piece of glass laid over her nest, flies away, and fetching a worm, splits the cover; or Solomon obtains it in the form of a stone from the raven, of whom he has been informed by the demon Sackar. In similar stories told by Ælian and Pliny of the woodpecker or the hoopoe, the instrument by which the bird gets at her young is a grass; and thus we reach the family of plants whose power of splitting rocks has won for them the name of Saxifrage, or Sassafras. This grass or plant will either reveal treasures, as in the blinding glare of the electric fluid, or will restore life, as in the effects of lightning in setting free the waters on a parched-up soil. Thus the story of Glaukos and Polyidos, of the Three Snake Leaves, and of Rama and Luxman, is repeated in Fouqué's Sir Elidoc, where the young Amyot is watching the corpse of a woman as Glaukos watches that of Polyidos. This mysterious herb becomes the German Luckflower, the possessor of which is enabled to go down into the rocks which gape to receive him, and to fill his pockets with the glittering treasures of which the beautiful queen of this hidden palace bids him take his fill, warning him only not to forget the best. This warning is, of course, understood by the peasant as a charge to select the most precious stones, and leaving the flower behind him, he finds, as the rocks close with a crash, that the mountain is closed to him for ever. This flower is sometimes inclosed in a staff, which is obviously only another form of the lighning-spear, as in the tale of the luckless shepherd of Ilsenstein, who, forgetting to take the staff as he leaves the cave, is himself cloven by the closing rocks. In all these cases the flower or plant, as the talismanic spell, is more precious than the hid treasures; and unless the treasure-seeker keeps it by him he is lost. It is, in short, the flower, sometimes blue, sometimes yellow or red (as the hues vary of the lightning flashes), which, in Mr. Gould's words, exclaims in feeble piteous tone, 'Forget me not,' but its little cry is unheeded.

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[1] In short, these theogonies are the result, in part, of a backward process, which led the mythographer back to the mundane egg, and, in part, of that systematic rearrangement of current myths, which might be carried out in any way most congenial to the worker.

[2] *Curious Myths*, second series, 'Schamir.'

Ahmed and Tanhaüser.

In the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves the flower itself has disappeared, but the spell still lies in its name; for, as Mr. Gould remarks, 'sesame is the name of a well known Eastern plant (*Sesamum orientale*); so that probably, in the original form of the Persian tale absorbed into the Arabian Nights, a flower was employed to give admission to the mountain.' In the story of Allah-ud-deen, the same verbal talisman is employed by the African magician, when he has kindled a fire from which rises a dense smoke and vapour, and the instantaneous effect, as of the lightning, is the discovery of a way into the depths of the earth. In the tale of Ahmed and the Peri Banou, the Schamir or Sassafras is again an arrow which, when shot by the hand of the prince, travels so far as to become invisible, as the lightnings shine from the east and give light to the uttermost west. Following its course, he comes to a great mountain, and finds the arrow just where an opening in the rocks shows him a door by which he descends into a palace of unimaginable splendour. Here he is greeted by the queen of this magnificent domain, who calls him by his name, and having convinced him of her knowledge of all his actions by recounting incidents of his past life, offers herself to him as his bride. With her he dwells in happiness and luxury, until, driven by a yearning to see his home and his father once more, he beseeches the benignant being to suffer him to go, and at length obtains his wish after promising, like true Thomas in the myth of Ercildoune, that he will soon return. This beautiful Peri with her vast treasures and her marvellous wisdom is but a reflection of the wise Kirkê and Medeia, or of the more tender Kalypso, who woos the brave Odysseus in her glistening cave, until she is compelled to let the man of many sorrows go on his way to his wife Penelopê. She is, in short, the Venus of the Horselberg or Ercildoune (the hill of Ursula and her eleven thousand Virgins), for the names are the same, and the prince Ahmed is Tanhaüser, or Thomas the Rhymer, wooed and won by the Elfland queen.

The greedy Alcalde.

It is obvious that for the name of the flower which is to open the cave or the treasure-house might be substituted any magical formula, while the lightning flash might be represented by the lighting of a miraculous taper, the extinguishing of which is followed by a loud crashing noise. With these modifications, the myth at once assumes the form of the Spanish legend of the Moor's Legacy, as related by Washington Irving. In this delightful tale we have all the usual incidents or features—the buried treasures—the incantation which has 'such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay, the adamantine rock itself, will yield before it'—the wonderful taper by whose light alone the incantation can be read—the opening of the secret places of the earth while the taper continues to burn—the crash with which the gates close when the light is gone. All these features are so skilfully fitted into the modern Alhambra legend, as fairly to hide the origin of the story, until we apply the right key to the lock. No sooner is this done than the myth is as clearly revealed as the treasure of the robbers' cave on pronouncing the word 'Sesame.' Of the real meaning of the tale, Irving doubtless knew nothing; but he has preserved it as faithfully as the hymn-writer adhered to the spirit of the myth of Hermes. 'The scroll was produced' (the sassafras or sesame), 'the yellow waxen taper lighted' (the flash of the yellow lightning), 'the earth trembled and the pavement opened with a thundering sound.' While the taper burns, the Moor and the water-carrier load the panniers of their ass with costly treasures; but when they have satisfied themselves, the costliest still remain untouched, and the greedy Alcalde, having in vain prayed them to bring up these also, descends with his griping retainers still lower into the vault. 'No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed, than he extinguished the yellow taper' (the darkness closes in after the flash of lightning), 'the pavement closed with the usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in its womb.' Doubtless, when reduced to their primitive elements, these tales may seem poor and monotonous enough; but the marvellous powers of growth which these germs possess have seldom been more clearly exhibited than in the folklore which has yielded the legends of the Forty Thieves, the Peri Banou, Allah-ud-deen, and the Legacy of the Moor, with the German stories of Simeli Mountain and the Glass Coffin.[1]

Mediæval spells.

Once more, the light flashing from the dim and dusky storm-cloud becomes the Hand of Glory, which, formed of a dead man's limbs, aids the mediæval treasure-seeker in his forbidden search, whether in the depths of the earth or after his neighbour's goods; nor have we far to seek in much older writings for the very same image without its repulsive transformation. The hand of glory is the red light of Jupiter, with which he smites the sacred citadels;[1] and with this we may compare the myth of the golden hand of Indra Savitâr.

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[1] In this story the office of Schamir is discharged by a goat, suggesting a comparison with the Aigis of Athênê (see ii. 347–8). The beast thrusts his horns with such force that, like the lightning, it splits the rocks open and the Tailor descends through the opening into the hidden chamber, where the maiden sleeps in the Glass Coffin.

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[1] Horace, *Od.* i. 2.

CHAPTER V.

THE WINDS.

Section I.—VAYU AND THE MARUTS.

Vayu and Favonius.

The god of the bright heaven, who is known as Dyu, Indra, and Agni, is also called Vayu, a name denoting, it would seem, simply the gentler movements of the air, which are expressed by the sweet pipings of the Greek Pan and the soft breathings of the Latin Favonius. As such, he comes early in the morning to chase away the demons, and the Dawns weave for him golden raiment.[1] He is drawn by the Nirjuts, and has Indra for his charioteer.[2] With some he was, along with Agni and Sûrya, supreme among the deities. 'There are only three deities, according to the Nairuktas (etymologists): Agni whose place is on earth; Vayu or Indra whose place is in the atmosphere, and Sûrya whose place is in the sky.'[3]

Boreas and the Maruts.

The blustering rage of the Greek Boreas and the more violent moods of Hermes are represented by the crowd of Maruts, or storm-winds, who attend on Indra and aid him in his struggle with his great enemy Vritra. Of these beings it is enough to say, that the language used in describing their functions is, if possible, more transparent than that of the poem known as the Homeric Hymn to Hermes. They overturn trees and destroy forests, they roar like lions and are as swift as thought, they shake the mountains and are clothed with rain. They are borne on tawny-coloured horses; they are brothers, 'of whom no one is the elder, no one the younger.' They are born self-luminous with the spotted deer, the spears, the daggers, the glittering ornaments.[1] These spears and daggers are the lightnings, and the spotted deer are seen in the spotted lynxes who play round Phoibos as he pipes to the flocks of Admêtos.[2] The worshipper hears the cracking of their whips in their hands as they go upon their way. After their mightiest exploits they assume again, 'according to their wont, the form of new-born babes,'[3] a phrase which exhibits the germ, and more than the germ, of the myth of Hermes returning like a child to his cradle after tearing up the forests. Their voice is louder than that of Stentor.

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[1] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, part iv. p. 337.

[2] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. S.* iii. 209; Muir, *Sanskr. Texts*, iv. 3, 7.

[3] Muir, *Skr. Texts*, part iv. p. 57.

'Whither now?' asks the poet. 'On what errand of yours are you going, in heaven not on earth? Where are your cows sporting? From the shout of the Maruts over the whole space of the earth men reeled forward.'[4]

'They make the rocks to tremble; they tear asunder the kings of the forest,' like Hermes in his rage.

'Lances gleam, Maruts, upon your shoulders, anklets on your feet, golden cuirasses on your breasts, and pure (waters shine) on your chariots: lightnings blazing with fire glow in your hands, and golden tiaras are towering on your heads.'[5]

In the traditions of Northern Europe these furious Maruts become the fearful Ogres, who come tearing along in their ships (the clouds), while the wind roars and growls after them, and who, after desperate conflicts, are vanquished by Shortshanks in the Norse tale. The ogre of this story carries with him 'a great thick iron club,' which sends the earth and stones flying five yards in the air at each stroke.

The Crushers, or Grinders.

But pre-eminently, as the name denotes, the Maruts are the crushers or grinders; and thus, as made to share in the deadly strife between Indra and Vritra, they assume an exclusively warlike character. The history of the root which furnishes this name has been already traced,[6] and has linked together the Greek war-god Arês, the gigantic Aloadai and Moliones, the Latin Mars and Mors, and the Teutonic Thor Miölnir. They are the children of Rudra, worshipped as the destroyer and reproducer, for these functions were blended by the same association of ideas which gave birth to the long series of correlative deities in Aryan mythology.

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[1] Max Müller, *Rig Veda Sanhita*, i. 59.

[2] Eurip. *Alk.* 579.

[3] Max Müller, *R. V. S.* i. 3.

[4] *Ib.* 65.

[5] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. S.* vol. ii. p. 333.

[6] Vol. i. p. 34.

'Adorned with armlets, the Maruts have shone like the skies with their stars; they have glittered like showers from the clouds, at the time when the prolific Rudra generated you, Maruts, with jewels on your breasts, from the shining udder of Prisni.'[1]

Rudra.

The several phases which the character of this god assumes in the later Hindu literature are minutely traced by Dr. Muir;[2] but among the monstrous overgrowths of wild fancies we find some of the more prominent attributes of the cognate Greek deity ascribed to Rudra in his character as Father of the Winds. Like the Asvins and Agni, like Proteus, Phoibos, and the other fish-gods, Rudra can change his form at will.

'Father of the Maruts, may thy felicity extend to us: exclude us not from the light of the sun.

'Thou, Rudra, art the chiefest of beings in glory. Thou, wielder of the thunderbolt, art the mightiest of the mighty.

'Where, Rudra, is thy joy-dispensing hand? Firm with strong limbs, assuming many forms, he shines with golden ornaments.'[3]

Like Hermes, Rudra is worshipped as the robber, the cheat, the deceiver, the Master Thief.[4] The mocking laughter of the wind as it passes on after wreaking its fury could not fail to suggest the same ideas in the most distant lands. As we might expect, Rudra, like Siva, whose gracious name was a mere euphemism to deprecate his deadly wrath, at length eclipses Indra, as Indra had put Dyaus and Varuṇa into the background, and he becomes associated most closely with that phallic worship which seemingly found but little favour in the true Vedic age.[5]

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[1] *R. V.* ii. 34, 2; Muir, *Skr. Texts.* part iv. p. 260.

[2] Muir, *ib.* part iv. ch. iv. sect. 3.

[3] H. H. Wilson, *R. V. S.* ii. 289.

[4] Muir, *Skr. Texts*, part iv. p. 341. See also vol. i.

[5] Dr. Muir fully admits the scantiness of the evidence on which the negative conclusion rests. *Skr. Texts*, iv. p. 348.

SECTION II.—HERMES.

Hindu and Greek myths of the wind.

The character of the more gentle Vayu, who comes with the blush of early morning, carries us to the strange legend of Hermes; and we have to see how the phrases which yielded but a slight harvest of myth in the East grew up in the West into stories enriched by an exquisite fancy, while they remained free from the cumbrous and repulsive extravagances of later Hindu mythology, and how true to the spirit of the old mythical speech and thought is the legend of that son of Zeus, who was born early in the morning in a cave of the Kyllenian hill, who at noon played softly and sweetly on his harp, and who at eventide stole away the cattle of Phoibos.[1]

The story of Hermes.

Rising from his cradle (so the story runs), the babe stepped forth from the cave, and found a tortoise feeding on the grass. Joyously seizing his prize, he pierced out its life with a borer, and drilling holes in the shell, framed a lyre with reed canes, a bull's hide, and seven sheep-gut cords. Then striking the strings he called forth sounds of wonderful sweetness, as he sang of the loves of Zeus in the beautiful home of his mother Maia, the daughter of Atlas. But soon he laid down his harp in his cradle, for the craving of hunger was upon him, and as the sun went down with his chariot and horses to the stream of Ocean,[2] the child hastened to the shadowy mountains of Pieria, where the cattle of the gods feed in their large pastures. Taking fifty of the herd, he drove them away, sending them hither and thither, so that none could tell by what path they had really gone, and on his own feet he bound branches of tamarisk and myrtle. Passing along the plains of Onchestos, he charged an old man who was at work in his vineyard to forget the things which it might not be convenient to remember.

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[1] *Hymn to Hermes*, 17, 18. The sudden growth of Hermes, followed by an equally rapid return to his infantile shape and strength, explains the story of the Fisherman and the Jin in the *Arabian Nights*. This tale is substantially the same as Grimm's story of the Spirit in the Bottle. The bottle in the one case, the jar in the other, represents the cradle to which Hermes comes back after striding like a giant over heaths and hills, as well as the cave of Aiolos and the bag of winds which he places in the hands of Odysseus.

[2] *Hymn to Hermes*, 67. I have striven to adhere with scrupulous care to the imagery of the hymn, avoiding the introduction of any notions not warranted by actual expressions in the poem.

The theft of the cattle.

Hastening onwards with the cattle, he reached the banks of Alpheios, as the moon rose up in the sky. There he brought together a heap of wood, and, kindling the first flame that shone upon the earth, he slew two of the cows, and stretching their hides on the rock, cut up the flesh into twelve portions.[1] But sorely though his hunger pressed him, he touched not the savoury food, and hurling his sandals into the river, he broke up the blazing pile, and scattered the ashes all night long beneath the bright light of the moon. Early in the morning he reached Kyllênê, neither god nor man having spied him on the road; and passing through the bolt-hole of the cave like a mist or a soft autumn breeze,[2] he lay down in his cradle, playing among the clothes with one hand, while he held his lyre in the other. To the warning of his mother, who told him that Phoibos would take a fearful vengeance, and bade him begone as born to be the plague of gods and men,[3] Hermes simply answered that he meant to be the equal of Phoibos, and that if this right were refused to him, he would go and sack his wealthy house at Pytho.

The covenant of Hermes and Phoibos.

Meanwhile, Phoibos, hastening to Onchestos in search of his cattle, had asked the old vinedresser to say who had taken them. But the words of Hermes still rang in the old man's ears, and he could remember only that he had seen cows and a babe following them with a staff in his hand. Knowing now who had stolen them,[4] Phoibos hastened on to

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[1] Hermes is thus especially connected with the ordering of burnt sacrifices. But this we have seen to be the especial attribute or function of Agni.

[2] In other words the great giant has reduced himself almost to nothing. This is the story of the Fisherman and the Jin in the *Arabian Nights*, of the Spirit in the Bottle in Grimm's German stories, of the devil in the purse of the Master Smith, and again in the story of the Lad and the Devil (Dasent), and the Gaelic tale of The Soldier. Campbell, ii. 279.

[3] With this we may compare the prognostications of the mother of the Shifty Lad, in the Scottish version of the myth.

[4] *Hymn to Hermes*, 214–5. Nothing could show more clearly than these words that the myth pointed to a physical phenomenon with which Phoibos was already familiar. Had the story been told by one who meant to speak of any human child, he would never have represented Apollôn as knowing who the thief was before his name was mentioned or the clue to his hiding-place furnished. The poet might indeed have said that the child had stolen the cows many times already: but the statement would not have agreed

Pylos, and there stood amazed at the confused tracks which the beasts had left behind them. Hurrying onwards to Kyllênê, Apollôn caught the child in his cradle, and taxed him with the theft. 'How can it be that I have stolen the cows?' said the babe, 'I who can but sleep and suck and play with the clothes of my cradle. I was born but yesterday, and my feet are tender, and the ground is hard. I have not taken your cattle, and I know nothing of cows but their name.' But as he spoke he winked slily with his eyes, and a long low whistle came from his lips. Smiling in spite of his anger, Phoibos saw that the craft of Hermes would set many a herdsman grieving, and that he had won the right to be called the prince of robbers and the Master Thief for ever. Then seizing the child he was bearing him away when a loud noise made him let go his hold; but at length both appeared before the judgment-seat of Zeus, and the babe, who spoke of himself as a most truthful person, said that he must be guiltless, as he knew not even what sort of things cows were. The plea was not admitted, and the nod of Zeus warned Hermes that his command to restore the oxen was not to be disobeyed. So on the banks of Alpheios he showed the lost cattle to Phoibos, who, dismayed at the signs of recent slaughter, again seized the babe in his anger. In great fear Hermes bethought him of his lyre, and striking its chords wakened sounds most soft and soothing as he sang of the old time when the gods were born and the world was young. As he listened to the beautiful harmony, Phoibos, angry no more, longed only to learn whence the child had this wondrous power, and to gain for himself this marvellous gift of song. At once Hermes granted his prayer, 'Take my lyre,' he said, 'which to those who can use it deftly will discourse of all sweet things, but will babble nonsense and moan strangely to all who know not how to draw forth its speech.' So the strife between them was ended, and Phoibos placed in the hand of Hermes his three-leafed rod of wealth and happiness, and gave him charge over all his cattle.[1]

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well with his special object in relating the myth—viz. to account for the alliance between Phoibos and Hermes.

[1] Thus Hermes becomes in the German story the Little Farmer who cheats the greedy townsmen with the sight of his flocks in the water. 'There happened to be a fine blue sky with

Then touching the tortoise-lyre, Apollôn called forth its sweet music, and Hermes, taking courage, prayed that to him also might be granted the secret wisdom of Phoibos; but Apollôn said, 'This alone may not be. None but myself may know the hidden counsels of Zeus; but other things there are which mortal men may never learn, and these things the Thriai shall teach thee, who dwell far down in the clifts of Parnassos. Other honours too are in store for thee. Thou shalt be the guardian of all flocks and herds, the messenger of the gods, and the guide of the dead to the dark land of Hades.' Thus was the compact between them made, and Phoibos became the lord of the sweet-voiced lyre, and Hermes for his part sware that no harm should come to the holy home of Apollôn at Delphoi. But to men Hermes brings no great help, for he has a way of cheating them through the dusky hours of night.

The meaning of the covenant.

It is obvious that the legend, as thus related in the hymn, cannot be understood until we have traced to their source the mythical facts that Hermes was born in the morning, that from him come the gifts of music and song, that he reached his full strength at midday, that although he could kindle flame he could not eat the food which the fire devoured, and that he could at will lie like a child in his cradle or terrify gods and men with his sudden blasts.[1] The mystery is certainly not solved if with Mr. Grote[2] we hold that 'the general types of Hermes and Apollôn, coupled with the present fact that no thief ever approached the rich and seemingly accessible treasures of Delphi, engender a string of expository incidents, cast into a quasi-historical form, and detailing how it happened that Hermes had bound himself by especial convention to respect the Delphian temple.' Mr. Grote cannot mean that the immunity of the Pythian shrine from theft and plunder originated the general types of the two gods, and it is precisely with

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plenty of fleecy clouds over it, which were mirrored in the water and looked like little lambs. The farmers called one to another, "Look there, we can see the sheep already on the ground below the water."'

[1] *Hymn to Hermes*, 296. This line contains, perhaps, the only really coarse expression in the whole poem; and the reference to the action of wind in its sudden outbursts at once makes it both innocent and graphic.

[2] *History of Greece*, part i. ch. i.

these types that we are now concerned. If a convention should be made at all, why should it be with Hermes rather than with any other god? If it be answered that Hermes was the prince and patron of thieves, we have then to ask why this should be his character and whence the notion came. The mere pointing out of a contrast does not explain the origin of that contrast; and Mr. Gladstone lays down a principle of universal application when he says that 'invention cannot absolutely create; it can only work on what it finds already provided to hand.'[1] The criticisms of Colonel Mure[2] might have some force if we could suppose that the poet created his own materials; but it is manifestly useless to explain as a jest the relations between Hermes and Apollôn, until we have shown why these particular relations should be invested with a ludicrous character. It is strange that Colonel Mure should suppose that he had touched the real point at issue by asserting that in order to accommodate the dispute 'on terms honourable to each party' 'an elegant expedient suggested itself' in the invention of the lyre by Hermes, and the transference of this instrument,' which could not fail to lay Apollôn under a heavy debt of gratitude to the donor.[1] This leaves altogether out of sight the fact that Phoibos imparted to Hermes such secrets as it was lawful for him to disclose, and in no way explains why Hermes should invent the lyre and Phoibos be possessed of a hidden wisdom. To say that 'Hermes in his capacity of god is gifted from the first moment of his existence with divine power and energy,' and that 'as a member of the Hellenic pantheon he is subjected to the natural drawbacks of humanity, and hence at his birth to those of infancy,' is partly to misrepresent the myth and partly to say of him that which may be said just as well of Apollôn, or Dionysos, or Aphroditê. Hermes, it is true, is represented as a babe at his birth in the morning: but it is ludicrous to speak of natural human drawbacks for a child who can leave his cradle when a few hours old, and exert the strength of a giant at his will. If, again, Apollôn at his birth was bathed by the nymphs in pure water and wrapped in a soft and spotless robe, he yet became very soon the Chrysâôr whose invincible sword must win him the victory over all his enemies.

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[1] *Homer and the Homeric Age*, ii. 9.

[2] *History of Greek Literature*, ii. 340. No wish to disparage the great learning of Colonel Mure or to depreciate his services in the important subject to which he devoted himself must be inferred from the expression of a conviction that he was incapable of analysing fairly any mythical narrative, the truth being that he knew nothing of the nature of myths in general. Thus in the present case he seems to have a fixed idea that his work is done when he says that the whole *Hymn to Hermes* is designed as a burlesque, that the absurdity is intended to lie in the contrast 'between the Herculean exploits of the divine urchin and his baby form and habits,' and that the supernatural element of the story 'alone gives point and seasoning to an otherwise palpable extravagance.' There is not an expression throughout the whole hymn which implies any consciousness of extravagance or burlesque or absurdity on the part of the poet, who evidently writes in all possible seriousness. But with Colonel Mure almost all mythical incidents resolve themselves into the mere extravagances of a disordered or ill-regulated fancy. The hundred-headed narcissus, whose fragrance made earth and heaven smile, and which tempted Persephonê to leave her companions in the fields of Enna, he is content to put aside as 'a monstrous hyperbole.' In point of fact, the poet chose the narcissus because its name denotes the deadly languor and lethargy which comes over the earth in autumn, and which is expressed more fully in the myth of Narkissos, the counterpart of Endymiôn. (See page 33.) It is not, however, accurate to speak of the 'baby habits' of Hermes. His childish ways are confined to the time which he spends in his cradle. As soon as he leaves it, he begins to move with giant strides, and nothing of the child remains about him. Colonel Mure adds that 'as the patron deity of cunning and intrigue, he is at once qualified to compete with and to surpass even Apollo, hitherto considered as unrivalled in these arts.' There is not the slightest ground for thinking that Apollôn was at any time connected with the notion of cunning and intrigue, and still less for supposing that he was regarded as the embodiment or ideal of those qualities until the questionable honour was transferred to Hermes. It is, in fact, impossible to determine whether the myth of Phoibos has the priority of time over that of Hermes, and therefore we cannot say how the former was regarded before the latter furnished the notion of the Master Thief.

The rivalry between Hermes and Phoibos.

We are thus beating the air until we discover the groundwork or source of the ideas which led to the notion of contrast and rivalry between the two gods. Far from concerning ourselves in the first place with the mode devised for their reconciliation, it is this very rivalry and antagonism for which we have to account. If the legend in its Greek form fails to carry us to the source of the idea, we must necessarily look elsewhere: and we shall not search the hymns of the Veda in vain. 'The divine greyhound Saramâ,' says Dr. Mommsen,[2] 'who guards for the lord of heaven the golden herd of stars and sunbeams, and for him collects the nourishing rainclouds of heaven for the milking, and who moreover faithfully conducts the pious dead into the world of the blessed, becomes in the hands of the Greeks the son of Saramâ, Sarameyas, or Hermeias.' In the Vedic Saramâ Dr. Kuhn finds a name identical with the Teutonic *storm* and the Greek Hormê. Although neither of these statements accords strictly with the Vedic passages which speak of Saramâ and Sarameya, the controversy which has turned upon these names may perhaps be compared to the battle of the knights for the sides of the silvered and brazened shield in the old tale.

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[1] *Crit. Hist. Gr. Lit.* ii. 344.

[2] *History of Rome*, i. 18.

Hermes the god of the moving air.

Confining our view strictly to the Veda, we find no divine greyhound Saramâ. The beautiful being known by this name is the Greek Helenê, the words 'being phonetically identical, not only in every consonant and vowel, but even in their accent;'[1] and both are traced to the root *Sar*, to go or to creep. When the cows of Indra are stolen by the Paṇis, Saramâ is the first to spy out the clift in which they were hidden, and the first to hear their lowings. The cows which she thus recovers Indra reconquers from the Paṇis, who have striven with all their powers to corrupt the fidelity of Saramâ.

'What kind of man is Indra?' they ask, 'he as whose messenger thou comest from afar? Let us make thee our sister, do not go away again: we will give thee part of the cows, O darling.'

Saramâ, then, as going, like Ushas, before Indra, is the Dawn, and Sarameya or Hermeias is the Dawn-child. Into the conception of the former, Professor Max Müller rightly asserts that the idea of storm never entered; and the passages in which mention is made of Sarameya lead him also to exclude this notion from the character of Hermes. With him, then, Hermes is 'the god of twilight, who betrays his equivocal nature by stealing, though only in fun, the herds of Apollôn, but restoring them without the violent combat that is waged for the same herds in India between Indra the bright god and Vala the robber. In India the dawn brings the light, in Greece the twilight is itself supposed to have stolen it, or to hold back the light, and Hermes the twilight surrenders the booty when challenged by the sun-god Apollo.'[2] This view explains at most only two or three of the traits which make up the character of the Hellenic Hermes; it does not show us how the functions of the twilight could be carried on through the live-long night;[1] still less does it account for the radical idea of sound connected with Hermes as contrasted with the light which is the chief characteristic of Apollôn. Yet Professor Max Müller himself supplies the clue which may lead us through the labyrinth when he tells us that Hermes is born in the morning, 'as Sarameya would be the son of the twilight, or, it may be, the first breeze of the dawn.'[2] The idea which lies at the root of the Vedic Saramâ and Sarameya is that of brightness; the idea which furnishes the groundwork for the myth of Hermes is essentially that of sound. There is nothing to bewilder us in this fact. Both ideas are equally involved in the root *Sar*, which expressed only motion; and the degree of difference discernible between the Vedic Saramâ and the Greek Hermes is at the worst precisely that which we should expect from the disintegrating process brought about by a partial or complete forgetfulness of the original meaning of words. That the tales of one nation are not borrowed directly from the legends of another, the whole course of philological science tends, as we have seen, more and more to prove. Names which are mere attributes in one mythology are attached to distinct persons in another. The title Arjuni, which in the Veda is a transparent epithet of the dawn, becomes in the West Argennos, known only as a favourite of Agamemnon; and the mysterious Varuṇa of the Hindu is very inadequately represented by the Hellenic Ouranos. The Greek Charites and the Latin Gratiæ are in name identical with the Sanskrit Harits: Erinys is Saranyu, and Helen is Saramâ. But the Greek did not get his Charis from the Harit of the Brahman; the western poets did not receive their Helen from Vedic bards: the Hellenic Hermes does not owe his parentage to Sarameya. Carrying with them an earlier form of those names from the common home of the race, the Greek developed his own myths as the Vedic rishis developed theirs. The common element insured resemblance, while it rendered absolute agreement impossible, and an indefinite divergence in detail inevitable. If the myth so developed is found to contradict the essential idea of a less developed Sanskrit phrase, there would be good cause for perplexity; but here there is no such contrariety. The idea of the dawn is associated with that of the breeze almost as much as with that of light; and although the idea of Saramâ excludes the bare notion of storm, it does not exclude the thought of the whispering airs of morning tide. The action of Hermes in the Homeric hymn cannot be consistently explained by a mere reference to storms; and the Saramâ, whose child he is, is unmistakably the Dawn who peers about after the bright cows which have been stolen by the night and hidden in its secret caves. With this being the Hellenic Hermes retains all the affinity which from the general results of Comparative Mythology we should expect him to exhibit. We may with Professor Max Müller lay stress on the facts that 'he loves Hersê, the dew, and Aglauros, her sister; among his sons is Kephalos, the head of the day. He is the herald of the gods; so is the twilight: so was Saramâ the messenger of Indra. He is the spy of the night, νυκτὸς ὀπωπητήρ; he sends sleep and dreams; the bird of the morning, the cock, stands by his side. Lastly, he is the guide of travellers, and particularly of the souls who travel on their last journey: he is the Psychopompos.'[1] And yet the single idea of light fails utterly to explain or to account for the origin of the series of incidents narrated in the Homeric hymn. Throughout this singularly beautiful poem the leading idea is that of air in motion, or wind, varying in degree from the soft breath of a summer breeze to the rage of the groaning hurricane. His silence in the morning, his soft harping at midday, the huge strides with which in the evening he hurries after the cattle of Phoibos, the crashing of the forest branches until they burst into flame, the sacrifice which Hermes prepares, but of which he cannot taste though grievously pressed by hunger, the wearied steps with which he returns to sleep in his cradle, the long low whistle with which he slily closes his reply to the charge of theft, the loud blast which makes Apollôn let go his hold, the soft music by which the babe assuages his wrath, the longing of Hermes to learn the secret wisdom of the sun-god, are all traits exquisitely beautiful if told of the wind, but with absolutely no meaning if applied to the light or the dawn.

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 471.

[2] *Ib.* 475.

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[1] *Hymn to Hermes*, 141.

[2] *Lect. on Lang.* second series, 473.

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[1] *Lect. on Lang.* second series, 476.

Transparent clearness of the myth.

Analysed with reference to the idea of air in motion, the whole story becomes self-luminous. Like the fire which at its first kindling steps out with the strength of a horse from its prison, the wind may freshen to a gale before it be an hour old, and sweep before it the mighty clouds big with the rain that is to refresh the earth. Where it cannot throw down it can penetrate. It pries unseen into holes and crannies, it sweeps round dark corners, it plunges into glens and caves; and when the folk come out to see the mischief that it has done, they hear its mocking laughter as it hastens on its way. These few phrases lay bare the whole framework of the Homeric legend, and account for the not ill-natured slyness and love of practical jokes which enter into the character of Hermes.[1] The babe leaves the cradle before he is an hour old. The breath of the breeze is at first soft and harmonious as the sounds which he summons from his tortoise-lyre. But his strength grows rapidly, and he lays aside his harp to set out on a plundering expedition. With mighty strides he hastens from the heights of Kyllênê until he drives from their pastures the cattle of Apollôn, obliterating the foot-tracks after the fashion of the autumn-winds, which cover the roads with leaves and mire.[2] In his course he sees an old man working in his vineyard, and, like a catspaw on the surface of the sea, he whispers in his ear a warning of which but half the sound is caught before the breeze has passed away. All the night long the wind roared, or, as the poet says, Hermes toiled till the branches of the trees, rubbing against each other, burst into a flame; and so men praise Hermes, like Prometheus, Phoroneus, and Bhuranyu, as the giver of the kindliest boon—fire.[3] The flames, fanned by the wind, consume the sacrifice; but the wind, though hungry, cannot eat of it,[4] and when the morning has come he returns to his mother's cave, passing

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[1] Hor. *Od.* i. 10.

[2] *Hymn to Hermes,* 75.

[3] *Hymn to Hermes,* 110.

[4] *Ib.* 131.

BOOK II.

through the opening of the bolt like the sigh of a summer breeze or mist on a hill side.[1] The wind is tired of blowing, or, in other words, the feet of Hermes patter almost noiselessly over the floor,[2] till he lies down to sleep in his cradle which he had left but a few hours ago. The sun rises and finds to his discomfiture that the herds are gone. He too sees the hedger of Onchestos, who thinks, but is not sure,[3] that he had seen a babe driving cows before him. The sun hastens on his way, sorely perplexed at the confused foot-tracks covered with mud and strewn with leaves, just as if the oaks had taken to walking on their heads.[4] But when he charges the child with the theft, the defence is grounded on his tender age. Can the breeze of a day old, breathing as softly as a babe new born, be guilty of so much mischief? Its proper home is the summer land;[5] why should it stride wantonly over bleak hills and bare heaths? But, with an instinct singularly true, Hermes is represented as closing his defence with a long whistle,[6] which sounds very much like mockery and tends perhaps to heighten the scepticism of Apollôn. The latter seizes the child, who with a loud blast makes him suddenly let go, and then appeals against his unkind treatment to his father (the sky).[7] Zeus refuses to accept his plea of infancy; but when Hermes brings back the cows, the suspicions of Apollôn are again roused, and, dreading his angry looks, the child strikes his tortoise-lyre and wakens sounds so soft and tender[8] that the hardest-hearted man cannot choose but listen. Never on the heights of Olympos, where winds perhaps blow strong as they commonly do on mountain summits, had Phoibos heard a strain so soothing.[9] Like the pleasant murmur of a breeze in the palm-groves of the south, it filled his heart with a strange yearning,[10] carrying him back to the days when the world was young and all the bright gods kept holiday, and he longed for the glorious gift of music[11] which made the life of Hermes a joy on the earth. His prayer is at once granted, the wind grudges not his music to the sun; he seeks only to know the secrets which his own eyes cannot penetrate,[1] for Phoibos sits in the high heaven by the side of Zeus, knowing the inmost mind of his father, and his keen glance can pierce the depths of the green sea. This wisdom the sun may not impart. The wind may not vex the pure ether or break in upon the eternal repose of the ocean depths. Still there are other honours in store for him, many and great. He shall be the guardian of the bright clouds; his song shall cheer the sons of men and lessen the sum of human suffering; his breath shall waft the dead to the world unseen, and when he wills he may get wisdom by holding converse with the hoary sisters far down in the clifts of Parnassos, as the wind may be heard mysteriously whispering in hidden glens and unfathomable caves. The compact is ratified by the oath that the wind shall do no hurt to the home of the sun, who declares in his turn that he loves nothing so well as the fresh breeze of heaven.[2] True to the last to the spirit of the myth, the poet adds that his friendship for man is not equal to his love for the sun. The wind has a way of doing men mischief while they sleep.

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[1] *Hymn to Hermes*, 147.
[2] *Ib.* 149.
[3] *Ib.* 208.
[4] *Ib.* 349.
[5] *Ib.* 267-8.
[6] *Ib.* 280.
[7] *Hymn to Hermes*, 312.
[8] *Ib.* 419.
[9] *Ib.* 445, 450.
[10] *Ib.* 422.
[11] *Ib.* 457.

Humour of the myth.

The idea which has explained every incident of the hymn accounts also for the humour which runs through it. It is a humour depending not upon the contrast between the puny form and the mighty exploits of Hermes or on the supernatural element which in Colonel Mure's belief alone gives point to what would otherwise be mere extravagance. It is the result of an exquisitely faithful noting of outward phenomena, and, as such, it was not the invention of the Homeric or post-Homeric poets, but a part of the rich inheritance which gave them likewise the chief features in the characters of Achilleus, Meleagros, Odysseus, and other mythical heroes. For those who have eyes to see it, nature has her comedy not less than her sad and mournful tragedy. If some have seen in the death of the ambitious or grasping man, cut off in the midst of his schemes, an irony which would excite a smile if the subject were less awful, we may enter into the laughter of Hermes, as he pries into nooks and crannies, or uproots forests, or tears down, as the pas-time of an hour, fabrics raised with the toil of many years. The idea of the sun as bringing forth rich harvests from the earth in many lands, and passing from one to the other with an imperturbable indifference, may suggest the notion of a selfish sensuality which may run into broad burlesque.[1] On these grounds we should expect to find a ludicrous side to the stories told of Zeus, Herakles and Hermes as representing the sky, the sun, and the wind; but in each case the humour, whether coarse or refined, was involved in the very truthfulness of the conception, although this conception was worked out with an unconscious fidelity which is indeed astonishing. The burlesque with which the adventures of Herakles may easily be invested, arose from no intention of disparaging the hero's greatness; and we are scarcely justified in saying with Mr. Grote that 'the hymnographer concludes the song to Hermes with frankness unusual in speaking of a god.'[2] The Greek spoke as the needs of his subject required him to speak; and the sly humour which marks the theft of Hermes in Pieria no more detracts from the dignity of Hermes, than the 'frolicsome and irregular'[3] exploits of Samson degraded the Jewish hero in the estimation of his countrymen. Even if the hymnwriter had failed to identify Hermes with the winds of heaven as confidently as, when he spoke of Selênê watching over Endymiôn, he must have felt that he was speaking really of the moon and the sun, this would prove only that the original conception of the myth led him unconsciously to handle all his materials in strict accordance with the leading idea. That the meaning of the myth of Hermes had not been so far forgotten, will perhaps be generally conceded.

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[1] *Hymn to Hermes*, 472, 532.

[2] *Ib.* 525.

Hermes, the messenger and the thief.

The idea of sound, which underlies all the incidents of the Homeric hymn, explains most of the attributes and inventions ascribed to Hermes. The soft music of the breeze would at once make him the author of the harp or lyre.

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[1] Hence, while Herakles is a good-humoured glutton in the Alkêstis of Euripides, he becomes the Valiant Little Tailor of the German story, who succeeds in all his exploits by sheer force of boasting.

[2] *Hist. Greece*, i. 82.

[3] Stanley, *Lectures on the Jewish Church.*

As driving the clouds across the blue fields of heaven, he would be the messenger of Apollôn, and this office would soon be merged in that of the herald of Zeus and all the gods. As such again, he would be skilled in the use of words, and he would be employed in tasks where eloquence was needed. Thus he appears before Priam in the time of his anguish, not in his divine character, but as one of the servants of Achilleus, and, by the force of his words alone, persuades the old man to go and beg the body of Hektor.[1] So too he wins the assent of Hades to the return of Persephonê from the underworld.[2] Hermes thus became associated with all that calls for wisdom, tact, and skill in the intercourse between man and man, and thus he is exhibited at once as a cunning thief, and as the presiding god of wealth.[3] It is possible, however, or likely, that in later times, the functions of Hermes were largely multiplied by a confusion between words, the fruitful source of secondary myths. If such words as *ἑρμηνεία* and *ἑρμηνεύειν*, to interpret, are to be traced to the name Hermes, there are others, as *ἕρμα*, a prop, *ἕρμακες*, heaps of stones, *ἑρματίζειν*, to ballast a ship, which clearly can have nothing to do with it. Yet on the strength of these words Hermes becomes a god of boundaries, the guardian of gymnasia, and lastly the patron of gymnastic games; and his statues were thus placed at the entrance of the Agora.[4] The cause of this confusion M. Bréal finds in the word *ἑρμίδιον* or *ἑρμάδιον*, commonly taken to signify a small statue of Hermes, but which might also mean a small prop or stay. This word ἕρμα M. Bréal connects with the Greek εἴργω and ἕρκος; and the Latin arcere, erctum, may in the same way have led to the identification of the Latin Ercules or Herculus, the god of boundaries, with the Greek Herakles. The word ἕρμαιον, as denoting a god-send or treasure-trove, may belong to either the one root or the other.[1]

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[1] *Il.* xxiv. 400.

[2] *Hymn to Dêmêtêr*, 335.

[3] πλουτοδότης· παλιγκαπηλος. Orph. xxviii. The so called Orphic hymns, as we have seen, string together all the epithets which the conceptions or inferences of poets and mythographers had accumulated during a long series of ages. Among these the epithet Trismegistos, the 'ter maximus Hermes' of Ausonius, has degenerated into the supposed Saracenic idol Termagant. Grimm, *D. M.* 137.

[4] Hermes Agoraios. We are thus brought to the later developements which connected him in some degree with traffic and merchandise. Of this notion not a trace can be found in the so-called Homeric *Hymn to Hermes*, which must be regarded as of the first importance for all who wish to determine the character of the god: and it is, to say the least, extremely difficult to discern even the germ of this idea in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. The Latin god Mercurius is, it is true, simply a god of traffickers, (merx, mercari): but he possessed not a single attribute in common with the Hellenic Hermes; and the Fetiales persistently refused to admit their identity, in spite of the fashion which attached the Greek myths to Latin deities with which they had nothing to do. The Hellenic Hermes is a harper, a thief, a guide, or a messenger—but not a merchant. Whatever honours he may have apart from his inherent powers of song and mischief are bestowed on him by Phoibos.

Hermes and the Charites.

The office of Hermes connects him necessarily with many legends, and especially with those of Prometheus, Iô, Paris, and Deukalion: but it is more noteworthy that 'as the Dawn in the Veda is brought by the bright Harits, so Hermes is called the leader of the Charites.'[2] His worship, we are told, was instituted first in Arkadia, and thence transferred to Athens.[3] That it may have been so is possible, but in the absence of all historical evidence, we cannot affirm it as fact: and no argument can be based on traditions concerned with such names as Athens, Arkadia, Ortygia or Eleusis. If Hermes be the son of the twilight, or the first breeze of the morning, his worship would as certainly begin in Arkadia (the glistening land), or at Athens (the home of the Dawn), and his first temple be built by Lykâôn (the gleaming), as the worship of Phoibos would spring up in the brilliant Dêlos, or by the banks of the golden Xanthos in the far-off Lykia or land of light, whence Sarpêdôn came to the help of Hektor. The reasons have been already given,[4] which seem to warrant the conclusion that historical inferences based on names which, although applied afterwards to real cities or countries, come from the mythical cloudland, can be likened only to castles built in the air.

Hermes the herald.

The staff or rod which Hermes received from Phoibos, and which connects this myth with the special emblem of Vishnu,[5] was regarded as denoting his heraldic office. It was, however, always endowed with magic properties, and had the power even of raising the dead.[6] The fillets of this staff sometimes gave place to serpents; and the golden sandals, which in the Iliad and Odyssey bear him through the air more swiftly than the wind, were at length, probably from the needs of the sculptor and the painter, fitted with wings, and the Orphic hymn-writer salutes him accordingly as the god of the winged sandals.[1] In the legend of Medousa these sandals bear Perseus away from the pursuit of the angry Gorgons into the Hyperborean gardens and thence to the shores of Libya.

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[1] See M. Bréal's letter on this subject, inserted in Prof. Max Müller's *Lect. on Lang.* second series, 474.

[2] ἡγεμὼν Χαρίτων, Max Müller, *ib.* 473.

[3] Hygin, *Fab.* 225.

[4] See book i. ch. x.

[5] See page 113.

[6] Virg. *Æn.* iv. 242.

SECTION III.—ORPHEUS.

Points of difference between Orpheus and Hermes.

Of the myth of Orpheus it may also be said that it brings before us a being, in whom some attributes which belong to the light or the sun are blended with others which point as clearly to the wind. The charm of the harping of Hermes is fully admitted in the Homeric hymn, but its effect is simply the effect of exquisite music on those who have ears to hear and hearts to feel it. In the story of Orpheus the action becomes almost wholly mechanical. If his lyre has power over living beings, it has power also over stones, rocks, and trees. What then is Orpheus? Is he, like Hermes, the child of the dawn, or is he the sun-god himself joined for a little while with a beautiful bride whom he is to recover only to lose her again? There can be no doubt that this solar myth has been bodily imported into the legend of Orpheus, even if it does not constitute its essence. The name of his wife, Eurydikê, is one of the many names which denote the wide-spreading flush of the dawn; and this fair being is stung by the serpent of night as she wanders close by the water which is fatal alike to Melusina and Undine, to the Lady of Geierstein and to the more ancient Bhekî or frog-sun. But if his Helen is thus stolen away by the dark power, Orpheus must seek her as pertinaciously as the Achaians strive for the recovery of Helen or the Argonauts for that of the Golden Fleece. All night long he will wander through the regions of night, fearing no danger and daunted by no obstacles, if only his eyes may rest once more on her who was the delight of his life. At last he comes to the grim abode of the king of the dead, and at length obtains the boon that his wife may follow him to the land of the living, on the one condition that he is not to look back until she has fairly reached the earth. The promise is not kept; and when Orpheus, overcome by an irresistible yearning, turns round to gaze on the beautiful face of his bride, he sees her form vanish away like mist at the rising of the sun. This, it is obvious, is but another form of the myth which is seen in the stories of Phoibos and Daphnê, of Indra and Dahanâ, of Arethousa and Alpheios; and as such, it would be purely solar. But the legend as thus related is shorn of other features not less essential than these solar attributes. Orpheus is never without his harp. It is with this that he charms all things conscious or unconscious. With this he gathers together the bright herds of Helios and all the beasts of the field. As he draws forth its sweet sounds, the trees, the rocks, the streams, all hasten to hear him, or to follow him as he moves onwards on his journey. Only when Eurydikê is dead, are its delicious sounds silenced; but when at the gates of the palace of Hades the three-headed hound Kerberos growls savagely at him, its soft tones charm away his fury, and the same spell subdues the heart of the rugged king himself. It is thus only that he wins the desire of his heart, and when Eurydikê is torn from her the second time, the heavenly music is heard again no more. It is impossible to regard this part of the story as a solar myth, except on the supposition that Orpheus is but another form of Phoibos after he has become possessed of the lyre of Hermes. But the truth is that the myth of the Hellenic Hermes is not more essentially connected with the idea of sound than is that of Orpheus together with the long series of myths based on the same notion which are found scattered over almost all the world. In the opinion of Professor Max Müller 'Orpheus is the same word as the Sanskrit Ribhu or Arbhu, which though it is best known as the name of the three Ribhus, was used in the Veda as an epithet of Indra, and a name for the Sun.'[1]

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[1] *Hymn XXVIII.*

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[1] *Chips, &c.* ii. 127.

Mr. Kelly, following Dr. Kuhn, sees in the Ribhus the storm-winds which sweep trees and rocks in wild dance before them by the force of their magic song.[1] But even if the Sanskrit name can be applied only to the sun, this would only show that the name of Orpheus underwent in its journey to the west a modification similar to that of the name Hermes. It must, however, be noted that Orpheus acts only by means of his harp, which always rouses to motion. The action of Hermes is twofold, and when he is going forth on his plundering expedition he lays aside his lyre, which he resumes only when he comes back to lie down like a child in his cradle. Hence the lyre of Hermes only charms and soothes. Its sweet tones conquer the angry sun-god, and lull to sleep the all-seeing Argos of the hundred eyes, when Hermes seeks to deliver Iô from his ceaseless scrutiny. But among the Greek poets the idea which would connect Orpheus with the sun was wholly lost. In Pindar he is sent indeed by Apollôn to the gathering of the Argonauts, but this would point simply to a phrase which spoke of the sun as sending or bringing the morning breeze: and with the poet he is simply the harper and the father of songs.[2] In Æschylos he leads everything after him by the gladness with which his strain inspires them.[3] In Euripides he is the harper who compels the rocks to follow him,[4] while in speaking of him as the originator of sacred mysteries the poet transfers to him the idea which represents Hermes as obtaining mysterious wisdom in the hidden caves of the Thriai.[5] In the so-called Orphic Argonautika the harper is the son of Oiagros and Kalliopê, the latter name denoting simply the beauty of sound, even if the former be not a result of the onomatopœia which has produced such Greek words as *εὐχή*, *γόος*, and *οἰμωγή*. No sooner does he call on the divine ship which the heroes had vainly tried to move, than the Argo, charmed by the tones, glides gently into the sea.[6] The same tones wake the voyagers in Lemnos from the sensuous spell which makes Odysseus dread the land of the Lotos-eaters.[1] At the magic sound the Kyanean rocks parted asunder to make room for the speaking ship, and the Symplegades which had been dashed together in the fury of ages remained steadfast for evermore.[2] But it is singular that when it becomes needful to stupify the dragon which guards the golden fleece, the work is done not by the harp of Orpheus, but by the sleep-god Hypnos himself, whom Orpheus summons to lull the Vritra to slumber.[3]

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[1] *Curiosities of Indo-European Folk-lore*, 17.

[2] *Pyth.* iv. 315.

[3] *Agam.* 1630.

[4] *Iphig. in Aul.* 1213.

[5] *Rhes.* 943; *Hymn to Hermes*, 552.

[6] *Argonaut.* 262.

The Seirens.

The same irresistible spell belongs to the music of the Seirens, who are represented as meeting their doom, in one legend, by means of Orpheus, in another, through Odysseus. Whether these beings represent the Seirai, or belts of calms, which are so treacherous and fatal to mariners, or whether the name itself is found again in the Syrinx or pipe of the god Pan, and in the Latin susurrus,[4] the whisper of the breeze, is a point of no great importance, so long as we note the fact that none who listened to their song could be withheld from rushing under its influence to their own destruction. In the story of the Odyssey, Odysseus breaks the spell by filling his sailors' ears with wax, while he has himself stoutly tied to the mast of his ship. In the Orphic myth the divine harper counteracts their witchery by his own strain, and the Seirens throw themselves into the sea and are changed into rocks according to the doom which granted them life only until some one should sing more sweetly and powerfully than they.

The Piper of Hameln.

This mysterious spell is the burden of a vast number of stories, many of which have been gathered together by Mr. Baring Gould in his chapter on the Piper of Hameln, who, wroth at being cheated of his promised recompense for piping away into the Weser the rats which had plagued the city,[5] returns to take an unlooked-for vengeance. No sooner is a note of his music heard than there is throughout the town a sound of pattering feet.

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[1] *Argonaut.* 480.

[2] *Ib.* 740.

[3] *Ib.* 1008.

[4] The name is more probably connected with the Latin Silanus, see p. 318.

[5] This tale at once carries us to the Sminthian worship of Apollôn. Sminthos, it is said, was a Cretan word for a mouse, and certain it is that a mouse was placed at the foot of the statues of the sun-god in the temples where he was worshipped under this name. But the story accounted for this by saying that the mouse was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and was therefore put by the side of the deity who was possessed of the profound wisdom of Zeus himself. This in the opinion of Welcker is a mere inversion, which assigned to the mouse an attribute which had belonged ex-

> All the little boys and girls
> With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls
> And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls
> Tripping, skipping, ran merrily after
> The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The musician goes before them to a hill rising above the Weser, and as they follow him into a cavern, the door in the mountain-side shuts fast, and their happy voices are heard no more. According to one version none were saved but a lame boy, who remained sad and cheerless because he could not see the beautiful land to which the piper had said that he was leading them—a land

> Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
> And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
> And everything was strange and new,
> And sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
> And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
> And honey bees had lost their stings,
> And horses were born with eagles' wings.[1]

The temptation to follow Mr. Gould through his series of tales is almost as powerful as the spell of the piper himself. We may yield to it only so far as we must do so to prove the wide range of these stories in the North, the East, and the West. At Brandenburg the plague from which the piper delivers the people is a host of ants, whom he charms into the water. The promised payment is not made, and when he came again, all the pigs followed him into the lake—a touch borrowed probably from the narrative of the miracle at Gadara. In this myth there is a triple series of incidents. Failing to receive his recompense the second year for sweeping away a cloud of crickets, the piper takes away all their ships. In the third year all the children vanish as from Hameln, the unpaid toil of the piper having been this time expended in driving away a legion of rats.

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clusively to the god near whom it was placed; accordingly he refers the myth without hesitation to Apollôn as the deliverer from those plagues of mice which have been dreaded or hated as a terrible scourge, and which even now draw German peasants in crowds to the churches to fall on their knees and pray God to destroy the mice. *Griechische Götterlehre*, i. 482.

[1] These lines are quoted from Mr. Browning by Mr. Gould, who does not mention the poet's name.

The Erlking.

The idea of music as charming away souls from earth is common to all these legends, and this notion is brought out more fully not only in Göthe's ballad of the Erlking, who charms the child to death in his father's arms, but also, in Mr. Gould's opinion, in superstitions still prevalent among certain classes of people in this country, who believe that the dying hear the sound of sweet music discoursing to them of the happy land far away.[1]

The Jew among the thorns.

The idea of the shrubs and trees as moved by the harping of Orpheus has run out into strange forms. In some myths, the musician who compels all to dance at his will is endowed with the thievish ways of Hermes, although these again are attributed to an honest servant who at the end of three years receives three farthings as his recompense. In the German story of the Jew among the Thorns the servant gives these farthings to a dwarf who grants him three wishes in return. The first two wishes are, of course, for a weapon that shall strike down all it aims at, and a fiddle that shall make every one dance, while by the third he obtains the power of forcing every one to comply with any request that he may make. From this point the story turns more on the Homeric than on the Orphic myth. Strangely enough, Phoibos is here metamorphosed into the Jew, who is robbed not of cows but of a bird, and made to dance until his clothes are all torn to shreds. The appeal to a judge and the trial, with the shifty excuses, the dismissal of the plea, and the sentence, follow in their due order. But just as Hermes delivers himself by waking the sweet music of his lyre when Phoibos on discovering the skins of the slaughtered cattle is about to slay him, so the servant at the gallows makes his request to be allowed to play one more tune, when judge, hangman, accuser, and spectators, all join in the magic dance. Another modern turn is given to the legend when the Jew is made to confess that he had stolen the money which he gave the honest servant, and is himself hanged in the servant's stead.[2]

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[1] *Curious Myths*, second series, 160.

[2] This marvellous piper reappears in Grimm's stories of the Wonderful Musician, of Roland who makes the witch dance against her will to a bewitched tune, and of the Valiant Tailor who thus conquers the Bear as Orpheus masters Kerberos.

The story of Arîon.

In a less developed form this story is the same as the legend of Arîon, who, though supposed to be a friend of the Corinthian tyrant Periandros, is still represented as a son of Poseidôn. In this case the musician's harp fails to win his life at the hands of the men who grudge him his wealth, but his wish seems to carry with it a power which they are not able to resist, while his playing brings to the side of the ship a dolphin who bears Arîon on his back to Corinth. In the trial which follows, the tables are turned on the sailors much as they are on the Jew in the German story, and Arîon recovers his harp which was to play an important part in many another Aryan myth.

Inchanted harps and horns.

The German form of the myth Mr. Gould has traced into Iceland, where Sigurd's harp in the hands of Bosi makes chairs and tables, king and courtiers, leap and reel, until all fall down from sheer weariness and Bosi makes off with his bride who was about to be given to some one else. The horn of Oberon in the romance of Huon of Bordeaux has the same powers, while it further becomes, like the Sangreal, a test of good and evil, for only those of blameless character dance when its strains are heard. Still more marvellous are the properties of the lyre of Glenkundie:

> He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
> Or water out o' a stane,
> Or milk out o' a maiden's breast
> That bairn had never nane.[1]

The harp of Wäinämöinen.

The instrument reappears in the pipe of the Irish Maurice Connor, which could waken the dead as well as stir the living; but Maurice is himself enticed by a mermaid, and vanishes with her beneath the waters. It is seen again in the magic lyre which the ghost of Zorayhayda gives to the Rose of the Alhambra in the charming legend related by Washington Irving, and which rouses the mad Philip V. from his would-be coffin to a sudden outburst of martial vehemence. In Sclavonic stories the harp exhibits only the lulling qualities of the lyre of Hermes, and in this Mr. Gould perceives the deadening influence of the autumn winds which chill all vegetation into the sleep of winter, until the sun comes back to rouse it from slumber in the spring. It comes before us again in the story of Jack the Giant-killer, in which the Giant, who in the unchristianised myth was Wuotan himself, possessed an inchanting harp, bags of gold and diamonds, and a hen which daily laid a golden egg. 'The harp,' says Mr. Gould, 'is the wind, the bags are the clouds dropping the sparkling rain, and the golden egg, laid every morning by the red hen, is the dawn-produced Sun.'[1] This magic lyre is further found where perhaps we should little look for it, in the grotesque myths of the Quiches of Guatemala. It is seen in its full might in the song of the Finnish Wäinämöinen, and in the wonderful effects produced by the chanting of the sons of Kalew on the woods, which burst instantly into flowers and fruit, before the song is ended. The close parallelism between the myth of Wäinämöinen and the legends of Hermes and Orpheus cannot be better given than in the words of Mr. Gould.

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[1] Jamieson's *Scottish Ballads*, i. 98; Price, *Introd. to Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry*, lxiv.

'Wäinämöinen went to a waterfall and killed a pike which swam below it. Of the bones of this fish he constructed a harp, just as Hermes made his lyre of the tortoiseshell. But he dropped this instrument into the sea, and thus it fell into the power of the sea-gods, which accounts for the music of the ocean on the beach. The hero then made another from the forest wood, and with it descended to Pohjola, the realm of darkness, in quest of the mystic Sampo, just as in the classic myth Orpheus went down to Hades to bring thence Eurydice. When in the realm of gloom perpetual, the Finn demigod struck his kantele and sent all the inhabitants of Pohjola to sleep, as Hermes when about to steal Iô made the eyes of Argus close at the sound of his lyre. Then he ran off with the Sampo, and had nearly got it to the land of light when the dwellers in Pohjola awoke, and pursued and fought him for the ravished treasure which, in the struggle, fell into the sea and was lost; again reminding us of the classic tale of Orpheus.'[2]

Galdner the Singer.

Wuotan again in the Teutonic mythology is Galdner the singer: and in the Gudrunlied the time which it would take one to ride a thousand miles passed in a moment while any one listened to the singing of Hjarrandi. The christianised form of this myth, as the Legend of the Monk and the Bird, is well known to the readers of Longfellow and Archbishop Trench, and is noteworthy chiefly as inverting the parts, and making the bird charm the wearied and doubting man.

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[1] *Curious Myths*, ii. 160.

[2] *Ib.* ii. 177.

The Sibyl.

Still more remarkable is the connexion of this mystic harp in the legend of Gunâdhya with a myth which reproduces that of the Sibylline books offered in diminished quantities, but always at the same price, to the Roman king Tarquin. In the Eastern tale the part of Tarquin is played by King Sâtavâhana to whom Gunâdhya sends a poem of seven hundred thousand slokas written in his own blood. This poem the king rejects as being written in the Pisâcha dialect. Gunâdhya then burns a portion of the poem on the top of a mountain, but while it is being consumed, his song brings together all the beasts of the forest who weep for joy at the beauty of his tale. The king falls ill, and is told that he must eat game: but none is to be had, for all the beasts are listening to Gunâdhya. On hearing this news, the king hastens to the spot and buys the poem, or rather the seventh portion which now alone remained of the whole.[1] It is scarcely necessary to add that in this tale, as in that of Wäinämöinen, we have two stories which must be traced to a common source with the myths of Hermes, Orpheus, and the Sibyl,—in other words, to a story, the framework of which had been put together before the separation of the Aryan tribes.[2]

SECTION IV.—PAN.

The song of the breeze in the reeds.

The lyre of Orpheus and the harp of Hermes are but other forms of the reed pipe of Pan. Of the real meaning of this name the Western poets were utterly unconscious. In the Homeric Hymn he is said to be so called because all the gods were cheered by his music.[3] Still through all the grotesque and uncouth details of the myth, which tell us of his goat's feet and horns, his noisy laughter and capricious action, the idea of wind is pre-eminent. It is the notion not so much of the soft and lulling strains of Hermes in his gentler mood, or of the irresistible power of the harp of Orpheus, as of the purifying breezes which blow gently or strong, for a long or a little while, waking the echoes now here now there, in defiance of all plan or system, and with a wantonness which baffles all human powers of calculation. To this idea the Homeric hymn adheres with a singular fidelity, as it tells us how he wanders sometimes on the mountain summits, sometimes plunging into the thickets of the glen, sometimes by the stream side or up the towering crags, or singing among the reeds at eventide. So swift is his pace that the birds of the air cannot pass him by. With him play the water-maidens, and the patter of the nymphs' feet is heard as they join in his song by the side of the dark fountain.[1] Like Hermes again and Sarameya, he is the child of the dawn and the morning, and it is his wont to lie down at noontide in a slumber from which he takes it ill if he be rudely roused.[2] Of his parentage we have many stories, but the same notion underlies them all. Sometimes, as in the Homeric Hymn, he is the son of Hermes and of the nymph Dryops, sometimes of Hermes and Penelopê, sometimes of Penelopê and Odysseus; but Penelopê is the bride of the toiling sun, who is parted from her whether at morning or eventide, and to be her son is to be the child of Saramâ. Nor is the idea changed if he be spoken of as the son of heaven and earth (Ouranos and Gaia), or of air and water (Aithêr and a Nereid).

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[1] *Katha Sant Sagara*, i. 8; Gould, *Curious Myths*, ii. 172.

[2] See vol. i. p. 121, et seq.

[3] *Hymn to Pan*, 47.

Pan, the purifying breeze.

Pan then is strictly the purifying breeze, the Sanskrit pavana,[3] a name which reappears in the Latin Favonius, and perhaps also in Faunus; and his real character, as the god of the gentler winds, is brought out most prominently in the story of his love for Pitys, and of the jealousy of the blustering Boreas, who hurled the maiden from a rock and changed her into a pine-tree. The myth explains itself. In Professor Max Müller's words, 'We need but walk with our eyes open along the cliffs of Bournemouth to see the meaning of that legend,'—the tale of Pitys, 'the pine-tree wooed by Pan, the gentle wind, and struck down by jealous Boreas, the north wind.' Of Boreas himself we need say but little. His true character was as little forgotten as that of Selênê, and thus the name remained comparatively barren. The Athenian was scarcely speaking in mythical language when he said that Boreas had aided the Athenians by scattering the fleets of Xerxes. The phrases were almost as transparent which spoke of him as a son of Astraios and Eôs, the star-god and the dawn, or as carrying off Oreithyia, the daughter of Erechtheus, the king of the dawn-city.

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[1] *Hymn to Pan*, 7–20.
[2] Theok. vii. 107.
[3] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 159.

Pan and Syrinx.

Another myth made Pan the lover of the nymph Syrinx; but this is but a slight veil thrown over the phrase which spoke of the wind playing on its pipe of reeds by the river's bank; and the tale which related how Syrinx, flying from Pan, like Daphnê from Phoibos, was changed into a reed, is but another form of the story which made Pan the lover of the nymph Echo, just as the unrequited love of Echo for Narkissos is but the complement of the unrequited love of Selênê for Endymiôn.

SECTION V.—AMPHÎON AND ZETHOS.

The Theban Orpheus.

The same power of the wind which is signified by the harp of Orpheus is seen in the story of Amphîon, a being localised in the traditions of Thebes. But Amphîon is a twin-brother of Zethos, and the two are, in the words of Euripides, simply the Dioskouroi, riding on white horses, and thus fall into the ranks of the correlative deities of Hindu and Greek mythology. But the myth runs into many other legends, the fortunes of their mother Antiopê differing but little from those of Augê, Tyrô, Evadnê, or Korônis. The tale is told in many versions. One of these calls her a daughter of Nykteus, the brother of Lykos, another speaks of Lykos as her husband; but this is only saying that Artemis Hekatê may be regarded as either the child of the darkness or the bride of the light. A third version makes her a daughter of the river Asôpos, a parentage which shows her affinity with Athênê, Aphroditê, and all other deities of the light and the dawn. Her children, like Oidipous, Têlephos and many others, are exposed on their birth, and like them found and brought up by shepherds, among whom Antiopê herself is said to have long remained a captive, like Danaê in the house of Polydektes. We have now the same distinction of office or employment which marks the other twin brothers of Greek myths. Zethos tends the flocks, while Amphîon receives from Hermes a harp which makes the stones not merely move but fix themselves in their proper places as he builds the walls of Thebes. The sequel of the history of Antiopê exhibits, like the myths of Tyrô, Inô, and other legends, the jealous second wife or step-mother, who is slain by Amphîon and Zethos, as Sidêrô is killed by Pelias and Neleus. Amphîon himself becomes the husband of Niobê, the mother who presumes to compare her children with the offspring of Zeus and Lêtô.

Zethos and Proknê.

In one tradition Zethos, the brother Amphîon, is the husband of Proknê, the daughter of the Athenian Pandion; and in this version the story ran that she killed her own child by mistake, when through envy of her fertility she proposed to slay the eldest son of her sister-in-law Niobê.[1] But in its more complete form the myth makes her a wife of Tereus, who is king either of the hill-country (Thrace) or of the Megarian Pegai. When her son Itys was born, Tereus cut out his wife's tongue and hid her away with her babe, and then married her sister Philomela, whom he deceived by saying that Proknê was dead. When the sisters discovered his guilt, Proknê killed her own child Itys, and served up his flesh as a meal for Tereus. Tereus in his turn, learning what had been done, pursues the sisters as they fly from him, and he has almost seized them when they pray that they may be changed into birds. Tereus thus became a hoopoe, Proknê a swallow, and Philomêla a nightingale.[2] Hence it is that as the spring comes round, the bride mourns for her lost child with an inconsolable sorrow, as in the Megarian legend the living Proknê wept herself to death, like Niobê mourning for her sons and daughters. The story is easily taken to pieces. The transformation is the result of the same process which turned Lykâôn into a wolf, and Kallistô into a bear; and as Philomêla was a name for the nightingale, so the daughter of Pandion is said to have been changed into that bird. With the nightingale as a bird of spring the swallow is closely associated, and this fitting transformation was at once suggested for Proknê. But it becomes at the least possible that in its earlier shape the myth may have known only one wife of Tereus, who might be called either Proknê or Philomêla. Of these two names Proknê is apparently only another form of Prokris, who is also the daughter of an Athenian king; and thus the legend seems to explain itself, for as in Tantalos and Lykâôn we have the sun scorching up and destroying his children, so here the dew is represented as offering the limbs of her murdered child to her husband, the sun, as he dries up the dewdrops. The myth is thus only another version of the tale of Kephalos or Prokris. The name Philomêla, again, may denote one who loves the flocks, or one who loves apples; but we have already seen how the sheep or flocks of Helios becomes the apples of the Hesperides, and thus Philomêla is really the lover of the golden-tinted clouds, which greet the rising sun, and the name might well be given to either the dawn or the dew.

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 141.

[2] Another version reversed the doom of the sisters, and made Proknê the nightingale and Philomela the swallow.

Linos and Zephyros.

The mournful or dirge-like sound of the wind is signified by another Boiotian tradition, which related how the matrons and maidens mourned for Linos at the feast which was called Arnis because Linos had grown up among the lambs,— in other words, the dirge-like breeze had sprung up while the heaven was flecked with the fleecy clouds which, in the German popular stories, lured the rivals of Dummling to their destruction in the waters. The myth that Linos was torn to pieces by dogs points to the raging storm which may follow the morning breeze. Between these two in force would come Zephyros, the strong wind from the evening-land, the son of Astraios the starry heaven, and of Eôs who closes, as she had begun, the day. The wife of Zephyros is the Harpyia Podargê, the white-footed wind, Notos Argêstês, who drives before her the snowy vapours, and who is the mother of Xanthos and Balios, the immortal horses of Achilleus. But as the clouds seem to fly before Podargê or Zephyros, so the phenomenon of clouds coming up seemingly against the wind is indicated in the myth of the wind Kaikias, a name which seems to throw light on the story of Hercules and Cacus.

SECTION VI.—AIOLOS AND ARÊS.

The Guardian of the Winds.

In the Odyssey[1] all the winds are placed by Zeus under the charge of Aiolos, who has the power of rousing or stilling them at his will. But beyond this fact the poem has nothing more to say of him than that he was the father of six sons and six daughters, and that he dwelt in an island which bore his name. With the mythology which grew up around the persons of his supposed descendants we are not here concerned. As a local or a tribal name, it has as much and as little value as that of Hellen, Ion, or Achaios. In itself the word is connected apparently with the names Aia and Aiêtês, and may denote the changeful and restless sky from which the winds are born. But the ingenuity of later mythographers was exercised in arranging or reconciling the pedigrees of the several children assigned to Aiolos, and their efforts were rewarded by complications which were relieved of intolerable weariness only by the mythical interest attaching to some of the many names thus grouped in a more or less arbitrary connexion. With them this association was valuable, chiefly as accounting for the historical distribution of certain Hellenic clans; and this supposed fact has been imported into the controversy respecting the date and composition of our Homeric poems, by some critics who hold that Homer was essentially an Aiolic poet, who wished to glorify his tribesmen over all the other members of the Hellenic race. It may be enough to say that there is no trace of such a feeling in either our Iliad or our Odyssey, which simply speak of Aiolos as a son of Hippotês and the steward of the winds of heaven.

The Storms.

But Hermes, Orpheus, Amphîon, and Pan, are not the only conceptions of the effects of air in motion to be found in Greek mythology. The Vedic Maruts are the winds, not as alternately soothing and furious, like the capricious action of Hermes, not as constraining everything to do their magic bidding, like the harping of Orpheus and Amphîon, nor yet as discoursing their plaintive music among the reeds, like the pipe of Pan; but simply in their force as the grinders or crushers of everything that comes in their way. These crushers are found in more than one set of mythical beings in Greek legends. They are the Moliones, or mill-men, or the Aktoridai, the pounders of grain, who have one body but two heads, four hands, and four feet,—who first undertake to aid Herakles in his struggle with Augeias, and then turning against the hero are slain by him near Kleônai. These representatives of Thor Miölnir we see also in the Aloadai,[1] the sons of Iphimedousa, whose love for Poseidôn led her to roam along the sea-shore, pouring the salt water over her body. The myth is transparent enough. They are as mighty in their infancy as Hermes. When they are nine years old, their bodies are nine cubits in breadth and twenty-seven in height—a rude yet not inapt image of the stormy wind heaping up in a few hours its vast masses of angry vapour. It was inevitable that the phenomena of storm should suggest their warfare with the gods, and that one version should represent them as successful, the other as vanquished. The storm-clouds scattered by the sun in his might are the Aloadai when defeated by Phoibos before their beards begin to be seen, in other words, before the expanding vapours have time to spread themselves over the sky. The same clouds in their triumph are the Aloadai when they bind Arês and keep him for months in chains, as the gigantic ranges of vapours may be seen sometimes keeping an almost motionless guard around the heaven, while the wind seems to chafe beneath, as in a prison from which it cannot get forth. The piling of the cumuli clouds in the skies is the heaping up of Ossa on Olympos and of Pelion on Ossa to scale the heavens, while their threat to make the sea dry land and the dry land sea is the savage fury of the storm when the earth and the air seem mingled in inextricable confusion. The daring of the giants goes even further. Ephialtes, like Ixîôn, seeks to win Hêrê while Otos follows Artemis, who, in the form of a stag, so runs between the brothers that they, aiming at her at the same time, kill each other, as the thunderclouds perish from their own discharges.[1]

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[1] The identity of the names Aloadai, and Moliones must be determined by the answer to be given to the question, whether ἀλωή, a threshing-floor, can be traced back to the root *mal* which indubitably yields Molionê, μύλη, the Latin *mola*, our *mill* and *meal*. There is no proof that certain words may in Greek assume an initial μ which is merely euphonic: but there is abundant evidence that Greek words, which originally began with μ, occasionally drop it. This, Professor Max Müller admits, is a violent change, and it would seem physically unnecessary; but he adduces the analogies of μόσχος and ὄσχος, a tender shoot or branch, ἴα for μία in Homer, the Latin mola, and the Greek οὐλαί, meal, adding that 'instead of our very word ἄλευρον, wheaten flour, another form, μάλευρον, is mentioned by Helladius.'—*Lect. Lang.* second series, 323. The same change is seen in μὲν as corresponding to the numeral ἕν.

The idea of the storm as crushing and pounding is seen in molnija, a name for lightning among the Slavonic tribes, and in Munja, the sister of Grom, the thunderer, in Serbian songs. Max Müller, *ib.* 322.

Arês and Athênê.

Arês, the god imprisoned by the Aloadai, whose name he shares, represents like them the storm-wind raging through the sky. As the idea of calm yet keen intellect is inseparable from Athênê, so the character of Arês exhibits simply a blind force without foresight or judgment, and not unfrequently illustrates the poet's phrase that strength without counsel insures only its own destruction. Hence Arês and Athênê are open enemies. The pure dawn can have nothing in common with the cloud-laden and wind-oppressed atmosphere.[2] He is then in no sense a god of war, unless war is taken as mere quarrelling and slaughtering for its own sake. Of the merits of contending parties he has neither knowledge nor care. Where the carcases are likely to lie thickest, thither like a vulture will he go; and thus he becomes preeminently fickle and treacherous,[3] the object of hatred and disgust to all the gods, except when, as in the lay of Demodokos, he is loved by Aphroditê. But this legend implies that the god has laid aside his fury, and so is entrapped in the coils cast round him by Hephaistos, an episode which merely repeats his imprisonment by the Aloadai. Like these, his body is of enormous size, and his roar, like the roar of a hurricane, is louder than the shouting of ten thousand men. But in spite of his strength, his life is little more than a series of disasters, for the storm-wind must soon be conquered by the powers of the bright heaven. Hence he is defeated by Herakles when he seeks to defend his son Kyknos against that hero, and wounded by Diomêdês, who fights under the protection of Athênê. In the myth of Adonis he is the boar who smites the darling of Aphroditê, of whom he is jealous, as the storm-winds of autumn grudge to the dawn the light of the beautiful summer.[1]

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[1] 'Otos and Ephialtes, the wind and the hurricane,' i. e. the leaper. Max Müller, *Lect. on Lang.* second series.

[2] Professor Max Müller remarks, *ib.* 325, that 'In *Ares*, Preller, without any thought of the relationship between *Ares* and the *Maruts* discovered the personification of the sky as excited by storm.' Athênê then, according to Preller, 'als Göttin der reinen Luft und des Æthers die naturliche Feindin des Ares ist.'—*Gr. Myth.* 202.

[3] ἀλλοπρόσαλλος.

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[1] When Herodotos says that Arês was worshipped by Scythian tribes under the form of a sword, to which even human sacrifices were offered, we have to receive his statement with as much caution as the account given by him of the Arês worshipped by the Egyptians. That the deities were worshipped under this Hellenic name, no one will now maintain; and the judgment of Herodotos on a comparison of attributes would not be altogether trustworthy. The so-called Egyptian Arês has much more of the features of Dionysos. The Scythian sword belongs to another set of ideas. See ch. ii. sect. xii.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WATERS.

SECTION I.—THE DWELLERS IN THE SEA.

BOOK II.

Proteus and Nereus.

BETWEEN Proteus, the child of Poseidôn, and Nereus, the son of Pontos, there is little distinction beyond that of name. Both dwell in the waters, and although the name of the latter points more especially to the sea as his abode, yet the power which, according to Apollodoros, he possesses of changing his form at will indicates his affinity to the cloud deities, unless it be taken as referring to the changing face of the ocean with its tossed and twisting waves. It must, however, be noted that, far from giving him this power, the Hesiodic Theogony seems to exclude it by denying to him the capricious fickleness of Proteus. He is called the old man, we are here told, because he is truthful and cannot lie, because he is trustworthy and kindly, because he forgets not law but knows all good counsels and just words—a singular contrast to the being who will yield only to the argument of force. Like Proteus, he is gifted with mysterious wisdom, and his advice guides Herakles in the search for the apples (or flocks) of the Hesperides. His wife Doris is naturally the mother of a goodly offspring, fifty in number, like the children of Danaos, Aigyptos, Thestios, and Asterodia; but the ingenuity of later mythographers was scarcely equal to the task of inventing for all of them names of decent mythical semblance. Some few, as Amphitrîtê and Galateia, are genuine names for dwellers in the waters; but most of them, as Dynamenê, Pherousa, Proto, Kymodoke, Nesaia, Aktaia, are mere epithets denoting their power and strength, their office or their abode. Of Pontos himself, the father of Nereus, there is even less to be said. In the Hesiodic

Theogony he is a son of Gaia alone, as Typhôeus springs only from Hêrê and Athênê has no mother. In the Iliad and Odyssey, Pontos is a mere name for the sea; and the phrases πόντος ἁλὸς πολιῆς and θάλασσα πόντου show that the poets were not altogether unconscious of its meaning and of its affinity with their word πάτος, a path. It is therefore a name applied to the sea by a people who, till they had seen the great water, had used it only of roadways on land. In the myth of Thaumas, the son of Pontos and the father of Iris and the Harpyiai, we are again carried back to the phenomena of the heavens; the latter being the greedy storm-clouds stretching out their crooked claws for their prey, the former the rainbow joining the heavens and the earth with its path of light.

Glaukos.

Another son of Poseidôn, whose home is also in the waters, is the Boiotian Glaukos, the builder of the divine ship Argô and its helmsman. After the fight of Iasôn with the Tyrrhenians, Glaukos sinks into the sea, and thenceforth is endowed with many of the attributes of Nereus. Like him, he is continually roaming, and yearly he visits all the coasts and islands of Hellas; like him, he is full of wisdom, and his words may be implicitly trusted.

Naiads and Nereids.

The domain in which these deities dwell is thickly peopled. Their subjects and companions are the nymphs, whose name, as denoting simply water, belongs of right to no beings who live on dry land, or in caves or trees.[1] The classification of the nymphs as Oreads, Dryads, or others, is therefore in strictness an impossible one; and the word Naiad, usually confined to the nymphs of the fresh waters, is as general a term as the name Nymph itself. Nor is there any reason beyond that of mere usage why the Nereides should not be called Naiads as well as Nymphs. But the tendency was to multiply classes: and seldom perhaps has the imagination of man been exercised on a more beautiful or harmless subject than the nature and tasks of these beautiful beings who comfort Prometheus in his awful agony and with Thetis cheer Achilleus when his heart is riven with grief for his friend Patroklos. For the most part, indeed, they remain mere names; but their radiant forms are needed to fill up the background of those magnificent scenes in which the career of the short-lived and suffering sun is brought to a close. And beyond this, they answered a good purpose by filling the whole earth with a joyous and unfailing life. If it be said that to the Greek this earth was his mother, and that he cared not to rise above it, yet it was better that his thoughts should be where they were, than that he should make vain profession of a higher faith at the cost of peopling whole worlds with beings malignant as they were powerful. The effect of Christian teaching would necessarily invest the Hellenic nymphs with some portion of this malignity, and as they would still be objects of worship to the unconverted, that worship would become constantly more and more superstitious; and superstition, although its nature remains unchanged, is stripped of half its horrors when its objects are beings whose nature is wholly genial. This comparatively wholesome influence the idea of nymphs inhabiting every portion of the world exercised on the Hellenic mind. Each fountain and lake, each river and marsh, each well, tree, hill, and vale had its guardian, whose presence was a blessing, not a curse. As dwelling in the deep running waters, the nymphs who in name answer precisely to the Vedic Apsaras, or movers in the waters, have in some measure the wisdom of Nereus, Glaukos, and of Proteus; hence the soothsayer, as he uttered the oracles of the god, was sometimes said to be filled with their spirit. They guarded the flocks and fostered the sacredness of home, while on the sick they exercised the beneficent art and skill of Asklêpios.

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[1] νύμφη answers precisely to the Latin lympha, and thus the Latin lymphaticus corresponds to the Greek νυμφόληπτος.

Swan-Maidens and Apsaras.

These kindly beings must, however, be distinguished from the Swan-maidens and other creatures of Aryan mythology, whose nature is more akin to the clouds and vapours. The lakes on which these maidens are seen to swim are the blue seas of heaven, in which may be seen beautiful or repulsive forms, the daughters of Phorkys, Gorgons, Harpies, Kentaurs, Titans, Graiai, Phaiakians. Nor can it be said that Thetis, though called a Nereid, is in all points like the companions among whom she dwells. She lives, indeed, in the sea; but she has been brought up by Hêrê the queen of the high heaven, and like the Telchînes and Kourêtes, like Proteus and Glaukos, she can change her form at will, and Peleus obtains her as his bride only when he has treated her as Aristaios treats the guardian of the ocean herds. She belongs thus partly to the sea, and in part to the upper air, and thus the story of her life runs through not a little of the mythical history of the Greeks. When Dionysos flies from Lykourgos, and Hephaistos is hurled down from Olympos, it is Thetis who gives them a refuge; and if she is married to a mortal man, it is only because at the suggestion, it is said, of Hêrê, she refuses to become the bride of Zeus, or as others would have it, because it was fated that her child should be mightier than his father—a myth which can be only solar in its character. In yet another version she plays the part of Aphroditê to Anchises in the Homeric Hymn, and wins Peleus as her husband by promising that his son shall be the most renowned of all the heroes. The story of her wedding carries us far away from her native element, and when, as in the Iliad, she preserves the body of Patroklos from decay, she appears rather in the character of the dawn-goddess who keeps off all unseemly things from the slain Hektor. Nor is she seen in her true character as a Nereid, before the last sad scene, when, rising from the sea with her attendant nymphs, she bathes the body of her dead son, and wraps it in that robe of spotless white, in which the same nymphs folded the infant Chrysâôr.

Tritons and Amphitritê.

But as the sea-goddess thus puts on some of the qualities and is invested with some of the functions which might seem to belong exclusively to the powers of the heavens and the light, so the latter are all connected more or less closely with the waters, and the nymphs might not unnaturally see their kinsfolk in Athênê Tritogeneia; in Daphnê, the child of the Peneian stream; in Phoibos Apollôn her lover, and in Aphroditê Anadyomenê herself. All these, indeed, whatever may be their destiny, are at their rising the offspring of Tritos (Triton), the lord of the waters. The Triton of Hellenic mythology, who dwells in his golden palace in the lowest depths of the sea, rides on the billows which are his snow-crested horses. This god of the waters is reflected in Amphitritê, the wife of Poseidôn in some versions, who is present at the birth of Phoibos in Delos. In the Odyssey she is simply the sea, purple-faced and loud-sounding.

The Seirens.

Another aspect of the great deep is presented in the Seirens, who by their beautiful singing lure mariners to their ruin. As basking among the rocks in the sunlit waters, they may represent, as some have supposed, the belts (Seirai) of deceitful calms against which the sailor must be ever on his guard, lest he suffer them to draw his ship to sandbanks or quicksands. But apart from the beautiful passage in the Odyssey, which tells us how their song rose with a strange power through the still air when the god had lulled the waves to sleep, the mythology of these beings is almost wholly artificial. They are children of Acheron and Steropê, of Phorkos, Melpomenê, and others, and names were devised for them in accordance with their parentage. In form they were half women, half fishes, and thus are akin to Echidna and Melusina; and their doom was that they should live only until some one should escape their toils. Hence by some mythographers they are said to have flung themselves into the sea and to have been changed into rocks, when Odysseus had effected his escape, while others ascribe their defeat to Orpheus.[1] Other versions gave them wings, and again deprived them of them, for aiding or refusing to aid Dêmêtêr in her search for Persephonê.

Skylla and Charybdis.

Nor are there wanting mythical beings who work their will among storm-beaten rocks and awful whirlpools. Among the former dwells Skylla, and in the latter the more terrible Charybdis. These creatures the Odyssey places on two rocks, distant about an arrow's flight from each other, and between these the ship of Odysseus must pass. If he goes near the one whose smooth scarped sides run up into a covering of everlasting cloud, he will lose six of his men as a prey to the six mouths which Skylla will open to engulf them. But better thus to sacrifice a few to this monster with six outstretching necks and twelve shapeless feet, as she shoots out her hungry hands from her dismal dens, than to have the ships knocked to pieces in the whirlpool where Charybdis thrice in the day drinks in the waters of the sea, and thrice spouts them forth again. The peril may seem to be less. The sides of the rock beneath which she dwells are not so rugged, and on it blooms a large wild fig-tree,[1] with dense foliage; but no ship that ever came within reach of the whirling eddies ever saw the light again. In other words, Skylla is the one who tears her prey, while Charybdis swallows them; the one is the boiling surf beating against a precipitous and iron-bound coast, the other the treacherous back-currents of a gulf full of hidden rocks. The name Krataiis also given to her in the Odyssey denotes simply her irresistible power. This horrid being is put to death in many ways. In one version she is slain by Herakles, and brought to life again by her father Phorkys as he burns her body. In another she is a beautiful princess, who is loved by Zeus, and who, being robbed of her children by the jealous Hêrê, hides herself in a dismal cavern, and is there changed into a terrific goblin which preys upon little children. This Skylla, who is called a daughter of Lamia the devourer, is in fact the hobgoblin of modern tales, and was manifestly used by nurses in the days of Euripides much as nurses may use such names now to quiet or frighten their charges.[2] In another version she refuses her love to the sea-god Glaukos, who betakes himself to Kirkê; but Kirkê instead of aiding him to win her, threw some herbs into the well where Skylla bathed and changed her into the form of Echidna. It is needless to cite other legends which are much to the same effect.

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[1] See page 242.

The Megarian Skylla.

The Megarian tradition brings before us another Skylla, who is probably only another form of the being beloved by Glaukos or Triton. Here the beautiful maiden gives her love to the Cretan Minos, who is besieging Megara to revenge the death of Androgeôs, and in order to become his wife she steals the purple lock on the head of her father Nisos, on which depended her own life and the safety of the city. But she reaps no good from her treachery. In one story she is tied to the stern of the ship of Minos and drowned in the Saronic gulf; in another she throws herself into the water, as Minos sails away, and is turned into a bird, while her father, who has been changed into an eagle, swoops down after her into the sea.

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[1] Preller here suspects a play between the words *ἐρινεὸς* and *ἐρινύς.*

[2] *τίς τ᾽ οὔνομα τὸ ἐπονείδιστον βροτοῖς οὐκ οἶδε Λαμίας τῆς Λιβυστικῆς γένος;* quoted from Euripides by Diodoros xx. 41. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 484.

Section II.—THE LORD OF THE WATERS.

Zeus Poseidôn.

Over all these beings of the world of waters Poseidôn is in the later mythology exalted as the supreme king. His name, like that of Indra, exhibits him apparently as the god of moisture, the rain-bringer, who makes the thirsty earth drink and yield her fruits.[1] Hence in some myths he is the friend and guardian of Dionysos, and the lover of Dêmêtêr, who becomes the mother of Despoina and the horse Orion; and although he can descend to the depths of the sea and there dwell, yet he can appear at will on Olympos, and his power is exercised scarcely less in the heavens than in the depths beneath. Like Zeus, he is the gatherer of the clouds, and he can let loose the winds from their prison-house. But his empire was not well defined, and thus the myths relating to him turn chiefly on his contests with other deities, even with some towards whom he is generally friendly. It was not unnatural that the god of the waters which come from the heaven as well as of those which feed and form the sea, should wish to give his name to the lands and cities which are refreshed by his showers or washed by his waves. It was as natural that the dawn-goddess should wish the rocky heights on which her first beams rest to bear her name; and thus a contest between the two became inevitable. In the dispute with Zeus for Aigina, the water-god had been successful, and the island retained one of the many names denoting spots where break the waves of Poseidôn. His power and his dwelling were in like manner seen at Aigai and at Helikê, spots where the billows curl and dash upon the shore.[1] But in the city on the banks of Kephisos he encounters a mightier rival; and here he fails to give his name to it, although in one version he shows his power and his beneficence by striking his trident into the rock of the Akropolis and causing the waters to leap forth. In her turn Athênê produces the olive, and this is adjudged to be the better gift for men. Poseidôn here acts in strict accordance with the meaning of his name; but it is not easy to see on what grounds the claims of Athênê are allowed precedence, and hence we may suppose that the more genuine form of this myth is to be found in the other version which makes Poseidôn call forth from the earth not a well but a horse.

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[1] 'Sein Name drückt die flussige Natur im weitesten Umfange aus. Die älteren Formen sind das dorische Ποσίδης und Ποσείδης (daher das Fest Ποσείδεια und Ποσιδήιον), woraus weiterhin Ποσειδάων, Ποσειδῶν, dor. Ποτιδάν, Ποτειδάν, æol. Ποτίδαν, Ποτείδαν, geworden ist. Die Wurzel ist dieselbe wie in den Wörtern πότος, ποτίζω, ποταμός.' Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 443.

Poseidôn and Athênê.

That Poseidôn should become the lord and tamer of the horse was a necessary result as soon as his empire was definitely limited to the sea. As the rays of the sun became the Harits and Rohits, his gleaming steeds, so the curling waves with their white crests would be the flowing-maned horses of the sea-king. Thus he ascends his chariot at Aigai, and his steeds with golden hair streaming from their shoulders speed across the waters. Round him play the monsters of the deep, and the sea in her gladness makes a path for her lord.[2] In the myth which traces the name of the [Ægean] Aigaian sea, to the goat,[3] which is said to have sprung from its surface, we have a story which might have made Poseidôn the goatherd, whose goats leap from rock to rock as the waves toss to and fro in the sea. But it failed to take root, probably because such names as Aigialos, the shore where the sea breaks, retained their meaning too clearly. There was nothing to prevent the other association, and thus Poseidôn became especially the god who bestowed on man the horse, and by teaching them how to tame and use it fostered the art of war and the love of strife. Thus the verdict of the gods in his contest with Athênê receives its full justification. His defeat is followed, as we might expect, by a plague of waters which burst over the land when he is worsted by Athênê, or by the drying up of the rivers when Hêrê refuses to let him be king in Argos. In Corinth there is a compromise. Helios remains master of the Akropolis which greets him on his rising, while Poseidôn is lord of the Isthmus watered by his waves. All these disputes, together with his claim on Naxos against Dionysos, and on Delos against Apollôn, mark simply the process which gradually converted Poseidôn the lord of the rain-giving atmosphere into the local king of the sea. It is the degradation of Zeus Ombrios to the lordship of a small portion of his ancient realm.[1] But he still remains the shaker of the earth, and his trident exercises always its mysterious powers.[2]

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[1] 'Ægæ und Helikê bedeuten eigentlich das Meer oder die Meeresküste, wo sich die Wogen brechen.' Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 443. Thus the name Helikon denotes the upward curling or spouting of the water when the soil is dinted by the hoof of Pêgasos.

[2] *Il.* xiii. 23-30.

[3] *τὸ μὲν Αἰγαῖον πέλαγος οἱ μὲν ἀπὸ τῆς περὶ Κάνας αἰγὸς ἐπώνυμον γεγονέναι φασίν, οἱ δὲ ἀπὸ τῆς Κορυστίας τῆς Αἰγαίης ὀνομαζομένης·* Sch. Apollon. i. 11. 65.' Preller *Gr. Myth*, i. 445.

Poseidôn and the Telchînes.

Of the process which assigned to him a definite place in the later theogonies it is scarcely necessary to speak. Like Zeus, Poseidôn had been Kronidês, and when this name had been made to yield a mythical personality, he became also a son of Kronos, and was swallowed by him, like the other children of Rhea. A truer feeling is seen in the myth which makes the Telchînes, the mystic dancers of the sky, guardians of his infancy.[3] Like Zeus, again, he must fight against the Titans, and when after their defeat the triple division is made between the Kronid brothers, Poseidôn must be made to own allegiance to Zeus,—an admission which is followed by no great harmony. He can retort the angry words of Zeus, and he plots with Hêrê and Athênê to bind him.

Poseidôn the Bondman.

The myth which makes Poseidôn and Phoibos together build the walls of Ilion for Laomedôn belongs to the earlier stage in the growth of the myth, during which he is still the king of the upper air, and therefore may be represented, like the Delian god and the heroes who share his nature, as toiling for the benefit of mean and ungrateful man. For at the hands of Laomedôn he receives no better recompense than that which Eurystheus accords to Herakles; and hence the wrath of Poseidôn against Ilion and its people burns as fiercely as that of Hêrê. The monster which he brings up from the sea to punish Laomedôn is the huge storm-cloud, which appears in the Cretan legend as the bull sent by Poseidôn to be sacrificed by Minos, who instead of so dealing with it hides it among his own cattle, the fitting punishment for thus allowing the dark vapours to mingle with the bright clouds being that the love of Pasiphaê is given to the monster, and thus is born the dreadful Minotauros. Lastly, when by Amphitritê he becomes the father of Triton, the myth goes back to the early significance of the name Poseidôn.

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[1] This earlier identity of Poseidôn with his brother is attested by the name Zenoposeidon. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 452.

[2] ἐννοσίγαιος, σεισίχθων. Preller, *ib.* i. 446.

[3] Diod. v. 55.

Meli-kertes.

Among other mythical inhabitants of the sea are Inô, the daughter of Kadmos and Harmonia, and her child Melikertes. Their earthly history belongs to the myth of the Golden Fleece; but when on failing to bring about the death of Phrixos she plunges, like Endymiôn, into the sea, she is the antithesis of Aphroditê Anadyomênê. With her change of abode her nature seemingly becomes more genial. She is the pitying nymph who hastens to the help of Odysseus as he is tossed on the stormy waters after the breaking up of his raft; and thus she is especially the white goddess whose light tints the sky or crests the waves. In his new home her son Melikertes, we are told, becomes Palaimon, the wrestler, or, as some would have it, Glaukos. The few stories related of him have no importance; but his name is more significant. It is clearly that of the Semitic Melkarth, and thus the sacrifices of children in his honour, and the horrid nature of his cultus generally, are at once explained. It becomes, therefore, the more probable that Kadmos is but a Greek form of the Semitic Kedem, the east; and thus the Boiotian mythology presents us with at least two undoubted Phenician or Semitic names, whatever be the conclusion to which they point.

The ocean stream.

In his later and more definite functions as the god of the waters, Poseidôn is still the lord only of the troubled sea: and there remains a being far more ancient and more majestic, the tranquil Okeanos, whose slow and deep-rolling stream no storm can ever ruffle. He dwells in the far west, where are the sources of all things. From him flow all rivers and all the tossing floods, all fountains and all wells.[1] Nay, he is himself the spring of all existence,[2] whether to the gods or to men.[3] He is therefore with Têthys his wife the guardian of Hêrê, while Zeus is busy warring with the Titans. His children are recounted in numbers which denote infinity; and the Hesiodic Theogony which calls him a son of Ouranos and Gaia gives him three thousand daughters who dwell in the lakes and fountains of the earth, and three thousand sons who inhabit the murmuring streams,[4] and seems also to point dimly to the source of the Ocean itself.[5]

SECTION III.—THE RIVERS AND FOUNTAINS.

Danaos and Aigyptos.

If in the legend of Danaos and Aigyptos with their fifty sons and fifty daughters we put aside the name Belos and possibly that of Aigyptos as not less distinctly foreign than the Semitic Melikertes, Kadmos, and Agênor in the Boiotian mythology, there remains in the whole list of names on either side not a single name which is not purely Greek or Aryan. Doubtless when at a comparatively late time the myths were systematically arranged, this singular story was dovetailed into the cycle of stories which began with the love of Zeus for the Inachian Iô; and when Iô was further identified with Isis, a wide door was opened for the introduction of purely foreign elements into myths of strictly Aryan origin. Nor would it be prudent to deny that for such identifications there may not, in some cases, have been at the least a plausible ground. Iô was the horned maiden, and her calf-child was Epaphos; but the Egyptian worshipped Apis, and had Isis as his horned maiden. There was nothing here which might not have grown up independently in Egypt and in Greece: nor is any hypothesis of borrowing needed to account for the similarity of myths suggested by the horns of the new moon. The mischief began with the notion that the whole Greek mythology not merely exhibited certain points of likeness or contact with that of Semitic or other alien tribes, but was directly borrowed from it; and when for this portentous fact no evidence was demanded or furnished beyond the impudent assertions of Egyptian priests, there was obviously no limit and no difficulty in making any one Greek god the counterpart of a deity in the mythology of Egypt. Hence, speaking generally, we are fully justified in sweeping away all such statements as groundless fabrications. Nay more, when Herodotos tells us that Danaos and Lynkeus were natives of Chemmis, and that the Egyptians trace from them the genealogy of Perseus, the periodical appearance of whose gigantic slipper caused infinite joy in Egypt, we can not be sure that his informers even knew the names which the historian puts into their mouths. In all probability, the points of likeness were supplied by Herodotos himself, although doubtless the Egyptians said all that they could to strengthen his fixed idea that Egypt was the source of the mythology and religion, the art and science of Greece; nor does the appearance of a solitary sandal lead us necessarily to suppose that the being who wore it was in any way akin to the Argive hero who receives two sandals from the Ocean nymphs.

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[1] *Il.* xxi. 195.

[2] *Il.* xiv. 246.

[3] *Il.* xiv. 301.

[4] Hes. *Theog.* 365, &c. The name Okeanos is referred by some to the same root with the Latin aqua (cf. acer, ὠκύς), the short syllable being represented by Acheron and Acheloos, the long by Axios, Axe, Exe, Esk, Usk, and other forms. See also vol. i. p. 383.

[5] Hes. *Theog.* 282.

Their sons and daughters.

Hence it is possible or likely that the names Belos and Aigyptos may have been late importations into a purely native myth, while the wanderings of Danaos and Aigyptos with their sons and daughters have just as much and as little value as the pilgrimage of Iô. In the form thus assigned to it, the legend runs that Libya, the daughter of Epaphos the calf-child of Iô, became the bride of Poseidôn and the mother of Agenor and Belos. Of these the former is placed in Phoinikia, and takes his place in the purely solar myth of Têlephassa, Kadmos, and Eurôpê: the latter remains in Libya, and marrying Anchirrhoê (the mighty stream), a daughter of the Nile, becomes the father of the twins Danaos and Aigyptos, whose lives exhibit not much more harmony and concord than those of many other pairs of twins in Aryan story. These sons of Belos marry many wives, and while Aigyptos has fifty sons, Danaos has fifty daughters, numbers which must be compared with the fifty daughters of Nereus or the fifty children of Endymiôn and Asterodia. The action of the story begins with the tyranny of Aigyptos and his sons over Danaos and his daughters. By the aid of Athênê, Danaos builds a fifty-oared vessel, and departing with his children, comes first to the Rhodian Lindos, then to Argos, where they disembark near Lernai during a time of terrible drought caused by the wrath of Poseidôn. He at once sends his daughters to seek for water; and Amymonê (the blameless), chancing to hit a Satyr while aiming at a stag, is rescued from his hot pursuit by Poseidôn whose bride she becomes and who calls up for her the never-failing fountain of Lerna. But Aigyptos and his sons waste little time in following them. At first they exhibit all their old vehemence and ferocity, but presently changing their tone, they make proposals to marry, each, one of the fifty Danaides.[1] The proffer is accepted in apparent friendship; but on the day of the wedding Danaos places a dagger in the hands of each maiden, and charges her to smite her husband before the day again breaks upon the earth. His bidding is obeyed by all except Hypermnestra (the overloving or gentle) who prefers to be thought weak and wavering rather than to be a murderess. All the others cut off the heads of the sons of Aigyptos, and bury them in the marshland of Lerna, while they placed their bodies at the gates of the city: from this crime they were purified by Athênê and Hermes at the bidding of Zeus, who thus showed his approval of their deed. Nevertheless, the story grew up that in the world of the dead the guilty daughters of Danaos were condemned to pour water everlastingly into sieves.

Hypermnestra and Lynkeus.

Danaos had now to find husbands for his eight and forty daughters, Hypermnestra being still married to Lynkeus and Amymone to Poseidôn. This he found no easy task, but at length he succeeded through the device afterwards adopted, we are told, by Kleisthenes. There were, however, versions which spoke of them as all slain by Lynkeus, who also put Danaos himself to death. There is little that is noteworthy in the rest of the legend, unless it be the way in which he became chief in the land where the people were after him called Danaoi. The dispute for supremacy between himself and Gelanor is referred to the people, and the decision is to be given on the following day, when, before the appointed hour, a wolf rushed in upon the herd feeding before the gates and pulled down the leader. The wolf was, of course, the minister of the Lykian Apollôn; the stricken herd were the subjects of the native king, and the smitten ox was the king himself. The interpretation was obvious, and Gelanor had to give way to Danaos.

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[1] With this number we may compare the fifty daughters of Daksha in Hindu mythology, and of Thestios, and the fifty sons of Pallas and Priam.

Origin of the myth.

What is the meaning and origin cf this strange tale? With an ingenuity which must go far towards producing conviction, Preller answers this question by a reference to the physical geography of Argolis. Not much, he thinks, can be done by referring the name Danaos to the root *da*, to burn, which we find in Ahanâ, Dahanâ, and Daphnê,[1] as denoting the dry and waterless nature of the Argive soil. This dryness, he remarks, is only superficial, the whole territory being rich in wells or fountains which, it must be specially noted, are in the myth assigned as the works of Danaos, who causes them to be dug. These springs were the object of a special veneration, and the fifty daughters of Danaos are thus the representatives of the many Argive wells or springs, and belong strictly to the ranks of water nymphs.[2] In the summer these springs may fail. Still later even the beds of the larger streams, as of the Inachos or the Kephisos, may be left dry, while in the rainy portion of the year these Charadrai or Cheimarroi, winter flowing streams, come down with great force and overflow their banks. Thus the myth resolves itself into phrases which described originally these alternations of flood and drought. The downward rush of the winter torrents is the wild pursuit of the sons of Aigyptos, who threaten to overwhelm the Danaides, or nymphs of the fountains; but as their strength begins to fail, they offer themselves as their husbands, and are taken at their word. But the time for vengeance has come; the waters of the torrents fail more and more, until their stream is even more scanty than that of the springs. In other words, they are slain by their wives, who draw or cut off the waters from their sources. These sources are the heads of the rivers, and thus it is said that the Danaides cut off their husbands' heads. A precise parallel to this myth is furnished by the Arkadian tale, which speaks of Skephros (the droughty) as slandering or reviling Leimon (the moist or watery being), and as presently slain by Leimon, who in his turn is killed by Artemis. If in place of the latter we substitute the Danaides, and for the former the sons of Aigyptos, we have at once the Argive tradition. The meaning becomes still more obvious when we mark the fact that the Danaides threw the heads into the marsh-grounds of Lernai (in other words, that there the sources of the waters were preserved according to the promise of Poseidôn that that fountain should never fail), while the bodies of the sons of Aigyptos, the dry beds of the rivers, were exposed in the sight of all the people. It may therefore well be doubted whether the name Aigyptos itself be not a word which may in its earlier form have shown its affinity with Aigai, Aigaion, Aigialos, Aigaia, and other names denoting simply the breaking or dashing of water against the shores of the sea or the banks of a river.[1]

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[1] The objection on the score of the quantity of the first syllable, which in Danaos is short, while in Daphnê and *δανὰ ξύλα*, wood easily inflammable, it is long, is perhaps one on which too much stress should not be laid.

[2] If the name Danaos itself denotes water, it must be identified with Tanais, Don, Donau, Tyne, Teign, Tone, and other forms of the Celtic and Slavonic words for a running stream.

The Lyrkeios.

But one of the Danaides refused or failed to slay her husband. The name of this son of Aigyptos is Lynkeus, a myth to which Pausanias furnishes a clue by giving its other form Lyrkeios. But Lyrkeios was the name given to the river Inachos in the earlier portion of its course, and thus this story would simply mean that although the other streams were quite dried up, the waters of the Lyrkeios did not wholly fail.[1]

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[1] Preller thinks that when the idea of a foreign origin for Aigyptos and Danaos was once suggested, the Nile with its yearly inundations and shrinkings presented an obvious point of comparison with the Cheimarroi or winter-torrents of the Peloponnesos. *Gr. Myth.* ii. 47.

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[1] The head of Lynkeus (Lyrkeois), the one stream which is not dried up, answers to the neck of the Lernaian Hydra. So long as streams were supplied from the main source, Herakles had still to struggle with the Hydra. His victory was not achieved until he had severed this neck which Hypermnestra refused to touch. The heads of the slain sons of Aigyptos are the heads which Herakles hewed off from the Hydra's neck: and thus this labour of Herakles resolves itself into the struggle of the sun with the streams of the earth, the conquest of which is of course the setting in of thorough drought.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLOUDS.

Section I.—THE CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

BOOK II.

Phrixos and Hellê.

The name Nephelê stands almost at the beginning of that series of mythical narratives which stretch down to a time even later than the alleged period of the return of the Herakleids. She is the mother of the children whose disappearance led to the long searching of the Argonautai for the Golden Fleece, to be followed by the disappearance of Helen and then of the children of Herakles; each with its astonishing train of marvellous incidents which, when closely viewed, are found more or less to repeat each other under a different colouring, and with names sometimes only slightly disguised, sometimes even unchanged. But Nephelê herself is strictly the representative of the mist or the cloud, and as such she becomes the wife of Athamas, a being on whose nature some light is thrown by the fact that he is the brother of Sisyphos, the sun condemned, like Ixîon, to an endless and a fruitless toil. In this aspect, the myth resolves itself into a series of transparent phrases. The statement that Athamas married Nephelê at the bidding of Hêrê is merely the assertion that the wedding of the sun with the clouds, of Herakles with Iolê, is brought to pass in the sight of the blue heaven. From this union spring two children, Phrixos and Hellê, whose names and attributes are purely atmospheric. It is true that a mistaken etymology led some of the old mythographers to connect the name of Phrixos with the roasting of corn in order to kill the seed, as an explanation of the anger of Athamas and his crime; but we have to mark the sequel of the tale, in which it is of the very essence of the story that Phrixos reaches Kolchis safely on the back of the ram, while Hellê falls off and is drowned. That the name of this ill-fated maiden is the same as that of the Helloi, or Selloi, or Hellênes, and that the latter are the children of Helios, will probably be disputed by none. Hellê then is the bright clear air as illuminated by the rays of the sun; and she is carried away from the western Thessaly to the far eastern land. But before the dawn can come the evening light must die out utterly, and hence it was inevitable that Hellê should meet her doom in the broad-flowing Hellespontos, the path which bears her name. What then is her brother but the air or ether in itself, and not merely as lit up by the splendour of the sun? It was impossible, then, that the frigid Phrixos could feel the weariness which conquered his sister. Her force might fail, but his arms would cling only the more closely round the neck of the ram, until at last, as the first blush of light was wakened in the eastern sky, he reaches the home of the Kolchian king.

Athamas and Inô.

Not less clear are the other incidents of the legend. Athamas has been wedded to Nephelê; but he is no more at ease than is Iasôn with Medeia, and the Kadmeian Inô plays in this tale the part of the Corinthian Glaukê. Finding that her husband's love has been given to another, Nephelê vanishes away. The morning mist retreats to Niflheim, its cloud-home, leaving her children in the hands of Inô Leukothea, the open and glaring day, in which there is nothing to keep down the heat of the sun. Hence between her and the children of the mist there is an enmity as natural as that which exists between Arês and Athênê, and this enmity is as naturally signified in the drought or famine which she brings upon the land. It is, in fact, the same plague with which the Sphinx tormented the men of Thebes and Ahi scourged the worshippers of Indra. When consulted as to the cause of all this misery, the Delphian priestess answers that the children of Athamas must be sacrificed, or in other words that the crime of Tantalos and Lykaôn must be committed again. Inô seeks to bring the doom on the children of Nephelê, who now sends the golden-fleeced ram to bear them away to Kolchis. But the curse works on still; and the madness of Herakles falls on Athamas, who carries out the sentence of the Pythia by slaying his son Learchos. The drought has reached its height; and Inô, with her other child, Melikertes, casts herself into the sea. Left alone, Athamas now asks whither he must go and where he may find a home: and the answer is that he must make his abode where wild beasts receive him hospitably. This welcome he finds in a spot where wolves, having torn some sheep, leave for him the untasted banquet. The beasts must needs be wolves, and the country of which he thus becomes the lord is the Aleian plain, through which the lonely Bellerophôn wandered in the closing days of his life.

Section II.—THE CLOUD-LAND.

The Phaiakians.

Nephelê then is the mist of morning tide, which vanishes, like Daphnê and Arethousa, when the sun becomes Chrysâôr. The myths of the earth under its many names bring the clouds before us in other forms, as the Kourêtês, who weave their mystic dances round the infant Zeus; the Idaian Daktyls, who impart to the harp of Orpheus its irresistible power; and the marvellous Telchînes, who can change their forms at will.[1] But the cloud-land in all its magnificence and imperial array is displayed not so much in these isolated stories as in the great Phaiakian legend of the Odyssey. It may be safely said that there is scarcely a single detail in this marvellous narrative which fails to show the nature and the origin of the subjects of Alkinoös. We may, if we please, regard them as a people settled historically in the island known to us as Korkyra or Corfu; and with Preller or other writers we may lay stress on the fact that they are altogether a people of ships and of the sea, living far away from mortal men near the western Okeanos; but no one who wishes really to get at the truth of facts can thus convince himself that he has solved the problem. Whether Scheria be or be not the Mediterranean Korkyra, the meaning of most of the names occurring in the myth is beyond all doubt; and we have simply to follow the poet as he tells the tale, how long ago they had dwelt in the broad Hypereia, near to the rude and gigantic Kyklôpes, who were mightier than they and did them sore harm, until Nausithoös led them away to Scheria, and there built them a city and planted them vineyards and raised temples to the gods.[1] Here we have no sooner recalled to mind the nature of the Kyklôps as the storm-cloud which clings to, or keeps its flocks, on the rough mountain-side, than the whole story becomes transparent. The broad Hypereia is the upper region, where dwell also the Hyperboreans in their beautiful gardens. Nay, we may safely say that the Phaiakians are the Hyperboreans who have been driven from their early home by the black vapours between whom and themselves there can be no friendship. From these malignant foes they can but fly to Scheria, their fixed abode,[2] where these rugged shepherds[3] cannot trouble them.

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[1] See p. 264.

The palace of Alkinoös.

This new home then is that ideal land far away in the west, over which is spread the soft beauty of an everlasting twilight, unsullied by unseemly mists and murky vapours, where the radiant processions which gladden the eyes of mortal men only when the heavens are clear are ever passing through the streets and along the flower-clad hills. On this beautiful conception the imagination of the poet might feed, and find there an inexhaustible banquet; and we need only mark the several images which he has chosen to see how faithfully he adheres (and it may be unconsciously) to the phenomena of cloud-land. He who has seen in the eastern or western sky as lit up by the rising or setting sun the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous temples catching the light on their burnished faces, can well feel whence came the surpassing and everlasting glory of the palace and the gardens of Alkinoös. In those marvellous scenes which more than all other painters Turner delighted to transfer to paper or canvas, we may see the walls and chambers of that splendid dwelling gleaming with the lustre of the sun or the moon, the brazen walls with their purple bands and stringcourses, the golden doors, and steps of silver. Nay, who has not watched the varying forms and half convinced himself that the unsubstantial figures before him are the shapes of men and beasts who people that shadowy kingdom? Who has not seen there the dogs of gold and silver who guard the house of Alkinoös and on whom old age and death can never lay a finger—the golden youths standing around the inmost shrine with torches in their hands, whose light never dies out—the busy maidens plying their golden distaffs as their fingers run along the filmy threads spread on the bare ground of the unfading ether? Who does not understand the poet at once when he says that their marvellous skill came from Athênê, the goddess of the dawn? And who does not see that in the gardens of this beautiful palace must bloom trees laden always with golden fruits, that here the soft west wind brings new blossoms before the old have ripened, that here fountains send their crystal streams to freshen the meadows which laugh beneath the radiant heaven? It is certainly possible that in this description the poet may have introduced some features in the art or civilization of his own day; but the magnificent imagination even of a Spanish beggar has never dreamed of a home so splendid as that of the Scherian chieftain, and assuredly golden statues and doors, silver stairs and brazen walls formed no part of the possessions of any king of the east or the west from the days of the Homeric poets to our own. In truth, there is nothing of the earth in this exquisite picture. In the Phaiakian land sorrow and trouble are things unknown. The house of Alkinoös is the house of feasting, where the dancers are never weary, and the harp is never silent.

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[1] *Od.* vi. 1, &c.

[2] Of the word Scheria Preller says that it denotes simply the firm land. *Gr. Myth.* i. 492. It would thus be akin to *ξηρός*.

[3] The *ἀνέρες ἀλφησταὶ* here spoken of are clearly the Kyklôpes and none others.

The fleets of Alkinoös.

But the poet carries us to the true Phaiakian domain, when he makes Alkinoös say that though his people are not good boxers or wrestlers, none can outrun them on land or rival their skill on shipboard; and we may well suppose that some consciousness of the meaning of his tale must have been present to the mind of the bard as he recounted the wonders of the Phaiakian ships. These mysterious vessels have neither helmsmen nor rudders, rigging nor tackling; but they know the thoughts and the minds of men. There is not a city nor a cornfield throughout the wide earth which they fail to visit, as they traverse the sea veiled in mist and cloud; and in this their ceaseless voyaging they dread no disaster.[1] No bark of that goodly fleet has ever been stranded or wrecked, for so the gods have ordained for the blameless leaders and guides of all across the sounding seas. Far in the distance only looms a danger of which the wise Nausithoös has dimly warned the king; and whence can the peril come but from Poseidôn, whose huge and ungentle offspring drove them from their ancient heritage? But whether the sea-god will really be able to fulfil his threat and sink the gallant Phaiakian bark, is a matter which Alkinoös is content to leave to the disposal of God. So in the light of a sun which has not yet gone down dwell the happy Phaiakian people; but their beautiful ships are seen not only by Achaian eyes. The old Teutonic poet also beheld Skidbladnir, the magic bark of Freya; the Icelander saw the good ship Ellide, as the wish-breeze bore them along to their destination. Nor were these the only vessels endowed with the power and wisdom of the Phaiakian ships. The divine Argo can speak the language of men, and guide its crew to the land which they seek; but at this point the story of the speaking vessel becomes mingled with images which belong to another set of myths. The Argo contains within itself all the warriors of the Achaian land, and Skidbladnir, which can carry all the Asas, may yet be folded up like a mist and carried in the hand like a garment; and thus the imagery of the cloud is interwoven with that of the earth and its teeming womb. One question only remains. If the ships of Alkinoös have neither helm, nor rudder, nor rigging, what can these ships be but the Phaiakians themselves, as they sail at will through the blue seas of heaven, not

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[1] In the Norse story of Big Bird Dan the ship has become an iron boat; but still it 'sails of itself, if you only say, Boat, boat, go on. In that boat there is an iron club, and that club you must lift a little when you see the ship [which is bearing away the dawn-maiden] straight ahead of you, and then they'll get such a rattling fair breeze, they'll forget to look at you.' In short, each time that the club (of the Maruts) is raised, the fiercer will be the storm. The old myth is still further apparent in the concluding direction. 'When you've got to land, you've no need to bother yourself at all about the boat; first turn it about and shove it off and say, Boat, boat, go back home.'

BOOK II.

on the watery deep which couches beneath?[1] Their very name points to the twilight land, and when the ship brings Odysseus back to his own island, it comes like the gleaming star ushering Eôs, the early born.[2]

The Phaiakians and Odysseus.

As the Kyklôpes are the natural enemies of the Phaiakians, so the latter have a natural friendship and love for the bright beings who gladden them with their light. When the heavens are veiled with the murky storm vapours, the lovely Phaiakians may still be thought of as comforting the bright hero in his sorrow: and hence the sympathy which by the agency of the dawn-goddess Athênê is kindled in the heart of the pure Nausikaâ for the stranger whom she finds on the sea-shore wearied almost unto death. This man of many griefs is not indeed what he seems; and the real nature of the being whom they thus befriend breaks out from time to time beneath the poor disguise which for the present he is content to wear. No sooner has Odysseus cleansed his face, than the soft locks flow down over his shoulders with the hue of the hyacinth flower, and his form gleams like a golden statue;[3] and the same air of regal majesty is thrown over him when he stands in the assembly of the Phaiakians, who must love him when they see his glory.[4]

Niobê and Lêtô.

From the sorrows of the forsaken Nephelê we passed to the happiness of the cloudland itself. From this peaceful region we must pass again to deeper griefs than those of the wife of Athamas. Of the many tales related of the luckless Niobê, there is perhaps not one of which the meaning is not easily seen. Her name itself shows her affinity to the mother of Phrixos and Hellê; and if in one version she is called a daughter of Phoroneus, from whom, as a bride of Zeus, are born Argos and Pelasgos, this only tells us that the mist is the child of fire or heat, and that from its union with the heaven springs the light-crowned cloud. But the commoner version which represents her as a daughter of Tantalos is still more significant. Here Niobê, the bride of the Theban Amphîon, a being akin to Orpheus, Pan, and Hermes, becomes the mother of beautiful children, whose number varies as much as that of the sons and daughters of Endymiôn, or of the mystic Kourêtes and Telchînes. Then follows the rivalry of the proud mother with the mightier parent of Artemis and Phoibos—the presumption of the mist or the ice which dares to match the golden-tinted clouds with the sun and moon in their splendour. The children of Lêtô are but two in number; her own cluster round her, a blooming troop of sons and daughters.[1] But Lêtô had only to carry the story of her troubles to her children, and the unerring arrows soon smote the unconscious causes of her anger. Niobê herself sat down overcome with woe on the summits of Sipylos, and there her grief turned her into stone, as the water turns into ice on the cold hill-side.[2] Local tradition so preserved the story that the people fancied that they saw on the heights of Sipylos the actual figure of Niobê mourning for her children; but in fact, there were many Niobês in many lands, and the same luckless portion was the lot of all.[3]

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[1] The poet, as we might expect, contradicts himself when he relates the voyage of the Phaiakians as they carry Odysseus from Phaiakia to Ithaka. Here the ship has oarsmen and oars, and these imply the furniture of other ships, which he has expressly denied to them before.

[2] *Od.* xiii. 93; Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 495. Not less mysterious than the Phaiakian ships is the vessel without sail or rudder, which brings Scild, the son of Sceaf, the skiff, to the coast of Scandia. Scild becomes the king of the land, and in the lay of Beowulf, when he feels himself about to die, he bids his men lay him armed in the boat and put him out to sea. This is the bark Ellide of Icelandic legend, the wonderful ship of the Norse tale of Shortshanks, which becomes bigger and bigger as soon as the hero steps into it, which goes without rudder or sail, and when he comes out becomes as small as it was before. This is, manifestly, nothing more than the swelling and shrinking of vapour: and so the ship which can carry all the Asas may be folded up like a napkin.

[3] *Od.* vi. 225.

[4] *Od.* viii. 21.

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[1] The number of these children is variously given in almost every account. The clouds are never the same.

[2] Sophokles, *Antig.* 830, speaks expressly of the snow which never leaves her, and thus shows that he is dealing with the phenomena of congelation.

[3] With many other names, that of Niobê may be traced back to a root snu, to flow, which yields the Sanskrit Nyavâ, snow, as from Dyu we have Dyâvâ, i. e. Δηώ. Hence Professor Max Müller sees in Niobê the goddess of winter, whose children are smitten by the arrows of Phoibos and Artemis, as the winter gives place to summer. Thus the myth that there were none to bury them because all who might have done so had been turned into stone, is explained as indicating the power of frost which congeals everything: and thus also the tears of Niobê, as she sits on her stony seat, point to the melting or weeping of the petrified or frozen winter earth. Professor Max Müller compares this myth with that of Chionê (χιών, hiems, winter), who for presumption much like that of Niobê is slain by Artemis. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 383, takes a different view. 'Niobe ist selbst die Rhea dieser Bergen und dieser Thäler' [of Sipylos], 'die fruchtbare Mutter und doch so traurig, im Frühlinge prangend in dem Schmucke blühender Kinder, im Sommer, wenn die heissen Pfeile der Götter des Lichtes treffen, verwaist, und wie Rachel, die über den Leichen ihrer Kinder sitzt und "will sich nicht trosten lassen, denn es ist aus mit ihnen."' He adds that the petrifaction of Niobê seems to indicate the tradition of some catastrophe. The catastrophe is simply that of every northern winter.

The cattle of Helios.

In the Vedic hymns, the cloud myths are inextricably intermingled with those of the dawn and the light. The very enemy of Indra hiding the stolen herds in his horrid den is but the storm-cloud which shuts up the rain-clouds ready to refresh the parched earth. He is Cacus who drags the cattle of Geryon into his cave, and the Sphinx which plagues the Kadmeians with drought. Of the beautiful cattle of Indra thus stolen by the Paṇis Saramâ is the guardian; each morning she comes forth to lead them to their pastures,[1] each evening she reappears to drive them home. The same scenes are repeated daily in the Homeric Thrinakia, when the cattle of the sun are tended by the nymphs Phaethousa and Lampetiê, the fair-haired children whom Neaira, the early morning, bare to Helios Hyperîôn. But although the companions of Odysseus are made actually to slay some of these cows, and although strange signs follow their crime, yet the story itself points to another origin for these particular herds. The Thrinakian cattle are not the clouds, but the days of the year. The herds are seven in number, and in each herd are fifty cows, never less, and representing in all the three hundred and fifty days of the lunar year.[2] Thus in the story that the comrades of Odysseus did not return home with him because they slew the cattle of the sun, we may 'recognize an old proverbial or mythological expression, too literally interpreted even by Homer, and therefore turned into mythology.' If, then, as Professor Müller adds, the original phrase ran that Odysseus reached his home because he persevered in his task, while his companions 'wasted their time, killed the days, i.e., the cattle of Helios, and were therefore punished, nothing would be more natural than that after a time their punishment should have been ascribed to their actually devouring the oxen in the island of Thrinakia.'[3]

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[1] In many popular tales these blue pastures with the white flocks feeding on them are reflected in the water, and the sheep feeding far down in the depths are made the means by which Boots or Dummling (the beggar Odysseus) lures his stupid brothers to their death. See the story of 'Big Peter and Little Peter,' in Dasent's *Norse Tales*; the Gaelic story of the Three Widows, Campbell, ii. 224, 228, 237; and the German tale of the Little Farmer, Grimm.

[2] Sir G. C. Lewis, *Astronomy of the Ancients*, 21.

[3] *Chips, &c.* ii. 166.'

SECTION III.—THE NYMPHS AND SWAN-MAIDENS.

The swan-shaped Phorkides.

On the cloud-origin of the Vedic Gandharvas, the Hellenic Kentaurs, and the Kyklôpes whether of our Homeric or Hesiodic poems, enough has perhaps been said in the analysis of the myths of Urvasî, Psychê, Ixîôn, and Asklêpios. These myths may each run into others which relate more exclusively to the earth or the sun; but the close connexion of earth, light and vapour, is so constantly present to the minds of all the Aryan tribes that it becomes almost impossible to set down any one myth, as a whole, as a specimen of one definite class; and thus the language used of the powers of darkness themselves is applied to the gloomy storm-vapours, whether they appear as the monstrous Polyphêmos, or as the three daughters of Phorkos, who have but one tooth each and possess a single eye in common. These beings Æschylos especially calls swan-shaped, and here we have the germ of a large family of legends common to all the Aryan tribes and extending, it would seem, far beyond them. We have already seen the clouds, whether as lit up by the sun or as refreshing the earth with rain, spoken of as cows tended by nymphs, while the stormy vapours, their relentless enemies, are snakes, worms, or dragons, which throttle or strangle their prey. But the Sphinx, one of the most prominent of this repulsive tribe, is called particularly the winged hound,[1] and the swan-shaped Phorkides answer to the black ravens who, as messengers of Wuotan, roam across the sky. These two classes of vapours are kept tolerably distinct. The one brings only famine and sickness; the other recalls the dead earth to life, like the serpents with their snake-leaves in the stories of Glaukos, of Faithful John, and of Panch Phul Ranee. Sometimes, however, the vapours play an intermediate part, being neither wholly malignant, nor kindly. Thus in the Arabian Nights the rushing vapour is the roc, ‘which broods over its great luminous egg, the sun, and which haunts the sparkling valley of diamonds, the starry sky.'[1] Here the single eye in the forehead of Polyphêmos becomes the golden egg which reappears in the story of Jack the Giant Killer as the egg which the red hen lays every morning. This monstrous bird appears as the kindly minister of the light-born prince in the Norse story of Farmer Weathersky.

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[1] πτηνὸς κύων. Æsch. *Pr.* 1024; *Agam.* 136.

The Muses and the Valkyrien.

In the Hymn to Apollôn the clouds appear as the nymphs or goddesses who bathe the new-born Phoibos, and the white robe which they wrap around him is the garment of morning mist, through which his orb may be seen ascending amidst zones of gold. Among these nymphs are the Charites, who attend on Aphroditê, the lovely clouds which dance in the morning sky, while in the hymn of Kallimachos the clouds are plainly spoken of as the singing swans who hasten from Paktôlos and fly seven times round Delos at the birth of Phoibos, who therefore in after years fixes on seven notes as the complement of the musical scale. These beautiful beings in their thousand forms all spring from the water, whether it be Athênê or Aphroditê, Melusina, or Urvasî. All therefore are the Apsaras or water-maidens, of whom the germs may be seen in Vedic hymns, while in later Hindu epics they appear with all the features of the Teutonic Valkyrien; and the consolation addressed to the warriors of the Mahâbhârata is that by which Mahomet cheers the hearts of the faithful. 'A hero slain is not to be lamented, for he is exalted in heaven. Thousands of beautiful nymphs (apsaras) run quickly up to the hero who has been slain in battle, saying to him, Be my husband.'[2] Here then we have the groundwork of all those tales which speak of men as wedded to fairies, nymphs, nixies, mermaids, swan-maidens, or other supernatural beings. The details may vary indefinitely; but the Aryan and Turanian myths alike point to the same phenomena. From the thought which regarded the cloud as an eagle or a swan, it was easy to pass to the idea that these birds were beautiful maidens, and hence that they could at will, or on the ending of the inchantment, assume their human form. This would, in fact, be nothing more than the power exercised by Herakles, who, whenever he desired it, could lay aside his robe of lion's skin. Then would follow the myth, that the only way to capture these beings was to seize their garment of swan's or eagle's feathers, without which they were powerless; and this myth has been reflected in a thousand tales which relate how men, searching for something lost, have reached some peaceful lake (the blue heaven) on which were floating the silver swans, birds only in outward seeming, and so long as they were suffered to wear their feathery robes.[1] Some specimens of Turanian myths belonging to this class, cited by Mr. Gould, are noteworthy as containing not only this idea but all the chief incidents belonging to the Teutonic story of the Giant who had no Heart in his Body, and the Hindu tale of Punchkin. Among the Minussinian Tartars, Mr. Gould adds, these maidens appear, like the Hellenic Harpyiai, as beings which scourge themselves into action with a sword, and fly gorged with blood through the heavens, forty in number, yet running into one, like the many clouds absorbed into a single mass. The vapour in this, its less inviting aspect, is seen in the myth of Kyknos, the swan son of Arês, or Sthenelos, or Poseidôn (for all these versions are found), who after a hard fight is slain by Herakles.

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[1] Gould, *Curious Myths*, second series, 146.

[2] Muir, *Skr. Texts*, part iv. p. 235.

The swan-shaped Zeus.

In the legend of Helen and the Dioskouroi Zeus himself comes to Leda in the guise of a swan, as to Danaê he appears in the form of a golden shower; and hence from the two eggs sprung severally, according to one of many versions, Kastor and Helen, Polydeukes and Klytaimnestra, while others say that the brothers were the sons of Zeus, and Helen the child of the mortal Tyndareôs. When the notion which regarded Helen as doomed to bring ruin on her kinsfolk and friends had been more fully developed, the story ran that the egg came not from Leda but from Nemesis, the power which, like the Norns, gives to each man his portion.

The ideas of inchantment and transformation once

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[1] These robes in other tales become fairy garments, without which the Persian Peri cannot leave the human husband to whom she is wedded. Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 21. With these legends we may also compare the stories of mermaids who unite themselves with human lovers.

Inchanted maidens.

awakened ran riot in a crowd of stories which resemble in some of their features the myths of which the tale of Psychê and Eros is a type; in others, the legends in which the youngest brother or sister, Boots or Cinderella, is in the end exalted over those who had thought little of him in times past, and, in others again, the narratives of jealous wives or stepmothers, found in the mythology of all the Aryan tribes. Thus the ship and the swan are both prominent in the mediæval romance of the Knight of the Swan, in which the son of queen Matabrune, having married the beautiful Beatrice, leaves her in his mother's charge. After his departure, Beatrice gives birth to six sons and a daughter, each with a silver collar round its neck. These children the stepmother seeks to destroy, but she is cheated by the usual device which substitutes some beast for the human victim. At length Matabrune is informed that seven children may be seen each with a silver collar, and again she decrees their death. They are, however, only deprived of their collars, and the loss changes them into swans, all but the youngest, Helias, whom a hermit had taken away as his companion.[1] Helias, of course, avenges his mother's innocence, when she is about to be put to death, and then makes a vow that he will never rest until he has delivered his brothers and sister from the evil inchantment. Having recovered five of the collars, he succeeds at length in restoring five to their human shape; but one remains spellbound, his collar having been melted to make a drinking-cup for Matabrune. This swan-brother now appears drawing a boat, in which Helias embarks, and arriving at Neumagen fights on behalf of the lady who claimed the duchy of Bouillon. His victory makes him duke of Bouillon, but he warns the duchess that if she asks his name he must leave her. In due time the question is of course asked, and instantly, the swan and boat reappearing, Helias vanishes like Eros when seen by Psychê. This romance Mr. Gould, who gives some of other versions of the story, regards as a local myth of Brabantine origin, the name Helias being a corruption of the Keltic ala, eala, ealadh, a swan. This is but saying, in other words, that an old myth has been worked into the traditions of European towns, and attached, like the story of the early life of Cyrus, to names undoubtedly historical. The tale itself agrees in all its essential features not only with many Teutonic legends but with the Hindu story of Guzra Bai, the Beatrice of the tale of Truth's Triumph. This beautiful maiden is the Flower Girl, or the Gardener's daughter, in other words, the child of Dêmêtêr playing on the flowery plain of Nysa or Enna,—the teeming source of life as distinguished from the dead or inert matter on which it works. She thus becomes at once, like Beatrice, the mother of many children; here the number is a hundred and one, this one being as with Beatrice a daughter. These beautiful children awaken the jealousy and hatred of the twelve childless wives to whom the husband of Guzra Bai was already married, and in whom we may see an image of the months of the year or the hours of the night, in themselves producing nothing, until the spring reawakens the slumbering earth or the dawn flushes the eastern sky. In either case, it is but one hour or one day doing the work which otherwise many hours and many days would be unable to accomplish. Then follows a series of transformations which have the effect of counteracting the arts of the twelve queens as those of Matabrune are frustrated in the western story, and which end in the change of all the brothers not into swans but into crows, the only one of Guzra Bai's children who is saved being the daughter, as Helias alone is not transformed in the myth of Matabrune. The subsequent marriage of Guzra Bai's daughter under the name of Draupadi to a king who sees her feeding the crows is the return of Persephonê from the lower world in more than her former beauty. Draupadi now becomes the mother of a child who avenges her wrongs as Perseus requites the persecutors of Danaê, and punishes the demon who, with the wand of Kirkê, had changed his mother's brothers into crows. The final incident is the deliverance of Guzra Bai from the prison to which the twelve princesses had committed her, and the discomfiture of the latter, answering to the humiliation of Matabrune.

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[1] In Grimm's story of 'The White and the Black Bride,' the mother and sister push the true bride into the water, but at the same moment a snow-white swan is seen swimming down the stream.

The Hyades and Pleiades.

As the storm-cloud brooding over the earth without yielding rain became in Greek mythology the Theban Sphinx or the Pythian Dragon, so the clouds as rain-givers were the Hyades or the rainy sisters. These, it is obvious, might be described in a hundred ways, and accordingly almost every mythographer has a different account to give of them. They are the daughters of Atlas and Aithra, the heaven and the pure air, or of Okeanos, the water, or of Erechtheus (the earth); and thus the myths do but repeat the generation of the cloud,

> I am the daughter of earth and water,
> And the nursling of the sky,

giving it names which all denote their cherishing, fructifying, and reviving powers.[1] They are the nymphs of Nysa or Dodona, who guard the infant Dionysos, or are the nurses of Zeus himself; and this kindness the wine-god requites by causing Medeia, the wise dawn-goddess, to restore them to youth when they had grown old, a sight witnessed every morning. These nymphs are seen again in their sisters the Pleiades, whose name, pointing only to their watery nature, became confused with that of the ring dove, Peleias, and so the story ran that they were changed into doves and placed among the stars. Generally these Pleiades are seven in number, six being visible and one invisible. Without taking into account any supposed astronomical explanations, it is enough to note that the same difference marks the stories already cited of Matabrune, Guzra Bai, and others, in which of a troop of children some remain visible while the rest vanish through inchantment.

The Graiai.

These sisters are either always youthful and radiant, or they are from time to time restored to their former beauty. But we may think also of clouds as dwelling for ever far away in the doubtful gloaming, not wholly dark, but faintly visible in a weird and dismal twilight. These clouds, which are never kindled into beauty by the rays of the sun, are the Graiai, the daughter of Phorkys, whose hair was grey from their birth, like the white streamers which move in ghastly lines across the sky, as evening dies away into night. The swan form of these sisters points clearly, as we have seen, to their cloud origin; and the story of the single tooth and the common eye would follow from the notion of their everlasting old age, even if these features were not suggested by myths like those of Polyphêmos and the Kyklôpes.[1]

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[1] Eudora, Althaia, Phyto, Ambrosia, &c.

The Gorgons.

Some of the features which characterise these gloomy sisters were transferred to the Gorgons, if the idea of one Gorgon, as in our Iliad and Odyssey, be older than the Hesiodic myth of the three Gorgon daughters of Phorkys and Kêtô, Stheino or Stheno, Euryalê, and Medousa. The Gorgo of the Odyssey is the hideous head of a monster belonging to the nether world; in the Odyssey she is a being with an awful face and a terrific glance. In the Hesiodic Theogony the two undying and barren sisters are sharply distinguished from Medousa, the woman of pitiable woes.[2] It is, of course, possible or even likely, that the writhing snakes which, by the doom passed on her, take the place of her beautiful locks may represent the hideous storm vapours streaming across the heaven at night, and still more likely that the wings and claws given to her fearful sisters attest their cloud nature. But this explanation does not account for the myth of the mortal maiden who once

> Walked in beauty like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies,

whom Poseidôn loved in the soft green meadow among the flowers of spring, and who became the mother of the mighty Chrysâôr and the winged horse Pegasos who rose from heaven to the house of Zeus, where he is the bearer of thunders and lightnings to the king of gods and men. Here plainly Medousa is none other than Lêtô, the mother of

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[1] Among the many monsters which are either children of Poseidôn or are sent up by him from the sea are the two serpents who destroy Laokoôn and his sons. The storm-cloud here assumes the snake form which in the Hindu mythology belongs to Vritra and Ahi.

[2] λυγρὰ παθοῦσα. Hes. *Theog.* 276.

Chrysâôr, the lord of the golden sword: in other words, the night in its benignant aspect as the parent of the sun, and therefore as mortal, for must not the birth of the sun be fatal to the darkness from which it springs? Hence Perseus, the child of the golden shower, must bring her weary woe to an end. The remaining feature of the story is the early loveliness of Medousa, which tempts her into rivalry with the dawn goddess Athênê herself, a rivalry which they who know the moonlit nights of the Mediterranean can well understand. But let the storm-clouds pass across the sky, and the maiden's beauty is at once marred. She is no longer the darling of Poseidôn, sporting on the grassy shore. The unseemly vapours stream like serpents across her once beautiful face, hissing with the breath of the night-breeze, and a look of agony unutterable comes over her countenance, chilling and freezing the hearts' blood of those who gaze on the brow of the storm-tormented night. This agony can pass away only with her life; in other words, when the sword of Phoibos smites and scatters the murky mists. But although Medousa may die, the source from which the storm-clouds come cannot be choked, and thus the Gorgons who seek to avenge on Perseus their sister's death are themselves immortal.

Aktaiôn.

In the Theban myth of Aktaiôn, the son of the Kadmeian Autonoê, the cloud appears as a huntsman who has been taught by the Kentaur Cheiron, but who is torn to pieces by his own dogs, just as the large masses of vapour are rent and scattered by the wind, which bear them across the sky. As this rending is most easily seen in a heaven tolerably free from clouds, so the story ran that Aktaion was thus punished because he had rashly looked on Artemis while she was bathing in the fountain of Gargaphia.

Medousa and Chrysâôr.

Not less significant is the myth of Pegasos, the offspring of Medousa with Chrysâôr, the magnificent piles of sunlit cloud, which seem to rise as if on eagle's wings to the highest heaven, and in whose bosom may lurk the lightnings and thunders of Zeus. Like Athênê and Aphroditê, like Daphnê and Arethousa, this horse of the morning (Eôs) must be born from the waters; hence he is Pegasos, sprung from the fountains of Poseidôn, the sea.[1] On this horse Bellerophôn is mounted in his contest with the Chimaira: but he becomes possessed of this steed only by the aid of Athênê Chalinîtis, who, giving him a bridle, enables him to catch the horse as he drinks from the well Peirênê, or, as others said, brings him Pegasos already tamed and bridled. When the Chimaira was slain, Bellerophôn, the story ran, sought to rise to heaven on the back of his steed, but was either thrown off or fell off from giddiness, while the horse continued to soar upwards, like the cumuli clouds which far outstrip the sun as they rise with him into the sky.

Pegasos

Pegasos, however, is not only the thundering horse of Zeus; he is also connected with the Muses, who in their swan forms[2] are the beautiful clouds sailing along the sky to the soft music of the morning breezes. The same blending of the myths of vapour and wind is seen in the rivalry between the Pierides and the Helikonian Muses. When the former sang, everything, it is said, became dark and gloomy, as when the wind sighs through the pinewoods at night, while with the song of the Muses the light of gladness returned, and Helikon itself leaped up in its joy and rose heavenwards, until a blow from the hoof of Pegasos smote it down, as a sudden thunderstorm may check the soaring cirri in their heavenward way. But Pegasos is still in this myth the moisture-laden cloud. From the spot dinted by his hoof sprang the fountain Hippokrênê, whether in Boiotia or in Argos.

SECTION IV.—THE HUNTERS AND DANCERS OF THE HEAVENS.

Orîon.

The vapour in more than one of its aspects receives another embodiment in the myth of Orîon, which in almost all its many versions remains transparent. Like other beings of the same kind, he is sprung from the earth or the waters, as a son whether of Poseidôn and Euryalê, or of Oinopion. He grows up a mighty hunter, the cloud ranging in wild freedom over hills and valleys. At Chios he sees the beautiful Aerô, but when he seeks to make her his bride, he is blinded by her father, who, on the advice of Dionysos, comes upon him in his sleep. Orîon is now told that he may yet recover his sight if he would go to the east and look toward the rising sun. Thither he is led by the help of Hephaistos, who sends Kedalion as his guide. On his return he vainly tries to seize and punish the man who had blinded him, and then wandering onwards meets and is loved by Artemis. It is but the story of the beautiful cloud left in darkness when the sun goes down, but recovering its brilliance when he rises again in the east. Of his death many stories were told. In the Odyssey he is slain in Ortygia, the dawn land, by Artemis, who is jealous of her rival Eôs. In another version Artemis slays him unwittingly, having aimed at a mark on the sea which Phoibos had declared that she could not hit. This mark was the head of Orîon, who had been swimming in the waters; in other words, of the vapour as it begins to rise from the surface of the sea. But so nearly is he akin to the powers of light, that Asklêpios seeks to raise him from the dead, and thus brings on his own doom from the thunderbolts of Zeus—a myth which points to the blotting out of the sun from the sky by the thundercloud, just as he was rekindling the faded vapours which lie motionless on the horizon.

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[1] With Pegasos we may compare the horse in Grimm's story of the Two Wanderers (Dioskouroi), which courses thrice round the castle yard as swiftly as lightning, and then falls. This is the moment of the lightning flash, and the story of course goes on to say that 'at the same moment a fearful noise was heard, and a piece out of the ground of the court rose up into the air like a ball,' and a stream of water leaps forth, as on the discomfiture of the Sphinx.

[2] Kallim. *Hymn to Delos*, 255.

Seirios.

Like Andromeda, Ariadnê, and other mythical beings, Orîon was after his death placed among the constellations, and his hound became the dog-star Seirios, who marks the time of yearly drought. He is thus the deadly star[1] who burns up the fields of Aristaios and destroys his bees, and is stayed from his ravages only by the moistening heaven.[2] This, however, is but one of the countless myths springing from old phrases which spoke of the madness of the sun, who destroys his own children, the fruits of his bride the earth. The word Seirios itself springs from the same root with the Sanskrit Sûrya and the Greek Helios, Hêrê, and Herakles; and with Archilochos and Suidas it was still a mere name for the sun.[1]

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[1] οὔλιος ἀστήρ.

[2] Ζεὺς ἰκμαῖος. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 358.

The Telchînes and Kourêtes.

The characteristics of the Phaiakians and their ships carry us to other myths of the clouds and the light. As roaming over hill and dale, as visiting every corn-field and seeing all the works of men, and as endowed with powers of thought, these mysterious vessels are possessed in some measure of the wisdom of Phoibos himself. The kindred Telchînes and Kourêtes, the unwearied dancers who move across the skies, have the power also of changing their forms at will.[2] If we put these attributes together, we at once have the wise yet treacherous, and the capricious yet truthful Proteus, the Farmer Weathersky of Teutonic tales. This strange being is the old man of the sea, who reappears in the voyages of Sindbad. He is necessarily a subject, some said a son, of Poseidôn; and he lives not far from the river Aigyptos, a phrase akin to the myth of the Aithiopian Memnôn. Huge flocks of seals sport around him in the waters, like clouds gambolling in the heavens; and when the heat is greatest he raises himself from the deeps and takes his rest on the sea-shore—the repose of the cloud armies which hang round the heaven in the hot noon-tide. It is at this time that Virgil represents Aristaios as fettering the old man by the advice of his mother Arethousa. The attempt is followed by many changes of form; and Proteus[3] becomes first a fire, then a snake, and passes through other changes before he is compelled to return to his proper form. In Proteus, the king of Egypt, we have one of those persons of whom the Euemerists availed themselves to escape from the necessity of believing the incredible tale of Troy. According to one version of the story, Paris came to Egypt with Helen in the course of his homeward wanderings from Sparta. It was easy to say that the real Helen went no further, and that the Helen seen in Ilion was only a phantom with which Proteus cheated the senses of Paris and his countrymen. It is enough to remark that of such a tale the poets of our Iliad and Odyssey know nothing; and that the Egyptian Proteus is none other than the son of Poseidôn, gifted with more than the wisdom of Hermes.

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[1] In support of his assertion that Seirios was a name for any glittering orb or star, Preller quotes Hesychios: *Σειρίου κυνὸς δίκην Σοφοκλῆς τὸν ἀστρῷον κύνα, ὁ δὲ Ἀρχίλοχος τὸν ἥλιον, Ἴβυκος δὲ πάντα τὰ ἄστρα*, and adds 'Suidas kennt die Form Seir für Sonne. Arat. *Phoin.* 331: *ὅς ῥα μάλιστα Ὀξέα σειριάει, καί μιν καλέουσ' ἄνθρωποι Σείριον.*' *Gr. Myth.* i. 355.

[2] So with the fairy in the Ballad of Tamlane:

'I quit my body when I please,
  Or unto it repair;
We can inhabit at our ease
  In either earth or air.

Our shapes and size we can convert
  To either large or small:
An old nutshell's the same to us
  As is the lofty hall.'

The sequel of the ballad specifies all the changes of Thetis when Peleus seeks to win her.

[3] Like the Rakshas in the story of Guzra Bai (Truth's Triumph). Frere, *Deccan Tales.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EARTH.

SECTION I.—DIONYSOS.

The captivity of Dionysos.

THE Homeric hymn tells the simple tale how Dionysos in the first bloom of youth was sitting on a jutting rock by the sea-shore, a purple robe thrown over his shoulders and his golden locks streaming from his head, when he was seized by some Tyrrhenian mariners who had seen him as they were sailing by. These men placed him on board their vessel and strongly bound him, but the chains snapped like twigs and fell from his hands and feet, while he sat smiling on them with his deep blue eyes. The helmsman at once saw the folly of his comrades, and bade them let him go lest the god, for such he must be, should do them some harm. His words fell on unheeding ears, and they declared that they would take him away to Kypros, Egypt, or the Hyperborean land. But no sooner had they taken to their oars than a purple stream flowed along the decks, and the air was filled with its fragrance. Then the vine-plant shot up the masts, and its branches laden with rosy fruit hung from the yardarms, mingled with clustering ivy, while the oar pegs were all wreathed in glistening garlands. The sailors now beseech Medeides, the steersman, to bring the ship to shore; but it is too late. For Dionysos now took the forms of a lion and a bear, and thus rushing upon them drove the cruel mariners into the sea, where they became dolphins, while the good steersman was crowned with honour and glory.

Dionysos and Zagreos.

In this story we have clearly the manifestation of that power which ripens the fruits of the earth, and more especially the vine, in the several stages from its germ to its maturity. The fearful power displayed by the god is the influence which the grape exercises on man. Its juice may flow as a quiet stream, filling the air with sweet odours, but as men drink of it its aspect is changed, and it becomes like a wild beast urging them to their destruction. But the penalty thus inflicted upon the Tyrrhenian mariners is strictly for their evil treatment of the god, whose character is merely jovial, and by no means designedly malignant. Nor is the god himself invested with the majesty of the supreme Zeus, or of Phoibos or Poseidôn, although the helmsman says that either of these gods may possibly have taken the form of the youthful Dionysos. But before we find ourselves in historical Hellas a complete change has taken place. Dionysos is now the horned Zagreos after his death and resurrection, and the myth of the son of Semelê is anticipated or repeated by the legend of this child of Persephonê, whom his father Zeus places beside him on his throne. In this, as in other cases, the jealousy of Hêrê is roused, and at her instigation the Titans slay Zagreos, and cutting up his limbs, leave only his heart, which Athênê carries to Zeus. This heart is given to Semelê, who thus becomes the mother of Dionysos. This slaughter and cutting up of Zagreos is only another form of the rape of Persephonê herself. It is the stripping off of leaves and fruits in the gloomy autumn which leaves only the heart or trunk of the tree to give birth to the foliage of the coming year, and the resurrection of Zagreos is the return of Persephonê to her mother Dêmêtêr. Henceforth with Dêmêtêr, who really is his mother also, Dionysos becomes a deity of the first rank;[1] and into his mythology are introduced a number of foreign elements, pointing to the comparatively recent influence exercised by Egypt and Syria on the popular Hellenic religion. The opposition of the Thrakian Lykourgos and the Theban Pentheus to the frenzied rites thus foisted on the cultus of Dionysos is among the few indications of historical facts exhibited in Hellenic mythology.

Dionysos the Wanderer.

In the Homeric hymn the Tyrrhenian mariners avow their intention of taking Dionysos to Egypt, or Ethiopia, or the Hyperborean land; and this idea of change of abode becomes the prominent feature in the later developements of the wandering wine-god. It is unnecessary to trace these journeys in detail, for when the notion was once suggested, every country and even every town would naturally frame its own story of the wonderful things done by Dionysos as he abode in each. Thus he flays Damaskos alive for refusing to allow the introduction of the vine which Dionysos had discovered, and a false etymology suggested the myth that a tiger bore him across the river Tigris. But wherever he goes there is the same monotonous exhibition of fury and frenzy by which mothers become strange unto their own flesh and maidens abandon themselves to frantic excitement. All this is merely translating into action phrases which might tell of the manifest powers of the wine-god; and the epithets applied to him show that these phrases were not limited merely to his exciting or maddening influences. In his gentler aspects he is the giver of joy, the healer of sicknesses, the guardian against plagues. As such he is even a lawgiver, and a promoter of peace and concord. As kindling new or strange thoughts in the mind, he is a giver of wisdom and the revealer of hidden secrets of the future. In this, as his more genuine and earlier character, he is attended by the beautiful Charites, the maidens and ministers of the dawn-goddess Aphroditê, who give place in the later mythology to fearful troops of raging Mainades or Bassarides, bearing in their hands the budding thyrsus, which marks the connection of this cultus with that of the great restoring or revivifying forces of the world.

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[1] Grote, *Hist. Greece*, i. 31.

The womanly Dionysos.

The changes which come over the person of Dionysos are in accordance with the natural facts indicated by his attributes. Weak and seemingly helpless in his infancy, like Hermes or Phoibos himself, he is to attain in the end to boundless power; but the intervening stages exhibit in him the languid and voluptuous character which marks the early foliage and vegetation of summer. Hence the story that Persephonê placed her child Dionysos in the hands of Inô and Athamas to be brought up as a girl; and from this character of feminine gracefulness he passes to the vehement licence of his heated worshippers.

The mothers of Dionysos

Persephonê, as we have seen, is not his only mother; nor is the myth which makes him born of his mother Semelê amidst the blaze of the thunderbolts the only legend of his birth. He is spoken of sometimes as a son of Iô, or of Argê, of Diônê, or Amaltheia, the nurse of Zeus; and there was a tale which related how, when Kadmos heard that Zeus had made his child Semelê a mother, he placed her and her babe in a chest, and launched them, as Akrisios launched Danaê and her infant, upon the sea. The chest, according to local tradition, was carried to Brasiai, where the babe was rescued by Inô; Semelê, who was found dead, being solemnly buried on the shore.[1]

SECTION II.—DÊMÊTÊR.

The story of Persephonê.

The myth which gives most fully and most clearly the history of the earth through the changing year is to be found not so much in the legend of Adonis as in the legend of Persephonê herself. This story as related in the Hymn to Dêmêtêr tells us how the beautiful maiden (and in her relations with the upper world she is pre-eminently the maiden, Korê), was playing with her companions on the flowery Nysian plain, when far away across the meadow her eye caught the gleam of a narcissus flower. As she ran towards it alone, a fragrance, which reached to the heaven and made the earth and sea laugh for gladness, filled her with delight; but when she stretched out her arms to seize the stalk with its hundred flowers, the earth gaped, and before her stood the immortal horses bearing the car of the king Polydegmôn, who placed her by his side. In vain the maiden cried aloud, and made her prayer to the son of Kronos; for Zeus was far away, receiving the prayers and offerings of men in his holy place, and there was none to hear save Hekatê, who in her secret cave heard the wail of her agony, and Helios, the bright son of Hyperîôn, and one other—the loving mother, whose heart was pierced as with a sword, as the cry of her child reached her ears, a cry which echoed mournfully over hills, and vales, and waters. Then Dêmêtêr threw the dark veil over her shoulders, and hastened like a bird over land and sea, searching for her child. But neither god nor man could give her tidings until, with torch in hand, she reached the cave of Hekatê, who knew only of the theft of the maiden, but could not tell whither she had gone. From Helios, whom she addresses as the all-seeing, Dêmêtêr receives clearer tidings and a deeper sympathy, and now she learns that her child is the bride of Aidoneus, who reigns in the unseen land beneath the earth. The grief of the mourning mother is almost swallowed up in rage, as she leaves the home of the gods and wanders along the fields and by the cities of men, so changed in form, and so closely veiled that none could know the beautiful queen who had till then shed a charm of loveliness over all the wide world. At last she sat down by the wayside, near Eleusis, where the maidens of the city come to draw water from the fountain. Here, when questioned by the daughters of Keleos the king, the mourner tells them that her name is Dêô, and that, having escaped from Cretan kidnappers, she seeks a refuge and a home, where she may nurse young children. Such a home she finds in the house of Keleos, which the poet makes her enter veiled from head to foot.[1] Not a word does she utter in answer to the kindly greetings of Metaneira, and the deep gloom is lessened only by the jests and sarcasms of Iambê. When Metaneira offers her wine, she says that now she may not taste it, but asks for a draught of water mingled with flour and mint, and then takes charge of the new-born son of Keleos, whom she names Demophoôn. Under her care the babe thrives marvellously, though he has no nourishment either of bread or of milk. The kindly nurse designs, indeed, to make him immortal; and thus by day she anoints him with ambrosia, and in the night she plunges him, like a torch, into a bath of fire. But her purpose is frustrated by the folly of Metaneira, who, seeing the child thus basking in the flames, screams with fear, and is told by Dêmêtêr that, though her child shall ever receive honour because he has slumbered in her arms, still, like all the sons of men, and like Achilleus himself, he must die. Nevertheless, though she cast the child away from her, she abode yet in the house of Keleos, mourning and grieving for the maiden, so that all things in the heaven above and the earth beneath felt the weight of her sorrow. In vain the ploughs turned up the soil, in vain was the barley seed scattered along the furrows. In Olympos itself there was only gloom and sadness, so that Zeus charged Iris to go and summon Dêmêtêr to the palace of the gods. But neither her words nor those of the deities who follow her avail to lessen her grief or to bend her will. The mourning mother will not leave the place of her exile till her eyes have looked upon her child once more. Then Hermes, at the bidding of Zeus, enters the dismal underworld, and Polydegmôn consents to the return of Persephonê, who leaps with delight for the joy that is coming. Still he cannot altogether give up his bride, and Persephonê finds that she has unwittingly eaten the pomegranate seed,[1] and must come back to Aidôneus again. But even with this condition the joy of the meeting is scarcely lessened. A third part only of the year she must be queen in Hades; through all the other months she is to be once more the beautiful maiden who sported on the plains of Nysa. The wrath of Dêmêtêr has departed with her grief, the air is filled with fragrance, and the corn-fields wave with the ripening grain.

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 523, regards the name Dionysos as simply an epithet of Zeus as the Nysaian or ripening god: 'Der Name scheint einen feuchten, saftig fruchtbaren Ort zu bedeuten, wie jenes Leibethron am Makedonischen Olymp, wo Dionysos und Orpheus seit alter Zeit in der Umgebung der Musen verehrt wurden.'

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[1] The hymn writer forgets for a moment the veiled Mater Dolorosa, when at her entrance he says that her head touched the roof, while a blaze of light streamed through the doors and filled the dwelling.

Iduna.

In Teutonic tradition Persephonê is represented by Iduna, the beautiful, whom Loki brings back in the shape of a quail (Wachtel), a myth which cannot fail to remind us of Artemis Ortygia. Loki here distinctly plays the part of Perseus, for the giants of cold hasten after him as he bears away Iduna, as the Gorgon sisters chase Perseus on his way to the Hyperborean gardens. This myth in Bunsen's belief 'is an exact counterpart of the earliest myth of Herakles, who falls into the sleep of winter and lies there stiff and stark till Iolaus wakes him by holding a quail to his nose.' This idea of the palsied or feeble sun is reproduced in the Egyptian Harp-i-chruti (the Grecised Harpokrates), the sun regarded as an infant, the lame child of Isis, the earth,—a phrase which carries us to that wide class of legends, which speak of the sun, or the wind, or the light, as weak, if not impotent, in their first manifestations. Osiris can be avenged only by Horos, the full-grown sun, after the vernal equinox.

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[1] 'Am häufigsten ward der Granatapfel als Symbol des Zeugung und Empfängniss verwendet, was wohl davon herrührt dass er, weil seine Kerne zugleich Samenkerne sind, Samenbehältniss ist; und insofern diese Kerne in zahlreicher Menge in ihm enthalten sind, diente er sehr passend zum Symbol des Geschlechtsverhaltnisses, . . . In den Mythen erscheint der Granatbaum als entsprossen aus dem auf die Erde geflossenen Blute eines des Zeugegliedes beraubten Gottes: und Nana, die Tochter des Flussgotts Sangarus, wurde schon dadurch schwanger, weil sie einen Granatapfel in ihren Schooss gelegt hatte (Arnob. *adv. Gent.* 5).' Nork, s. v. Apfel.

The stupifying Narcissus.

Although with the mythical history of Persephonê are mingled some institutional legends explaining the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries, the myth itself is so transparent as to need but little interpretation. The stupifying narcissus with its hundred flowers springing from a single stem is in the opinion of Colonel Mure a monstrous hyperbole; yet it must be a narcotic which lulls to sleep the vegetation of nature in the bright yet sad autumn days when heaven and earth smile with the beauty of the dying year, and the myth necessarily chose the flower whose name denoted this dreamy lethargy. Even in her gloomy nether abode the character of the maiden is not wholly changed. She is still not the fierce queen who delights in death, but the daughter yearning to be clasped once more in her mother's arms. That mother is carefully nursing the child of Keleos, the seed which grows without food or drink, except the nourishment of the dew and the heat which still lurks in the bosom of the winter-smitten earth. But while she is engaged in this task, she is mourning still for the daughter who has been taken away from her, and the dreary time which passes before they meet again is the reign of the gloomy winter, which keeps the leaves off the trees and condemns the tillers of the soil to unwilling idleness. The sequel of the hymn simply depicts the joy of returning spring and summer, when the mourning mother is exalted in glory to the everlasting halls of Olympos. Hence, so far as the meaning of the myth is concerned, it matters little whether Dêmêtêr be herself the earth grieving for the lost treasures of summer, or the dawn-mother mourning for the desolation of the earth which she loves.[1]

The Sleep of Winter.

This story is naturally found in all lands where the difference between summer and winter is sufficiently marked to leave on the mind the impression of death and resurrection. Its forms of course vary indefinitely, but it is in fact repeated virtually in every solar legend. The beautiful earth laughing amidst the summer flowers is as truly the bride of the sun as is the blushing dawn with its violet tints. The grief of Dêmêtêr for Korê is the sorrow of Apollôn when bereft of Daphnê, as its converse is the mourning of Psychê for Eros or Selênê for Endymiôn. But there is hope for all. Sarpêdôn, Adonis, Memnôn, Arethousa shall all rise again,—but only when the time is come to join the being who has loved them, or who has the power to rouse them from their sleep. The utter barrenness of the earth, so long as the wrath of Dêmêtêr lasts, answers to the locking up of the treasures in Teutonic folk-lore; but the awakening of spring may be said to be the result of the return, not only of the maiden from the underworld, but of the sun from the far-off regions to which he had departed. In the former case the divine messenger comes to summon the daughter from the unseen land; in the other the sleeper rests unawakened until she feels the magic touch of the only being who can rouse her. With either of these ideas it was possible and easy to work out the myth into an infinite variety of detail; and thus in the northern story Persephonê becomes the maiden Brynhild who sleeps within the flaming walls, as the heroine of the Hindu tales lies in a palace of glass surrounded by seven hedges of spears. But she must sleep until the knight arrives who is to slay the dragon, and the successful exploit of Sigurd would suggest the failure of weaker men who had made the same attempt before him. Thus we have the germ of those countless tales in which the father promises to bestow his daughter on the man who can either leap over the wall of spears or work his way through the hedge of thorns, or slay the monster who guards her dwelling, death being the penalty for all who try and fail. The victorious knight is the sun when it has gained sufficient strength to break the chains of winter and set the maiden free; the luckless beings who precede him are the suns which rise and set, making vain efforts in the first bleak days of spring to rouse nature from her deathlike slumbers. This is the simple tale of Dornroschen or Briar Rose, who pricks her finger with a spindle and falls into a sleep of a hundred years, the spindle answering here to the stupifying narcissus in the myth of Persephonê. This sudden touch of winter, arresting all the life and activity of nature, followed in some climates by a return of spring scarcely less sudden, would naturally suggest the idea of human sleepers resuming their tasks at the precise point at which they were interrupted; and thus when, after many princes who had died while trying to force their way through the hedge of briars, the king's son arrives at the end of the fated time and finds the way open, an air of burlesque is given to the tale (scarcely more extravagant, however, than that which Euripides has imparted to the deliverer of Alkêstis), and the cook on his waking gives the scullion boy a blow which he had raised his hand to strike a hundred years ago.

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[1] Professor Max Muller prefers the latter explanation and refers the name to the Sanskrit dyâvâmatar. *Lectures*, second series, 517. If Dêmêtêr, or Dêô, as she also styles herself, be only a name for the earth, then Gaia stands to Dêmêtêr, in the relation of Nereus to Poseidôn or Helios to Apollôn. Gaia is thus the actual soil from which the deadly narcissus springs, and therefore the accomplice of Polydegmôn, while Dêmêtêr is the mysterious power which causes all living things to grow and ripen.

The story of Rapunzel

This myth of the stealing away of the summer-child is told in Grimm's story of Rapunzel, where the witch's garden is the earth with its fertilising powers pent up within high walls. Rapunzel herself is Korê, the maiden, the Rose of the Alhambra, while the witch is the icy Fredegonda, whose story Washington Irving has told with marvellous but unconscious fidelity. The maiden is shut up, like Danaê, in a high tower, but the sequel reverses the Argive legend. It is not Zeus who comes in the form of a golden shower, but the prince who ascends on the long golden locks which stream to the earth from the head of Rapunzel. In the story of the Dwarfs Persephonê is the maiden who eats a golden apple (the narkissos), and thereupon sinks a hundred fathoms deep in the earth, where the prince (Herakles) finds her with the nine-headed dragon resting on her lap. The return of Persephonê is strangely set forth in the story of the House in the Wood, which in other stories is the house or case of ice in which the seemingly dead princess is laid. This house breaks up, like the ice, at the return of spring. The sides crack, 'the doors were slammed back against the walls; the beams groaned as if they were being riven away from their fastenings; the stairs fell down, and at last it seemed as if the whole roof fell in.' On waking from her sleep the maiden finds herself in a splendid palace, surrounded by regal luxuries. The maiden has returned from the dreary abode of Hades to the green couch of the life-giving mother.

The lengthening days.

The gradual lengthening of the days after the winter solstice is singularly seen in Grimm's story of the Nix of the Mill Pond. In this tale, the dawn-bride, severed from her husband, betakes herself to an old woman, who comforts her and bids her comb her long hair by the water-side and see what would happen. As she plies her golden comb, a wave rolling to the bank carries it away. Presently the waters began to bubble and the head of the huntsman (Alpheios) appears. 'He did not speak, but looked at his wife sorrowfully, and at the same moment another wave rolled on and covered his head.' A second time she goes to the old woman, who gives her a flute, and this time there 'appeared not only the head, but half the body of the man, who stretched out his arms towards his wife; but at the same moment a wave came and covering his head drew him down again.' The third time she comes with a spinning-wheel of gold (the wheel of Ixîon), and the huntsman leaping out of the waters hurries away with his wife from the demons who seek to seize them. In the story of Jungfrau Maleen (Korê), the princess and her maid are shut up in a dark tower, and are constrained to scrape a hole through the wall in order to let in the light. When they are able to peep out they see a blue sky, but everything on the earth is desolate as at the close of a northern winter, and like Cinderella, the maiden is obliged to take the cook's place in the king's palace, where at length, as in other stories, she becomes the bride of the prince. The Norse tale of the Old Dame and her Hen repeats the same myth. Here the maiden who falls down into the cave within the hill is disconsolate because she cannot get back to her mother, 'who is hard pinched, she knows, for meat and drink, and has no one with her,' a true picture of the lonely Dêmêtêr on the Eleusinian plain. The Rinkrank (Hades) of the German story is here a Troll, who is cheated in the same way, the sisters whom the Maiden sends back to the upper world before herself being the less genial spring-days which precede the return of the true summer.

The ill-tempered Princess.

In the Spanish story Jungfrau Maleen assumes a less attractive form. She is here the ill-tempered princess, who is shut up in a castle which has no door. To this stronghold comes a poor young knight in search of adventures, the Odysseus, Sigurd, Boots, or Beggar, of Greek and Teutonic legends; and he and his three companions for a long time strive in vain to make a breach in the wall. The grip of winter is too strong to be overcome, and the hill of ice cannot yet be scaled. At last they hear a cry which seems to come from an old well overgrown with creeping plants; but on opening the cover of the well, they find that the hole seems to go down to the very depths of the earth,—in short, to Hades. They then set to work to twist a rope by which to descend for the rescue of the maiden who is imprisoned in this dismal dungeon; but when it is ready, his companions draw off from further share in the enterprise. Sigurd alone can ride through the flames to awaken Brynhild, and the young knight alone has the courage to go down into the black abyss. The maiden who has been carried off by a horned demon becomes, of course, the knight's wife. For awhile she behaves fairly, but at length her ill temper so far gets the better of her that the knight is heartily glad when the demon takes her away once more. In other words, the worn-out summer puts on the sorry garb of autumn, and is again carried away into the winter-land.

Story of Sûryâ Bai.

But far more noteworthy is the Hindu story of Little Sûryâ Bai, or the sun-child, as exhibiting a developement of

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[1] Patrañas, or Spanish Stories, legendary and traditional.

the myth far more elaborate than that of either Hellenic or Teutonic legends. This beautiful child, the daughter of a poor milkwoman, is stolen by two eagles, who bear her to a nest made of wood hooped with iron, and having seven doors. Here, having lavished upon her all the costliest treasures of the earth, they leave her, to go and fetch a diamond ring for her little finger. While they are still away, the fire in the nest, without which the maiden could not cook her food, is put out; and in her perplexity, Sûryâ, peering over the walls of the nest, sees smoke curling up afar off, and going towards it, finds herself at the house of a Rakshas, or evil demon, whose mother tries to keep her that she may serve as a feast for her son. Sûryâ Bai, however, will not stay; and when the Rakshas, learning from his mother what a prize he had missed, comes to the nest, he finds the little maiden asleep, and in his frantic efforts to break open the walls, leaves a piece of his claw sticking in the crack of the door. This nail is, of course, the spindle which wounds Briar Rose and the narcissus which stupifies Persephonê; and thus Sûryâ, placing her hand unwittingly upon it, loses all consciousness. In this state she is found by a Rajah, who, after gazing long upon her, feels sure that her slumber is not the sleep of death, and spies the claw sticking in her hand. As soon as it is taken out, Sûryâ revives, and becomes the bride of the Rajah, thus rousing the jealousy of his other wife, as Iô rouses the jealousy of Hêrê; and like Iô, Sûryâ is made to disappear, not by the stinging of a gadfly, but by the fate which Hêrê had designed for Semelê and her child Dionysos. Sûryâ is enticed to the edge of a tank and thrown in; but on the spot where she fell there sprang up a golden sunflower, which the Rajah sees as he wanders about in his inconsolable agony. The flower bends lovingly towards him, and he lavishes on it the wealth of affection which he had bestowed on Sûryâ, until the jealous wife has the flower carried into a forest and burnt. From its ashes a mango tree rises, with one fair blossom on its topmost bough, which swells into a fruit so beautiful that it is to be kept only for the Rajah. This mango, when ripe, falls into the can of the poor milkwoman, who carries it home, and is astonished to see that the can contains not a mango, but a tiny lady richly dressed in red and gold and no bigger than the fruit. But she grows with wonderful quickness, and when she reaches her full stature, she is again seen by the Rajah, who claims his bride, but is repulsed by the milkwoman. The truth, however, cannot be hid: and the Rajah and the milkwoman each recognise the lost maiden, when Sûryâ tells her own tale and confesses that an irresistible impulse made her throw herself into the milk can, while her form was yet that of the mango.

The nourishing Earth.

The milkwoman of this myth is simply Dêmêtêr in the aspect with which the Vedic hymn-writers were most familiar. To them the earth was pre-eminently the being who nourishes all living things with heavenly milk, who satisfies all desires without being herself exhausted.[1] The eagles which carry the child are the clouds of sunrise and sunset—the Asvins or the Dioskouroi, who carry away Aithra from Athens, the swan-maidens of Teutonic folk-lore, the Erinyes and Harpyiai of Hellenic legend. The nest is the secret place where Persephonê is hidden, whether Hades, or the lonely heath where Brynhild sleeps, or the gloomy Niflheim where Fafnir guards the stolen treasures. But dreary though it may be, it is not without fire to keep up the maiden's life, as that of Demophoôn is strengthened by the fiery bath of Dêmêtêr. The journey of Sûryâ to the Rakshas' country denotes the blight and frost which may nip and chill the first vegetation of spring. From this slumber she is roused by the Rajah, who, like Sigurd, is the sun. The jealousy of the elder queen is matched, not only by that of Hêrê, but more precisely by that of Eôs, the rival of Prokris. Thus Sûryâ, exposed to countless dangers, is yet imperishable. If thrown into the water, she rises like Aphroditê in renewed beauty: if consumed by fire, the fruit-tree rises from her ashes, until at last the mango falls into the milkwoman's can as the ripe fruit must fall into the lap of the earth, its mother.[1]

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[1] I can but follow here the writer of a very able review of Miss Frere's *Deccan Tales*, which appeared in the *Spectator* for April 25, 1868. The passages quoted are from the Atharva Veda, but these are perhaps more valuable for the purpose of illustrating the current folk-lore than if they occurred in the *Rig Veda*. We see, however, a conception as early as that of the Gê Pammêtôr of Æschylos in the invocation 'May the Earth which the Asvins meted out, on which Vishṇu hath stepped, which the mighty Indra has rid of all his enemies, may Earth pour out her milk—mother Earth to me her son.'

Holda.

The idea of Dêmêtêr finds an expression in the Teutonic Holda, the benignant goddess or lady, who reappears as Frau Berchta, the bright maiden, the Phaethousa or Lampetiê of the Odyssey. The few details which we have of these beings agree strictly with the meaning of their names. Thus Holda gently wraps the earth in a mantle of snow, and when the snow falls Holda is said to be making her bed, of which the feathers fly about, reminding us of the Scythian statement made by Herodotos that the air in the northernmost part of Europe is always full of feathers. This Frau Holda (verelde) is transformed into Pharaildis, a name said to have been given to Herodias, who in the medieval myth was confounded with her daughter, and of whom the story was told that she loved the Baptist, and determined never to wed any man if she could not be his wife; that Herod, discovering this, ordered John to be put to death, and that the bringing of the head on a charger was not for any purposes of insult, but that she might bathe it with her tears.[2] The head flies from her kisses, and she is left mourning like Aphroditê for Adonis. A third part of the human race is made subject to her by way of atonement for her sufferings. The same myth is told of dame Habonde in the Roman de la Rose.[3]

The Eleusinian myth.

It is in this kindly and attractive guise that Persephonê appears in the myth of Eleusis. Here the story took root most firmly; and the fountain where the daughters of Keleos accosted the mourning mother, and the spot where Iambê assailed her with friendly jests, were pointed out to the veneration of the faithful who came to celebrate her solemn mysteries. To the Eleusinians, beyond a doubt, the whole narrative was genuine and sacred history.[4] But this belief would, of course, explain to them as little as it would to us the origin and nature of the story. Both are alike laid bare by a comparison which has shown that every incident may be matched with incidents in other legends so far resembling each other as to leave no room for questioning their real identity, yet so far unlike as to preclude the idea that the one was borrowed from or directly suggested by the other. But the Eleusinian could adduce in evidence of his belief not only the mysteries which were there enacted, but the geographical names which the story consecrated; and here he found himself in the magic circle from which the inhabitants of Athens or Argos, Arkadia or Lykia, Delos or Ortygia, could never escape. Eleusis itself was a town or village in the land of the dawn-goddess Athênê, and the name denoted simply the approach of Dêmêtêr to greet her returning child. If, again, it pleased the Athenians to think that Persephonê was stolen away from Kolônos, or even from the spot where she met her mother, there were other versions which localised this incident on some Nysaian plain, as in the Homeric hymn, in the Sicilian Enna, or near the well of Arethousa.

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[1] The modern Hindu storyteller is, doubtless, not more conscious of the meaning and origin of this tale than the authors of the Homeric hymns were of the myths of Aphroditê, or Dionysos. Now and then we can scarcely suppose that they fail to have some conception of the nature of their materials—a conception which must almost have reached the stage of knowledge in the author of the *Hymn to Hermes*.

[2] Grimm, *D. M.* 262.

[3] *Ib.* 265.

[4] Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 55.

Dêmêtêr and Iasiôn.

As we might expect, the myth of Dêmêtêr is intertwined with the legends of many other beings, both human and divine. Like Herakles and Zeus, she has, in many lands, many loves and many children. As the wife of Poseidôn she is the mother of Despoina and Oriôn.[1] The earth must love the beautifully tinted skies of morning; and thus Dêmêtêr loves Iasiôn, the son of Zeus and Hemera, the heaven and the day, or of Minos and the nymph Pyronea,[2] and becomes the mother of Ploutôn or Ploutos, the god who guards the treasures of the earth, and whom the Latins identified with Hades. She must hate those who spoil her trees and waste her fruits; hence she punishes with fearful hunger the earth-tearer Erysichthon. As possessing and guarding the wealth of the earth, she takes her place among the Chthonian deities, whose work is carried on unseen by mortal eyes. As teaching men how to plough, to sow, and to reap, she is Dêmêtêr Thesmophoros, the lover of law, order, peace and justice.

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 517; Apollod. iii. 6, 8.

[2] The name Minos, it has been already said, is, like Menu, the same word as *man* the measurer or thinker. But Minos himself is the husband of Pasiphaê the light-giver, and the father of Ariadnê who guides Theseus to the den of the Minotauros. It is scarcely necessary to give all the names which occur in the story of Iasiôn or other myths of a like kind. There are but few which would be found to withstand the test of philological analysis; but even where this is the case, we are fully justified in selecting those versions which explain themselves. The mere fact that in one of them Iasiôn is called a son of Zeus and Hemera, is sufficient evidence that this was one way of accounting for his existence; and this phrase is transparent.

Ceres and Saturn.

Of the Latin Ceres it is enough to say that although, like other Latin deities, she has no special mythology, her name at least is significant. She is strictly the ripener of the fruits of the earth; and since, as such, she could have no attribute wholly inconsistent with the character of the Greek Dêmêtêr, it became easy to attach to Ceres all the stories told of the Hellenic goddess.[1] With the name of Ceres we ought to connect that of Saturn, a god who has no feature in common with the Greek Kronos with whom the later Romans identified him, as they identified his wife Ops, a name corresponding in meaning with that of Ploutos, with Rhea. Saturn, as the sower of the seed,[2] answers far more nearly to the Greek Triptolemos, who is taught by Dêmêtêr. At the end of his work Saturn is said to have vanished from the earth, as Persephonê disappears when the summer has come to an end; and the local tradition went that Latium was his lurking-place.[3]

Section III.—THE CHILDREN OF THE EARTH.

Erichthonios.

As the Eleusinian myth tells the story of the earth and her treasures under the name of Dêmêtêr, so the Athenian legend tells the same story under the name of Erechtheus or Erichthonios, a son of Hephaistos, according to one version, by Atthis, a daughter of Kranaos, according to another, by Athênê herself.[4] In the latter version Athênê becomes his mother when she goes to Hephaistos to ask for a suit of armour, the fire-fashioned raiment of the morning. When the child is born she nourishes it, as Dêmêtêr nursed Demophoôn, with the design of rendering it immortal; and, placing it in a chest, she gave the child to Pandrosos, Hersê, and Agraulos, charging them not to raise the lid.[1] They disobey, and finding that the coils of a snake are folded round the body of the child, are either slain by Athênê or throw themselves down the precipice of the Akropolis. Henceforth the dragon-bodied or snake-bound Erichthonios dwells in the shrine of Athênê, and under her special protection.

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[1] The name has by some been identified with the Greek Korê, by others with the Latin Garanus or Recaranus. By Professor Max Müller it is referred to the root which yields the Sanskrit Sarad, autumn, viz. śri or srî, to cook or ripen. Srî, or Lakshmi, is in the Ramayana the wife of Vishṇu. Like Aphroditê, she rises from the sea, but with four arms, and her dwelling is in the Lotos.

[2] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 38.

[3] The name must necessarily be traced through its cognate forms; and thus, before we can judge positively, we must compare it with Latini, Lakini, Lavini, &c. See vol. I. p. 235.

[4] As Kranaâ is a title of Athênê, Atthis the child of Kranaos is probably only Athênê under a slight disguise.

Erechtheus.

There were other stories of Erichthonios or Erechtheus[2] which some mythographers assign to a grandson of the supposed child of Hephaistos and Athênê. Of this latter Erectheus, the son of Pandion, it is said that he was killed by the thunderbolts of Zeus, after his daughters had been sacrificed to atone for the slaughter of Eumolpos by the Athenians—a tale manifestly akin to the punishment of Tantalos after the crime committed on his son Pelops.

Kekrops.

But the legend of Erichthonios is merely a repetition of the myth of the dragon-bodied Kekrops, who gave his name to the land which had till then been called Aktê, and who became the father not only of Erysichthon but of the three sisters who proved faithless in the charge of Erichthonios. To the time of Kekrops is assigned one version of the story which relates the rivalry of Poseidôn and Athênê; but here Poseidôn produces not a horse, but a well on the Akropolis, a work for which he is careless enough to produce no witness, while Athênê makes her olive tree grow up beneath the eye of Kekrops, who gives judgment that the city shall bear the name of the dawn-goddess.[1]

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[1] The names Pandrosos and Hersê translate each other: the addition of Agraulos merely states that the dew covers the fields.

[2] Of the name Erichthonios, Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 159, says, 'Der Name . . . recht eigentlich einen Genius der fruchtbaren Erdbodens bedeutet,' and compares it with ἐριούνης, ἐρίβωλος, and other words. If Erechtheus and Erichthonios are names for one and the same person, the explanation which regards the name as a compound of χθών, the earth, seems to become at least doubtful. There is, however, no ground for upholding a double personality. 'The Homeric Scholiast treated Erichtheus and Erichthonios as the same person under two names; and since in regard to such mythical persons there exists no other test of identity of the subject except perfect similarity of attributes, this seems the reasonable conclusion.' Grote, *History of Greece*, i. 264. The case is, however, altered when we find the names in the mythology of other nations, in which the origin of the word no longer remains open to doubt. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 136.

Pelops.

A more transparent myth of the earth is found in the history of Pelops, the son of Tantalos and Diônê, or as some have it, Klytia or Euryanassa. His father in his magnificent palace and with his inexhaustible wealth is manifestly only another form of Ixîôn and Helios; and the child whom he slays represents not less clearly the fruits of the earth first sustained by his warmth and then scorched by his raging heat. This horrible banquet of his flesh he sets before Zeus, for the ravages of drought are accomplished in the face of the blue heaven; but none of the gods will eat of it, except Dêmêtêr, who, plunged in grief for the loss of her child, eats the shoulder: and thus the story ran that when at the bidding of Zeus Hermes boiled the limbs and restored them to life, an ivory shoulder supplied the place of the part devoured by Dêmêtêr.[2] In the story of Hippodameia, a name which occurs as an epithet of Aphroditê,[3] Pelops plays the part of the successful hero in the myths of Brynhild, or Briar Rose. The heads of those who have failed to conquer Oinomaos in the chariot race stare down upon him from the doorposts; but nothing daunted, he makes a compact with Myrtilos the charioteer to loosen the wheels of Oinamaos. Pelops is thus the victor; but as even the summer which succeeds in ripening the grape must die, so Pelops is made to fall under the curse of Myrtilos, whom he ungratefully drowns in the sea. This curse was wrought out in the fortunes of all his children, whose life and death do but exhibit one of the many aspects of the great tragedy of nature.

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[1] The meaning of the myth of Kekrops is sufficiently clear, whether we adopt or reject Preller's explanation of the word: 'Der Name scheint mit *καρπὸς* und *κρώπιον* zusammenhängen, so dass sich also schon dadurch die Beziehung auf Frucht und Erndte ankündigen würde.' *Gr. Myth.* ii. 137.

[2] Hence the notion that his descendants likewise had one shoulder white as ivory. Pindar rejects the story, preferring the version that he was carried off by Poseidôn, as Ganymêdes was taken by the eagle to Olympos. *Ol.* i. 40.

[3] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* ii. 385.

SECTION IV.—THE PRIESTS OF THE GREAT MOTHER.

Gaia and Ouranos.

The earth itself, as the soil distinguished from the fruits which grow from it or the power which nourishes them, is known as Gaia in the Hesiodic Theogony, where she is described seemingly as self-existent, for no parents are assigned either to her or to Chaos, Tartaros, and Eros. All this, however, with the assignment of Erebos and Nyx as children of Chaos, and of Aithêr and Hemera as children of Nyx, the night, may have been to the poet as mere an allegory as the birth of the long hills which together with the troubled sea are brought into being by Gaia. Then follows the bridal of the earth and sky, and Gaia becomes the mother of a host of children, representing either the sun under the name of Hyperîôn, or the forces at work in the natural world, the thunders and lightnings, here called the round-eyed giants, and the hundred-handed monsters, one of whom, Briareos, rescues Zeus from the wiles of Hêrê, Athênê and Poseidôn. But in all this there is really not much more mythology than in the little which has to be said of the Latin Tellus or Terra, a name, the meaning of which was never either lost or weakened. It was otherwise with Mars, a god who, worshipped originally as the ripener of fruits and grain, was afterwards from the accident of his name invested with the attributes of the fierce and brutal Arês of the Greeks.[1] In his own character, as fostering wealth of corn and cattle, he was worshipped at Præneste, as Herodotos would have us believe that Scythian tribes worshipped Arês, with the symbol of a sword, one of the many forms assumed by the Hindu Linga. As such, he was pre-eminently the father of all living things, Marspiter, or Maspiter, the parent of the twin-born Romulus and Remus.

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[1] The root is *mar*, which yields the name of the Maruts and many other mythical beings. See vol. i. p. 32, &c. Mars, with his common epithet Silvanus, is the softener of the earth and the ripener of its harvests. The name occurs under the forms Mamers and Mavors. Of these Professor Müller says, '*Marmar* and *Marmor*, old Latin names for Mars, are reduplicated forms; and in the Oscan Mâmers the *r* of the reduplicated syllable is lost. Mâvors is more difficult to explain, for there is no instance in Latin of *m* in the middle of a word being changed to *v*.'—*Lectures*, second series, 324.

As the ripener and grinder of the corn he is Pilumnus and Picumnus,[1] although the process of disintegration constantly at work on mythical names converted these epithets into two independent deities, while another myth affirmed that he received the name Picumnus as being the god to whom the woodpecker was consecrated.

Rhea.

Another representative of the earth is Rhea,[2] herself a child of Ouranos and Gaia, and the wife of Kronos, by whom she becomes the mother of the great Olympian deities Hestia, Dêmêtêr, Hêrê, Hades, Poseidôn, all swallowed by their father, and lastly, Zeus, who is saved to be brought up in the cave of Diktê. But throughout Rhea remained a name and a power, worshipped as the great reproductive force of the world, as producing life through death, and thus as honoured by the sacrifice of the reproductive power in her ministers. Thus she became preeminently the great mother, worshipped under the titles Mâ and Ammas, and perhaps even more widely known and feared as Kybelê or Kybêbê.[3]

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[1] 'Pilumnus et Picumnus, deux anciens participes présents, *le dieu qui broie* et *le dieu qui fend.* Le *pilum,* avant d'être l'arme du soldat romain, si célèbre chez les historiens, fut le pilon qui sert à broyer le blé. *Pilum* est une contraction de *pistillum* et vient de *pinsere. Pila* est le vase où l'on broyait, et Pilumnus, comme le dit expressément Servius (*Æn.* ix. 4), le dieu des boulangers. *Picumnus* vient d'une racine *pic* qui veut dire *fendre*: on la trouve dans *picus,* le pic-vert qui creuse le tronc des arbres, pour y chercher sa nourriture et y loger ses petits.'—Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus,* 34.

The Latin Jupiter Pistor is another god whose name belongs to the same root with Pilumnus. Of this deity Professor Müller says that he 'was originally the god who crushes with the thunderbolt; and the Molæ Martis seem to rest on an analogous conception of the nature of Mars.'—*Lectures,* second series, 324. It seems more probable that Jupiter Pistor, like Mars Silvanus or Pilumnus, was a rustic god. The expression Molæ Martis, like the Greek *μῶλος Ἄρηος,* is one which might suit either the crushing or the softening god.

[2] The origin of the name is doubtful. Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 502, inclines to regard it as a form of Gea, Gaia, Dêô, instancing as changes of *δ* into *ρ* the words *κηρύκειον,* caduceus; meridies, medidies.

[3] This name Preller explains, after Hesychios, as denoting her abode on the hills: but such interpretations must be regarded with great suspicion. A large number of foreign words were associated with the worship of such deities as Rhea and Dionysos, and we are as little justified in identifying one with another as we are in adopting the conclusion of Herodotos, that Athênê is only another form of the Egyptian word Neith. To Mas, as a name of Rhea, Papas as a title of the Phrygian Zeus precisely corresponds. Preller, *ib.* i. 511. They are no more than the terms Pater and Mater applied to Zeus and Dêô, or All-Father as a name of Odin. The old title of Rhea is applied, whether with or without design, to the Virgin Mary. Thus Dr. Faber, writing to Mr. Watts Russell, asks him to think of him 'amid the glories of Christian Rome on those Sunday evenings in October, all dedicated to dearest Mama.'—*Life,* p. 329.

The Kourêtes and Idaian Daktyls.

With the name of Rhea are connected the mystic beings known as the Kourêtes, the Korybantes, the Idaian Daktyloi, and the Kabeiroi. Into the ethnological speculations of which these names have been made the subject it is unnecessary to enter. It is as possible that they may, some or all of them, denote races displaced and overthrown by the advancing Hellenic tribes, as that the Trolls may represent aboriginal inhabitants driven to the mountains by the Teutonic invaders. But in the absence of all historical evidence it is as useless to affirm with Dr. Thirlwall, as it is unnecessary to deny, that the name Telchînes is only another name for the historical Phenician people, or that the legends related by them 'embody recollections of arts introduced or refined by foreigners who attracted the admiration of the rude tribes whom they visited.'[1] It is enough to remark here that the art of the Telchînes is simply that of Hephaistos. Like him, they forge iron weapons or instruments for the gods: and they resemble the Kyklôpes not only in this their work, but in their parentage, which exhibits them as sons of Poseidôn, or Thalassa, the troubled sea. Thus also we see in them not only the fellow-helpers of Hephaistos in the Iliad, but the rude shepherds of the Odyssey. The clouds from which the lightnings dart are the one: the mists clinging to the hills are the other. Hence they are creatures without feet, as the Phaiakian ships have neither rudders nor oars. They can pour down rain or snow on the earth, and, like the clouds, they can change their form at will; and thus they are destroyed by Phoibos in the guise of a wolf, as the sun's rays scatter the mists at noon-day. In this capacity of changing their form and bringing storms upon the earth we have all that is needed as the groundwork of their reputation as sorcerers, even if we refuse to indulge in any conjectures as to the origin of the name.[2] Their office as nurses of Poseidôn[3] is even more significant, as showing their close affinity to the nurses of Zeus in the cave of Diktê,—the soft clouds which hang at dawn on the eastern sky as contrasted with the rough mists which seem to brood over and to feed the sea. Hence the story recorded by Strabo that those of the Telchînes who went with Rhea to Crete were there called Kourêtes, the guardians of the child (κοῦρος) Zeus.[1] These are the dancers clad in everlasting youth, like the lovely cirri which career in their mystic movements through the sky, the Daktyloi, or pointers, of Ida, the nourishing earth, the bride of Dyaus the heaven.[2] These also are beings endowed with a strange wisdom and with magical powers, and from them Orpheus received the charm which gave to his harp its irresistible power. Their numbers vary, sometimes only a few being seen, sometimes a troop of fifty or a hundred, like the fifty children of Danaos, Thestios, or Asterodia.

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[1] *Hist. Greece*, part i. ch. iii.

[2] 'Der Name Τελχῖνες ist abzuleiten von θέλγω in der Bedeutung bezaubern, durch Berührung berücken, daher Stesichoros die Keren und betaübende Schläge, welche das Bewusstsein verdunkeln, τελχῖνες genannt hatte.'—Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 473.

[3] Thirlwall, *Hist. Greece*, i. 76.

The Kabeiroi and Korybantes.

That the Kabeiroi and Korybantes were sometimes regarded as exhibiting only another phase of the idea which underlies the conception of the mythical Kourêtes, is a point scarcely open to doubt. Like the latter, they have a protecting and soothing power, and hence are nourishers of the earth and its fruits, and the givers of wine to the Argonautai. They are sons or descendants of Hephaistos or Proteus, or of Zeus and Kalliope, all names pointing to the generation of vapours from the sea or the sky. But as the myths of Cacus or the Kyklôpes seem in some of their features to indicate the phenomena of volcanic action, so it is quite possible that such phenomena may have modified the stories told of the several classes of these mysterious beings. The fires of the Kyklôpes may be either the lightnings seen in the heaven or the flames which burst from the earth; and the mysterious flash which reveals the treasures of the earth to the Arabian prince or the Teutonic Tanhaüser may equally represent both.

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[1] Preller, *Gr. Myth.* i. 103.

[2] The connection of δάκτυλος and digitus with the root from which sprung the Greek δείκνυμι, the Latin indico and other words, is generally admitted. The myth that they served Rhea as the fingers serve the hand would naturally grow up when the real meaning of the name was weakened or forgotten, although it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that the clouds are the fingers of the earth which she can point as she wills.

SECTION V.—THE PEOPLE OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

The Satyrs.

The woods and hills form the special domain of the Satyrs, a worthless and idle race with pointed ears, small horns, and the tail of a goat or a horse. Their life is spent in wild hunts through the forest, in tending their flocks, or in idle dalliance and dancing with the nymphs. Their music may constantly be heard as they play on the flute, bagpipe, or cymbals, or on the syrinx of Pan. Their capricious and cunning nature makes them no safe companions for man. Nay, if the sheepfold were entered and the cattle hurt or stolen, if women were scared by goblin shapes as they passed through the woods, this was the doing of the Satyrs. We can scarcely be at a loss in our search for the origin of these mythical beings and their characteristics. When we find them represented as sprung, like the nymphs and the mystic dancers, the Kouretes, from the daughters of Hekataios or Phoroneus, or as the offspring of Hermes and Iphthîmê; when also we find that Pan, whom they resemble in outward form and powers of music, is also a son of Hermes and the nymph Dryops or Kallisto, or of Penelopê who weaves the morning clouds, we can scarcely fail to see in these Satyrs the phenomena of the life which seems to animate the woods as the branches of the trees move in wild dances with the clouds which course through the air above, or assume forms strange or grotesque or fearful, in the deep nooks and glens or in the dim and dusky tints of the gloaming. At such hours, or in such places, the wayfarer may be frightened with strange sounds like the pattering of feet behind him, or ugly shapes which seem to bar the path before him, or entangle his feet and limbs as he forces his way through the brushwood. If we translate all this into the language of mythology, we have more than the germ of all that is told us about the Satyrs. But the source thus opened was found to be a fruitful one, and the Satyrs became the companions of Dionysos, the lord of the wine-cup and the revel, or of Herakles, the burly and heedless being who goes through life toiling for a mean and worthless master, yet taking such enjoyment as the passing hours may chance to bring him.[1] The burlesque form in which they exhibited Herakles as robbed of his weapons, or teased and angered by their banter until they take to their heels, suggested a method which might be applied to other gods or heroes, and called into existence the Greek satyric drama. Nor could a limit be placed to their strange vagaries, or the shapes which they might assume. The wild revel of the woods might be followed by a profound stillness, of which men would speak as the sleep of Satyrs wearied out with dancing and drinking. The white clouds, which may be seen like ships anchored in a blue sea, hanging motionless over the thicket, would be nymphs listening to their music or charmed by their wooing.

The Seilênoi.

Of these Satyrs the oldest are named the Seilênoi, or children of Seilênos. But although there are between these beings many points of likeness, both in form and character, there is this marked distinction, that while the Satyrs dwell among woods and hills, the Seilênoi haunt streams, fountains, or marshy grounds. They are thus, like the Naiads, spirits of the waters, with attributes borrowed from, or shared with, the clouds that float above them. The grotesque form which Seilênos is made to assume may be an exaggeration of the western Greeks, who saw in the ass which bore him a mere sign of his folly and absurdity, while it points rather to the high value set on the ass by Eastern nations. It was, in fact, the symbol of his wisdom and his prophetical powers, and not the mere beast of burden which, in western myths, staggered along under the weight of an unwieldy drunkard. The same idea doubtless lay at the root of the story of Midas, to whom the ass's ears were at first not his shame but his glory. This Phrygian king is, in short, only Tantalos under another name, and with Tantalos, as with Sisyphos, the idea of wealth is inseparable from that of wisdom or craft. If, again, Tantalos and Sisyphos have palaces rich in all conceivable treasures, Midas has his beautiful rose-gardens, in which the country folk catch Seilenos, who is brought bound before the king. By him Midas is instructed in the knowledge of all events, whether past or future, as well as in the origin and nature of all things. In return for the kindness with which he is treated, Dionysos promises to grant to Midas any wish which he may express. Midas asks that everything which he touches may be turned into gold, and finds to his dismay that it is as impossible to swallow his food as the dishes on which it is laid. To his prayer for deliverance the answer is that he must go and wash in the stream of Paktolos, which has ever since retained a golden hue. This myth is nothing more than a story framed on a saying, like the German proverb, 'Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde,' 'Morning-hour has gold in her mouth,'[1] and simply expressed the fact that the newly risen sun sheds a glory over all the earth, in other words, turns everything into gold. The sequel, which speaks of the misery of Midas, would be suggested by the literal interpretation of the words, while the command to bathe in the river finds a meaning in the fact that the flaming splendours of the sun are quenched when, like Endymiôn, he plunges beneath the waters. A faint reflection of similar ideas seems to mark the story which accounted for the ass's ears, as a punishment for adjudging the prize to Marsyas in his contest with Phoibos. It now becomes a mysterious secret; but his servant discovers it, and being unable to keep it to himself, digs a hole and whispers into it that Midas has ass's ears. A reed growing up on the spot repeats the words, and the rushes all round take up the strain, and publish the fact to all the world.

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[1] With these creatures we are brought almost into the domain of modern fairy mythology, of which it is enough here to say that there is scarcely an important feature in it which has not its parallel in the so-called classical mythology of Greece and Rome. The Latin Lares are the Brownies; the Venus who takes away the lover of Psychê, the Kalypso who seeks to lay the spell of her beauty on Odysseus, is the Fairy Queen of Tanhaüser and of True Thomas; the Kyklops is the misshapen Urisk: the limping Hephaistos is Wayland the Smith: and thus the whole fabric of modern superstition is but a travesty of myths with which in other forms we are already familiar. Thus in these myths dwarfed or maimed beings abound; among these being the Kabeiroi, the Idaian Daktyls, the Athenian Anakes, the Etruscan Tages, and the Lakedaimonian Dioskouroi. So too the Latin Lemures and Larvæ are the ghosts of modern days, and the Manes are literally the Goodies of popular Teutonic superstition.

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures*, second series, 378. This proverb has acquired the didactic meaning of the English distich,

'Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,'

which keeps up the same connexion between wealth and wisdom.

The Latin Silanus.

The name of Seilênos as a water-sprite suggests to Preller its affinity with the Italian Silanus, a word for gushing or bubbling water; nor is it easy to avoid a comparison with the Seirenes, who, like Seilênos, haunt the waters. As the dweller in the fertilising streams, he can bestow draughts of wonderful sweetness; and the wine which his son Evanthes gives to Odysseus is pronounced by Polyphêmos to be more delicious than honey. As such also, he is the guardian and teacher of Dionysos, for from the life-giving streams alone can the grape acquire its sweetness and its power.

Priapos.

But this higher and more dignified aspect of Seilênos, which led Plato to speak of Sokrates as getting wisdom from him as well as from his scholar Marsyas, was obscured in the folk-lore of the western tribes by the characteristics of jollity and intemperance exhibited by the Satyrs and the Herakles whom they cheat and tease, while his office as the fertiliser of the vineyard brought him into close connexion with Priapos, who exhibits the merely sensuous idea of reproduction in its grossest form, and of whom we need only say here that he is a son of Dionysos, Adonis, Hermes, or Pan, while his mother is Aphroditê or the Naid Chionê, names denoting simply the relations of the waters with the winds or the sun.[1]

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[1] Priapos is, in short, only a coarser form of Vishṇu, Proteus, Onnes and other like beings: and as such, he has like them the power of predicting things to come. The same idea was expressed by the Latin Mutinus, Mutunus, or Muttunus, who was represented by the same symbol.

CHAPTER IX.

THE UNDERWORLD.

SECTION I.—HADES.

CHAP. IX.

The buried Treasure.

THE myths of Dêmêtêr and Persephonê have already carried us to the hidden land beneath the earth's surface, in which the seeds of all life lie dormant, until Zeus sends Hermes to fetch the maiden back to her mother, or in other words, until Sigurd comes to waken Brynhild out of her sleep. Hence, as containing the germs of all future harvests, this unseen region becomes at once a land of boundless wealth, even if we take no thought of the gold, silver, and other metals stored up in its secret places. This wealth may be of little use to its possessor, and poverty beneath the sunlit heaven may be happiness compared with the dismal pomp of the underworld; but its king is nevertheless the wealthiest of all monarchs, and thus the husband of Persephonê[1] is known especially as Ploutôn, the king who never smiles in the midst of all his grandeur.

Hades or Aidôneus.

On this slender framework was raised the mythology of Hades, a mythology which runs continually into the stories related of the dark powers who fight with and are vanquished by the lord of light. The dog of the hateful king, the Kerberos of the Hesiodic Theogony, is but another form of Orthros, who is called his brother; and Orthros is only a reflection of the Vedic Vritra, the dark robber who hides away the cattle of Indra. But the conception of Hades as the ruler of this nether region is precisely parallel to that of

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[1] A story was told that Hades was also a lover of the nymph Leukê, who on her death was changed into a white poplar and planted in Elysion. The transformation is, of course, a mere play on her name, while the myth resolves itself into the phrase that the night loves the tender light of morning.

Poseidôn as the god of the sea, and of the sea alone. So long as the word Kronides remained a mere epithet, the Zeus of Olympos was also Zenoposeidôn, and as Zeus Katachthonios he would be also Hades, Ais, or Aidoneus, the king of the lower world; and the identity of the two is proved not only by these titles, but also by the power which, after the triple partition, Hades, like Poseidôn, retains of appearing at will in Olympos. Zeus then, as Hades, is simply the unseen, or the being who can make himself as well as others invisible. As such, he wears the invisible cap or helmet, which appears as the tarn-kappe or nebel-kappe of Teutonic legends. This cap he bestows on Hermes, who is thus enabled to enter unseen the Gorgons' dwelling, and escape the pursuit of the angry sisters. But his home is also the bourne to which all the children of men must come, and from which no traveller returns; and thus he becomes the host who must receive all under his roof, and whom it is best therefore to invoke as one who will give them a kindly welcome,—in other words, as Polydektês, Polydegmôn, or Pankoitês, the hospitable one who will assign to every man his place of repose. Still, none may ever forget the awful character of the gate-keeper (πυλάρτης) of the lower world. He must be addressed, not as Hades the unseen, but as Ploutôn the wealthy, the Kuvera of the Ramayana; and the averted face of the man who offered sacrifice to him may recall to our minds the horrid rites of the devil-worshippers of the Lebanon.[1]

The Rivers of the Unseen Land.

Hades, then, in the definite authority assigned to him after the war with the Titans, is the only being who is regarded as the lord who remains always in his dismal kingdom, for Persephonê, who shares his throne, returns for half the year as Korê to gladden the hearts of men, and Zagreos, Adonis, and Dionysos are also beings over whom the prince of darkness has no permanent dominion. Of the geography of this land of the dead we need say little more than that it is no genuine growth of mythology. It was easy for poets and mythographers, when they had once started with the idea of a gloomy land watered with rivers of woe, to place Styx, the stream which makes men shudder, as the boundary which separates it from the world of living men, and to lead through it the channels of Lêthê, in which all things are forgotten, of Kokytos, which echoes only with shrieks of pain, of Pyryphlegethon, with its waves of fire.[1]

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[1] Like Hermes, and Herakles, Hades has also assumed a burlesque form, as in the German story of Old Rinkrank, who dwells in a great cave into which the King's daughter falls in the mountain of glass (ice). The unwilling wife contrives to catch his beard in a door, and refuses to let it free until he gives her the ladder by which he climbs out of the mountain-depths into the open air. Thus escaping, she returns with her heavenly lover, and despoils Rinkrank (Ploutôn) of all his treasures.

Section II.—ELYSION.

The Judges of the Dead.

But, in truth, such details as these, produced as they are, not by the necessities of mythical developement but by the growth or the wants of a religious faith, belong rather to the history of religion, and not to the domain of mythology, which is concerned only or mainly with legends springing from words and phrases whose original meaning has been misunderstoood or else either wholly or in part forgotten. Thus, although the ideas of Elysion in the conception of the epic or lyric poets may be full of the deepest interest as throwing light on the thoughts and convictions of the time, their mythological value must be measured by the degree in which they may be traced to phrases denoting originally only the physical phenomena of the heavens and the earth. With the state and the feelings of the departed we are not here concerned; but there is enough in the descriptions of the asphodel meadows and the land where the corn ripens thrice in the year, to guide us to the source of all these notions. The Elysian plain is far away in the west where the sun goes down beyond the bounds of the earth, when Eôs gladdens the close of day as she sheds her violet tints over the sky. The abodes of the blessed are golden islands sailing in a sea of blue, the burnished clouds floating in the pure ether. Grief and sorrow cannot approach them; plague and sickness cannot touch them. The barks of the Phaiakians dread no disaster; and thus the blissful company gathered together in that far western land inherits a tearless eternity.[1] Of the other details in the picture the greater number would be suggested directly by these images drawn from the phenomena of sunset and twilight. What spot or stain can be seen on the deep blue ocean in which the islands of the blessed repose for ever? What unseemly forms can mar the beauty of that golden home lit by the radiance of a sun which can never go down? Who then but the pure in heart, the truthful and the generous, can be suffered to tread the violet fields? And how shall they be tested save by judges who can weigh the thoughts and intents of the heart? Thus every soul, as it drew near to that joyous land, was brought before the august tribunal of Minos, Rhadamanthys, and Aiakos; and they whose faith was in truth a quickening power might draw from the ordeal those golden lessons which Plato has put into the mouth of Sokrates while awaiting the return of the theoric ship from Delos. These, however, are the inferences of later thought. The belief of earlier ages was content to picture to itself the meeting of Odysseus and Laertes in that blissful land, the forgiveness of old wrongs, the reconciliation of deadly feuds as the hand of Hektor is clasped in the hand of the hero who slew him. There, as the story ran, the lovely Helen, 'pardoned and purified,' became the bride of the short-lived yet long-suffering Achilleus, even as Iolê comforted the dying Herakles on earth, and Hêbê became his solace in Olympos. But what is the meeting of Helen and Achilleus, of Iolê, and Hêbê, and Herakles, but the return of the violet tints to greet the sun in the west, which had greeted him in the east in the morning? The idea was purely physical, yet it suggested the thoughts of trial, atonement, and purification; and it is unnecessary to say that the human mind, having advanced thus far, must make its way still further.

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[1] Acheron, the remaining river, is probably only another form of Achelôos, the flowing water, and may perhaps have been in the earlier myths the one river of Hades.

The Asphodel Meadows.

To these islands of the blessed only they could be admitted who on earth had done great things, or who for whatever reasons might be counted among the good and noble of mankind. But of the beings who crossed the fatal streams of Styx, there would be some as far exceeding the common crowd in wickedness or presumption as these were unworthy to tread the asphodel meadows of Elysion. Hence one of the names of the unseen world, which denoted especially its everlasting unrest, would be chosen to signify the hopeless prisons of the reprobate. There can be little doubt that in the name Tartaros we have a word from the same root with Thalassa, the heaving and restless sea, and that Tartaros was as strictly a mere epithet of Hades as Ploutôn or Polydegmôn. The creation of a place of utter darkness for abandoned sinners was a moral or theological, not a mythical necessity; and hence the mythology of Tartaros as a place of torment is as scanty and artificial as that of the Nereid and Okeanid nymphs; for when the Hesiodic Theogony makes Tartaros and Gaia the parents of the Gigantes, of Typhôeus, and Echidna, this only places Tartaros in the same rank with Poseidôn, who is the father of Polyphêmos or of Hêrê, who, according to another myth, is herself the mother of Typhâon, another Typhôeus.

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[1] ἄδακρυν νέμονται αἰῶνα. Pind. *Ol.* ii. 120.

CHAPTER X.

THE DARKNESS.

SECTION I.—VRITRA AND AHI.

The story of Saramâ and Helen.

No mythical phrases have so powerfully affected the history of religion as the expressions which described originally the physical struggle between light and darkness as exhibited in the alternations of day and night. These phrases stand out with wonderful vividness in the hymns of the Rig Veda. The rain-god Indra is concerned with the sacrifices of men, chiefly because these supply him with food to sustain his steeds in the deadly conflict, and the drink which is to invigorate his own strength. On the Soma, of which, as of the Achaian Nektar, all the gods have need, the might of Indra especially depends; and as soon as he has quaffed enough, he departs to do battle with his enemy. This struggle may be considered as the theme, which in a thousand different forms enters into all the conceptions of Indra and into all the prayers addressed to him. Like himself, his adversary has many names; but in every word we have the contrast between the beaming god of the heaven with his golden locks and his flashing spear, and the sullen demon of darkness, who lurks within his hidden caves, drinking the milk of the cows which he has stolen. The issue of the battle is always the same; but the apparent monotony of the subject never deprives the language used in describing it of the force which belongs to a genuine and heartfelt conviction. So far from the truth is the fancy that great national epics cannot have their origin in the same radical idea, and that the monotony which would thus underlie them all is of itself conclusive proof that in their general plan the Iliad and the

Odyssey, the story of the Volsungs and the Nibelung Song, the Ramayana of Hindustan and the Persian Shahnameh have nothing in common. In the brief and changeful course of the bright but short-lived sun; in his love for the dawn, who vanishes as he fixes his gaze upon her, and for the dew which is scorched by his piercing rays; in his toil for creatures so poor and weak as man, in his grief for the loss of the beautiful morning which cheered him at his rising, in the sullenness with which he hides his grief behind the clouds, in the vengeance which he takes on the dark powers who have dimmed his glory, in the serene and dazzling splendour which follows his victory, in the restoration of his early love, who now comes before him as the evening twilight with the same fairy network of luminous cloud, there can be no monotony. It is a tale which may be told a thousand times without losing its freshness, and may furnish the germ of countless epics to those who have hearts to feel its touching beauty. They who see monotony here may well see monotony also in the whole drama of human life. It is no exaggeration to say that the phrases which produced the myth of Indra must have given birth to the Iliad.

Indra and Achilleus.

The two stories are, in truth, the same. The enemy of Indra keeps shut up in his prison-house the beautiful clouds which give rain to the earth; and the struggle which ends in their deliverance is the battle of Achilleus with Hektor, and of the Achaians with the men of Ilion, which ends in the rescue of Helen. The weary hours during which the god fights with his hidden foe are the long years which roll away in the siege of Troy; and the lightnings which seal the doom of the hated thief represent the awful havoc in the midst of which Paris the seducer receives the recompense of his treachery. Of this deathless story the most ancient hymns addressed to Indra exhibit the unmistakeable outlines. In its simplest form the fight of Indra with the demon is nothing more than a struggle to gain possession of the rainclouds.[1] But the ideas soon become more fully developed, and his enemy assumes a thoroughly hateful character as the throttling snake of darkness. But in the less simple hymns the strictly mythical imagery is, as M. Bréal well remarks, intermingled with phrases which speak not of anthropomorphised gods, but of floods, clouds, winds and darkness.[1]

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[1] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 89.

The Struggle between Light and Darkness.

Throughout these hymns two images stand out before us with overpowering distinctness. On one side is the bright god of the heaven, as beneficent as he is irresistible; on the other the demon of night and of darkness, as false and treacherous as he is malignant. On both of these contending powers the Hindu lavished all his wealth of speech to exalt the one and to express his hatred of the other. The latter (as his name Vritra, from var, to veil, indicates,) is pre-eminently the thief who hides away the rainclouds. But although the name comes from the same root which yielded that of Varuṇa, the lurking place of Vritra has nothing to do with that broad-spreading veil which Varuṇa stretches over the loved earth which is his bride. But the myth is yet in too early a state to allow of the definite designations which are brought before us in the conflicts of Zeus with Typhon and his monstrous progeny, of Apollôn with the Pythôn, of Bellerophôn with Chimaira, of Oidipous with the Sphinx, of Hercules with Cacus, of Sigurd with the dragon Fafnir; and thus not only is Vritra known by many names, but he is opposed sometimes by Indra, sometimes by Agni the fire-god, sometimes by Trita, Brihaspati, or other deities; or rather these are all names for one and the same god.

πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφὴ μία.

The great Enemy.

Nay, although Indra is known pre-eminently as Vritrahan, the Vritra-slayer, yet Vritra, far from being petrified into a dead personality, became a name which might be applied to any enemy. The Vritra of the Vritras denoted the most malignant of adversaries.[2] So again Vritra, the thief, is also called Ahi, the throttling snake, or dragon with three heads, like Geryon, the stealer of the cows of Herakles, or Kerberos, whose name reappears in Çarvara, another epithet of the antagonist of Indra. He is also Vala, the enemy, a name which we trace through the Teutonic lands until we reach the cave of Wayland Smith in Warwickshire.[1] Other names of this hateful monster are Çushna, Çambara, Namuki;[2] but the most notable of all is Paṇi, which marks him as the seducer. Such he is, as enticing the cows of Indra to leave their pastures, and more especially as seeking to corrupt Saramâ, when at Indra's bidding she comes to reclaim the plundered cattle.

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[1] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 93, &c.

[2] *Ib.* 92.

Paṇi and Paris.

The name Paṇi reappears in Paris, the seducer of Helen; but as round this destroyer of his house and kinsfolk ideas are grouped which belong to the conception of Phoibos and Helios, of Achilleus, Theseus, and other solar heroes, so in its Hellenic form Vritra has sometimes a fair and sometimes a repulsive form. Orthros is the hound of Geryon, slain by Herakles; but it is also a name for the first pale light of the dawn,[3] just as the night may be regarded now as the evil power which kills the light, now as the sombre but benignant mother of the morning.[4] This difference of view accounts precisely for the contrast between Varuṇa and Vritra.

Greek and Hindu myths.

Between the Vedic and the Hellenic myths there is this difference only, that in the latter the poets and mythographers who tell the story recount without understanding it. They are no longer conscious that Geryon and Typhon, Echidna and Orthros, Python and Kerberos, are names for the same thing, and that the combats of Herakles, Perseus, Theseus, and Kadmos with these monsters denote simply the changes of the visible heavens. Each story has its own local names and its own mythical geography, and this fact alone constituted an almost insurmountable hindrance to the successful analysis of the legends. But the language of the Vedic hymns explains itself; and the personality of Indra and Vritra is after all, as M. Bréal has noted, only intermittent.[5]

Snakes and Worms.

Vritra then, the enemy of Indra, reappears in all the dragons, snakes, or worms, slain by all the heroes of Aryan mythology; and if the dragons of some myths wear a less repulsive form, if they are yoked to the chariot of Medeia or impart a mysterious wisdom to Iamos and the children of

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[1] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 943.

[2] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 93.

[3] *Ib.* 105, &c.

[4] *νὺξ φιλία.*

[5] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 97, 98. Muir, *Princ. D. of R. V.* 562.

Asklêpios, this is a result only of the process which from the same root formed words for the very opposite conceptions of Varuṇa and Vritra. The dragon is but the keen-eyed creature, and the name may well seem to denote the beings who are yoked to the chariot which Helios gave to the daughter of Aiêtês, and who teach strange lessons to the children of the Dawn. The serpent form of these dragons is of later growth. In itself, the name is but an epithet which denoted the keen sight, as the Vedic Harits and Rohits denoted the glistening colour, of the steeds who drew the car of Indra. Then, when for the same reason the name was applied to certain kinds of reptiles, these steeds were by an inevitable process converted into serpents. Vritra, however, is properly not the dragon, but the snake which chokes or throttles its victim; and the names which are used to describe his loathsome features are the names which the Iranian and Teutonic tribes have given to their personations of moral and physical evil. The Vedic Ahi is etymologically identical with the Greek Echidna, in whose home Herakles finds the cattle of which he is in search, although in this story they have strayed instead of being stolen.

The stolen Cattle.

Whether the rain-clouds were converted into cows by the process of radical or poetical metaphor[1] is a question of comparatively slight importance. If the Sanskrit go, the English cow, designated at first, like the Greek *πρόβατον*, simply the moving thing, the name might be applied as strictly to the clouds which move in the heavens as to the cattle which walk on the earth.[2] The myth would come into existence only when the name had become confined to horned cattle. It is but another instance of the process which changed the flocks of Helios into the apples guarded by the Hesperides,[3] and by transforming Lykâon into a wolf laid the foundations of the horrible superstitions of lykanthropy.[4]

The Blocking up of Fountains.

The Hellenic tribes carried away from their common Aryan home not merely the phrases which told of a battle between the god of the heaven and his cloud-enemy, but those also which described the nature of the struggle. If the name Vritra remains only in that of the Hellenic hound Orthros, his evil work, as imprisoning the waters, reappears in almost every western myth of monsters slain by solar heroes. When Phoibos smites the Pythôn at Delphoi, a stream of water gushes out from the earth; the dragon slain by the Theban Kadmos blocks all access to a fountain; and the defeat of the Sphinx can alone bring rain to refresh the parched Boiotian soil. This warm and fertilising rain becomes from mere necessities of climate the hidden treasure guarded, in the Teutonic legend, by the dragon whom Sigurd slays on the snow-clad or glistening heath.

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[1] Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, second series, 353, &c.

[2] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 108.

[3] This is at once explained by the fact that the word *μήλα* has the meaning both of apples and sheep.

[4] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 115; see also vol. i. appendix F, p. 459.

The stolen Nymphs.

A later stage in the developement of the Hindu myth is seen in the few passages which speak of the victims of Vritra not as clouds but as women. As sailing along in the bright heavens (dyu), the clouds were naturally called devi, the brilliant, and the conversion of the word ḍeva into a general name for the gods transformed them into Gnâs, γύναικες, or Nymphs, in whom we see the fair Helen whom Paris stole from Menelaos, and Sita, the bride of Rama, who is carried off by the giant Ravana.[1] But here also, as in its earlier form, the myth remains purely physical; and we have to turn to the Iranian land to see the full growth of the idea which the old Hindu worshippers faintly shadowed in the prayer that Vritra might not be suffered to reign over them.

Ravana and Sita.

In the later Hindu mythology the power of darkness is known by the names Bali, Ravana, or Graha. The first of these is in the Ramayana the conqueror of Indra himself, and after his victory over the sun or the rain-god he enjoys the empire of the three worlds, intoxicated with the increase of his power. But the darkness which has ended the brief career of Achilleus must in turn be subdued by one who is but Achilleus in another form; and Bali, the son of Virochana, meets his match in Vishṇu, who confronts him in his dwarf incarnation as Hara.[2] In the readiness with which Bali yields to the request of the dwarf, who asks only for leave to step three paces, we see the germ of that short-sightedness to their own interests which has imparted a burlesque character to the trolls and fairies of Northern Europe.[1] No sooner is the prayer granted than the dwarf, who is none other than the sun, measures the whole heaven with his three strides, and sends Bali to his fit abode in the dark Patala. But Bali himself is closely akin, or rather identical, with the giant Ravana, who steals away Sita, the bride of Rama, by whom he is himself slain, as Paris falls by the arrows of Philoktêtês. This story is modified in the Vishṇu Purana to suit the idea of the transmigration of souls, and Ravana we are here told had been in a former birth Sisupala, the great enemy of Vishṇu, whom he daily curses with all the force of relentless hatred. But these maledictions had, nevertheless, the effect of keeping the name of the god constantly before his mind; and thus, when he was slain by Vishṇu, he beheld the deity in his true character, and became united with his divine adversary.[2] But Vishṇu, the discus-bearing god, has another enemy in Graha, in whom we see again only a new form of Ravana and Bali.[3] Against this wise and powerful being, for the Paṇis are possessed of a hidden treasure which passes for the possession of knowledge, not even the discus of Vishṇu nor a thousand thunderbolts have the least effect. The darkness is at the least as difficult to subdue as is the dawn or the day.

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[1] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 117, 118.

[2] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, iv. 117.

The Trojan Paris.

The three names, Paṇi, Vritra, and Ahi, which are specially used to denote the antagonist of Indra, reappear in the mythology of other tribes, sometimes under a strange disguise, which has invested a being originally dark and sombre, with not a little of the beauty and glory of his conqueror. With these modified names appear others which virtually translate the Vedic epithets. But in no case are the common and essential features of the myth so much lost sight of, or rather overlaid with colours borrowed from other mythical conceptions, as in the case of Paris. That the Helen of the Iliad is etymologically the Saramâ of the Vedic hymns, there is no question; that the Paṇi who tempts, or who prevails over Saramâ is the Trojan Paris, is not less clear. Both alike are deceivers and seducers, and both bring down their own doom by their offence. But when we have said that Paris, like the Paṇis and Vritra, steals away the fairest of women and her treasures (in which we see again the cows of Saramâ) from the western land, that he hides her away for ten long years in Ilion,[1] as the clouds are shut up in the prison-house of the Paṇis, and that the fight between Paris and Menelaos with his Achaian hosts ends in a discomfiture precisely corresponding to the defeat and death of Paṇi by the spear of Indra, we have in fact noted every feature in the western legend which identifies Paris with the dark powers.[2]

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[1] The Paṇi appears in the German story of the Feather Bird as a sorcerer, who went begging from house to house that he might steal little girls. He is, in short, Paris Gynaimanês, the Bluebeard of modern stories, who gives each successive wife the keys of his house, charging her not to look into a certain chamber. At last he is cheated by the Helen whom he carries to his dwelling, and who dresses up a turnip to deceive him. The brothers and kinsfolk of the bride now come to rescue her; 'they immediately closed up all the doors of the house, and then set fire to it; and the sorcerer and all his accomplices were burnt to ashes;' a burning which is manifestly the destruction of Ilion.

[2] Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, 180, note.

[3] *Ib.* 159.

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[1] This Ilion Dr. O. Meyer, in his *Quæstiones Homericæ*, has sought to identify with the Sanskrit word vîlú, which he translates by stronghold. On this Professor Max Müller (*Rig Veda Sanhita*, i. 31) remarks 'that vîlu in the Veda has not dwindled down as yet to a mere name, and that therefore it may have originally retained its purely appellative power in Greek as well as in Sanskrit, and from meaning a stronghold in general, have come to mean the stronghold of Troy'

[2] Professor Müller, having identified the name Paris with that of the Paṇis, although he adds that the etymology of Paṇi is as doubtful as that of Paris, thinks that I am mistaken in my 'endeavours to show that Paris belongs to the class of bright solar heroes,' and says that 'if the germ of the *Iliad* is the battle between the solar and nocturnal powers, Paris surely belongs to the latter, and he whose destiny it is to kill Achilleus in the Western Gates

ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κέν σε Πάρις καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ἐσθλὸν ἐόντ᾽ ὀλέσωσιν ἐνὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλησιν

could hardly have been himself of solar or vernal lineage.'—*Lectures on Language*, second series, 472. Doubtless the germ of Paris is not solar. So far as he is the seducer of Helen and the destroyer of himself and his people by his sin, he is the counterpart of the Vedic Paṇi. But this explanation covers only this part of the myth: and it must not be forgotten in the mythology of all the Aryan nations that the sun is not less fickle, capricious, and treacherous than the darkness itself. In every case the solar heroes either lose or desert their brides. Ariadnê, Brynhild, Prokris, Korônis, Echo, Sêlêne, Aithra, with many others, form a mournful company linked together in the same sad destiny, which makes it impossible for Herakles or Phoibos, Perseus or Sigurd, to tarry with the women whose love they have won. Hence there was nothing but the name of Paris to prevent the Hellenic tribes from investing the tempter of Helen with the characteristics of the deserter of Ariadnê; and the meaning of this name seems to have been wholly forgotten. This is more than can be said of the name of Hermes, which clearly conveyed the idea of motion to the author of the Homeric Hymn. Yet we have seen (ch. v. section 2) to what an extent the features of the Hellenic

Helen and Penelopê.

In the Odyssey, Saramâ reappears as in the older Vedic portraits, pure and unswerving in her fidelity to her absent lord. The dark powers or Paṇis are here the suitors who crowd around the beautiful Penelopê, while Odysseus is journeying homewards from the plains of Ilion. But the myth has here reached a later stage, and the treasures of Indra are no longer the refreshing rain-clouds, but the wealth which Odysseus has left stored up in his home, and which the suitors waste at their will. The temptation of Penelopê assumes the very form of the ordeal which Saramâ is obliged to go through. She, too, shall have her share of the treasures, if she will but submit to become the wife of any one of the chiefs who are striving for her hand. The wheedling and bullying of the Paṇis in the Vedic hymns is reproduced in the alternate coaxing and blustering of the western suitors; but as Saramâ rejects their offers, strong through the might of the absent Indra, so Penelopê has her scheme for frustrating the suitors' plans, trusting in the midst of all her grief and agony that Odysseus will assuredly one day come back. This device adheres with singular fidelity to the phenomena which mark the last moments of a summer day. Far above, in the upper regions of Hypereia, where the beautiful Phaiakians dwelt before the uncouth Kyklôpes sought to do them mischief, the fairy network of cirri clouds is seen at sundown flushing with deeper tints as the chariot of the lord of day sinks lower in the sky. This is the network of the weaver Penelopê, who like Iolê spreads her veil of violet clouds over the heaven in the morning and in the evening. Below it, stealing up from the dark waters,

Hermes differ from those of the Vedic Sarameya, and how completely in this case the idea of the morning has given way before that of air in motion. There can be no doubt that the Greek Orthros is in name identical with the Vedic Vritra; and yet the former, as taken to denote the first wakening of the dawn, assumes a shape far less fearful than that of the hated snake who chokes the rain-clouds. And again, although as fighting against the children of the sun (book i. ch. x.) who come to recover Helen and her treasures as the Argonauts went to seek and if need be to fight for the golden fleece the Trojans represent the Paṇis, it can as little be questioned that some of those who fight on the side of Hektor belong as clearly as Phoibos or Herakles himself to the ranks of solar heroes. It is enough to mention the instances of Sarpêdôn and Memnôn, even if no stress be laid on the fact that Paris himself is the darling of Aphroditê, which he could scarcely be if regarded simply as an embodiment of the dark and treacherous night. Such modifications are obviously inevitable.

are seen the sombre clouds which blot the light from the horizon, and rise from right and left as with outstretched arms, to clasp the fairy forms which still shed their beauty over the upper heavens. At first their efforts are vain; twice it may be, or thrice, the exquisite network fades from sight, and then appears again with its lustre dimmed, as if through grief for the lover of Eôs or of Daphnê, who has gone away. But the shades of night grow deeper, and with it deepens the tumult and rage of the black vapours which hurry to seize their prey; and the ending of the web which the suitors compel Penelopê to finish is the closing in of the night when the beautiful cirri clouds are shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Then follows the weary strife in which the suitors seek to overcome the obstinacy of Penelopê, and which corresponds to the terrible struggle which precedes the recovery of Helen from the thief who has stolen her away. But like the Paṇis, and Paris, and Vritra, the suitors bring about their own destruction. 'I do not know that Indra is to be subdued,' says Saramâ, 'for it is he himself that subdues; you Paṇis will lie prostrate, killed by Indra.' So too Penelopê can point to a weapon which none of the suitors can wield, and which shall bring them to death if ever the chief returns to his home. In the house of Odysseus there may be servants and handmaids who cast in their lot with the suitors, as Saramâ proved faithless when she accepted the milk offered to her by the Paṇis; and for these there is a penalty in store, like the blow of Indra which punished Saramâ for her faithlessness.[1] Finally, by his victory, Odysseus rescues Penelopê and his wealth from the hands of his enemies, who are smitten down by his unerring arrows, as Vritra is slain by the irresistible spear of Indra.

Herakles and Echidna.

The wealth of the Ithakan chieftain has assumed a different form from that of the cows of Saramâ: but there are other myths in which the cattle of Indra reappear as in the Vedic hymns. Herakles has more than once to search, like

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[1] As in the case of Saramâ, so in that of Penelopê, there are two versions of the myth, one representing her as incorruptible, the other as faithless. According to the latter, she became the mother of Pan either by Hermes or by all the suitors. This merely means that the night breeze springs up as the dark clouds veil the clear light of the upper heaven after sun down.

Phoibos, for stolen cows, or sometimes horses, and each time they are found hidden away in the secret dwelling of the robber. In the story of Echidna we have not only the cattle and the cave, but the very name of the throttling snake Ahi, the epithet by which the Hindu specially sought to express his hatred for the serpent Vritra. Accordingly in the Hesiodic Theogony Echidna is the parent of all the monsters who represent the cloud-enemy of Indra. Night and day follow or produce each other, and as Phoibos is the child of Lêtô, so is he in his turn the father of the night which is his deadliest enemy. The black darkness follows the beautiful twilight, and thus in the Hesiodic version Echidna is the daughter of Chrysâôr, the lord of the golden sword and of the beautiful Kallirhoê. But although her offspring may cause disgust and dread, she herself retains some portion of her parents' beauty. Like the French Melusina, from the waist upwards she is a beautiful maiden,[1] the rest of her body being that of a huge snake. Her abode, according to Hesiod, is among the Arimoi, where Typhôeus slumbers, or according to Herodotos, far away in the icy Scythia. Among her children, of some of whom Typhâôn, 'the terrible and wanton wind,' is the father, are the dogs Orthros and Kerberos, the Lernaian Hydra, the Chimaira, and the deadly Phix or Sphinx which brings drought and plague on Thebes. But whether in Hesiod, Apollodoros, or Herodotos, the story of Echidna is intertwined with that of Geryones, who like herself is not only a child of Chrysâôr and Kallirhoê, but a monster, who has the bodies of three men united at the waist. This being lived in Erytheia, the red land, which, in some versions, was on the coast of Epeiros, in others, near Gadeira or Gades beyond the Pillars of Herakles. In either case, he abode in the western regions, and there kept his herds of red oxen. In other words the myth of Geryones exhibits a fiery and stormy sunset in which the red, or purple oxen are the flaming clouds which gather in the western horizon. These herds are guarded by the shepherd Eurytion and the two-headed dog Orthros, the offspring of Echidna and Typhon. These herds Herakles is charged to bring to Eurystheus, and accordingly he journeys westward, receiving from Helios the golden cup in which Helios himself journeys every night from the west to the east. Having slain Orthros and Eurytion, Herakles has a final struggle with Geryones, in which he wins a victory answering to that of Indra over Vritra; and placing the purple oxen in the golden cup he conveys them across the Ocean stream, and begins his journey westward.[1] The stories of Alebion and Derkynos, and again of Eryx, as noted by Apollodoros,[2] are only fresh versions of the myth of the Paṇis, while the final incident of the gadfly sent by Hêrê to scatter the herds reproduces the legend of the same gadfly as sent to torment the heifer Iô. The myth as related by Herodotos has a greater interest, although he starts with speaking of oxen and ends with a story of stolen horses. Here the events occur in the wintry Scythian land, where Herakles coming himself with his lionskin goes to sleep, and his horses straying away are caught by Echidna and imprisoned in her cave. Thither Herakles comes in search of them, and her reply to his question is that the animals cannot be restored to him until he should have sojourned with her for a time. Herakles must fare as Odysseus fared in the palace of Kirkê and the cave of Kalypso; and Echidna becomes the mother of three sons, whose strength is to be tested by the same ordeal to which Theseus and Sigurd are compelled to submit. He only of the three shall remain in the land who can brace around his body the girdle of Herakles and stretch his bow. To the girdle is attached a golden phial or cup, of which we have already traced the history.

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[1] Hes. *Theog.* 297.

Orthros.

As the name Ahi reappears in that of Echidna, so that of Vritra is reproduced in Orthros, who, in the Hesiodic Theogony is simply a hound sprung from Echidna and Geryones, but in Apollodoros becomes a dog with two heads, as Kerberos appears with three, although in Hesiod his heads are not less than fifty in number. It must however be noted that Orthros is sometimes himself called Kerberos. He is thus the being who, like Vritra, hides away the light or the glistening cows of the sun; but the time specially assigned to him as to the Asvins is that which marks the first faint streak of dawn, the time in which darkness is still supreme although its reign is drawing towards its close.[1] It was at this time that Hermes, having toiled all night in the kindled forests, returned home gently to lay himself down like a child in his cradle, as the soft breeze of morning follows the gale which may have raged through the night. This Orthros, who with Kerberos answers seemingly to the two dogs of Yama, is slain by Herakles, as Vritra is killed by Indra, who thus obtains the name of Vritrahan,—a name which must have assumed in Greek the form Orthrophôn. Nor is the name of Kerberos, who, armed with serpents for his mane and tail, has sometimes even a hundred heads, wanting in the Veda, which exhibits it under the form Sarvarî, an epithet for the night, meaning originally dark or pale. Kerberos is thus 'the dog of night, watching the path to the lower world.'[2]

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 184.

[2] ii. 5, 10.

Typhon.

The same terrible enemy of the powers of light appears again under the names Typhon, and Typhôeus, which denote the smoke and flames vomited out by Vritra, Geryon or Cacus,—in other words, the lightning flashes which precede the fall of the pent-up rain. This being is in the Hesiodic Theogony,[3] the father of all the dreadful winds which bring mischief and ruin to mortals, destroying ships at sea and houses and crops on land. By this fearful hurricane, *δεινὸν ὑβριστὴν ἄνεμον*, Echidna becomes the mother of Kerberos, the Lernaian Hydra, the Chimaira, the Sphinx, and the Nemean Lion, all of them representing under different forms the dark powers who struggle with and are conquered by the lord of day, and whose mightiest hosts are seen in the armies of the Titans leagued against the Kronid Zeus. Of these beings it is enough to say that later mythologists arranged their names and their functions almost at their will. Among the former appear some, as Hyperîôn and Phoibe, which are elsewhere mere names for the sun and moon; and in this its later form the myth is little more than an attempt to explain how it was that Kronos, time, was not able to devour and destroy all his children. With this insatiable parent Zeus must be inevitably engaged in an internecine war, the issue of which could not be doubtful. The thunderbolts by which Indra overwhelms his foe reappear in the Greek myth as the Kyklôpes and the Hekatoncheires or hundred-handed beings whom on the advice of Gaia the king of the blue heaven summons from the depths of Tartaros into which Kronos and his associates are hurled. This struggle is, indeed, reproduced in myth after myth. The enemies who had assailed Ouranos are seen once more in the Gigantes or earth-born beings who league themselves against all the gods. These giants are mentioned in Hesiod merely as children sprung from Gaia along with the Erinyes after the mutilation of Ouranos. Elsewhere they are a horrible race destroyed for their impiety, fearful in aspect, and like Echidna and Ahi, with snaky bodies.[1] Against these foes even Zeus himself is powerless unless he can gain the help of the mortal Herakles, and the latter in his turn can prevail over Alkyoneus only by taking him away from his own soil, from which, like Antaios, he rises with renewed strength after every downfall. When at length the struggle is ended, the giants are imprisoned, like the Titans, beneath the islands of the sea.

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[1] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 185.

[2] *Ib.* 183.

[3] *Theog.* 869.

SECTION II.—THE LATIN MYTH.

Hercules and Cacus.

The main features of the myths of Vritra, Geryon and Echidna reappear in the singular Latin legend known to us as that of Hercules and Cacus. This story had undergone strange transformations before it assumed its Euemerised forms in the hands of Livy and of the Halikarnassian Dionysios, with whom even the account which he rejects as mythical has been carefully stripped of all supernatural incidents. According to Dionysios, Herakles driving before him the oxen of Geryon had reached the Palatine hill when, as in the myth of Echidna, he was overcome by sleep. On waking he found that some of his cattle had been stolen by some thief who had dragged them away by their tails. Doubtless

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[1] Paus. viii. 29, 3.

Dionysios means that he saw through the clumsy device, which the writer of the Homeric hymn discreetly avoided by making Hermes drive the cattle hither and thither, until all possibility of tracking them was lost; and with him the story goes on with a colloquy between Herakles and Cacus, who stands at the entrance of the cave and denies all knowledge of the cattle. But his guilt is proved when the lowing of the other cattle whom Herakles brings up rouses the imprisoned oxen to reply. He then slays Cacus with a blow of his club, and builds an altar to Zeus the discoverer (*εὑρέσιος*) near the Porta Trigemina.[1]

Cacus another form of Vritra.

The myth as related by Virgil and Ovid carries us back at once to the language of the Vedic hymns; and this fact, of which the poets were of course profoundly unconscious, shows the fidelity with which they adhered to the genuine tradition of the country. Here we have the deep cave of Vritra, with its huge rocks beetling over it,—the mighty mass which represents the dark thundercloud in which the waters are confined.[2] Into this cave the rays of the sun can never enter;[3] and here dwelt the monster, who, like Echidna, is but half a human being, and of whom the fire-god Vulcan is the father. In the lowing of the imprisoned cattle, as in the dark speech of the Sphinx, we have the rumbling of the thunder before the rain bursts from its confinement in the clouds. The hurling down of the rock by Hercules is the shattering of the castle of Vritra by the spear of Indra. No sooner is the blow struck than the horrible abyss of his dwelling is lighted up by the flames which burst from the monster's mouth, in other words, the darkness of the storm-cloud is pierced by the lightning. Then follows the death of the monster, to whose carcase the poet applies an epithet which links this myth with the legend of the Chimaira slain by Bellerophôn and thus connects it again with that of Vritra.[1]

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[1] Dion. H. i. 39–41. This version Dionysios rejects as fabulous 'because the expedition of Herakles to drive oxen from the far west, in order to please Eurystheus, is an improbable event, not becauses it contravenes the order of nature.'—Lewis, *Credibility of Early Roman History*, i. 289. Dionysios has no scruple in converting the myth into history by making Herakles the leader of a great army, and by stating that the stolen beasts belonged to his commissariat. Herakles is also invested by him with that high moral character on which the apologue of Prodikos is made to turn. Sir Cornewall Lewis remarks that in a legend of the Epizephyrian Lokrians 'Latinus fills the place of Cacus and steals the oxen of Hercules.'—*Ib.* 335. That the myth took a strong hold on the Latin imagination cannot be doubted. 'The den of Cacus is placed in the Aventine; but the steps of Cacus were on the Palatine; they are known to Diodorus; and the latter hill is in his narrative the residence of Cacius, who with Pinarius hospitably and reverently entertains the Tirynthian hero, and is substituted for Potitius, nay, for Evander; the latter does not appear at all, nor do any Arcadians: none but natives are mentioned. So a sister of Cacus, Caca, was worshipped like Vesta, with eternal fire.'—Niebuhr, *History of Rome*, i.: 'The Aborigines and Latins.' Niebuhr saw that in this legend 'the worship of the Sabine Semo Sancus was transferred to the son of Alkmênê:' but he merely states the fact without attempting to account for it.

The version of the legend given by Livy differs from that of Dionysios only in the description of Cacus as a shepherd. Dionysios simply speaks of him as a thief. The former ranks him with the pastoral Kyklôpes: the latter degrades him to the level of Sinis and Prokroustes.

[2] Of Indra it is said that he has slain Ahi who was seated on the mountain summit; the word *parvata* being used to denote alike a hill and a cloud. *R. V.* i. 32. Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 94.

[3] 'Solis inaccessam radiis.'
Virg. *Æn.* viii. 195.

Sancus or Recaranus.

But we have here to meet the difficulty noticed by Niebuhr. Whatever is to be said of the name Cacus, it is clear that the name Hercules cannot have been contained in the original Latin story. There was indeed a Latin god Herculus, but, like the Lares worshipped by the Arval Brotherhood, he was strictly a god of the country and the guardian of fences and land-marks. He is known as the Rustic, Domestic, or Genial Hercules, a name which points to an old verb hercere, herciscere, akin to arcere, and the Greek εἵργειν; but this very fact precludes the idea that the Latin Hercules, of which the old form Herclus, Herculus, survives in the exclamation Mehercule, Mehercle, is identical with the Greek Herakles.[2] But the god who overcame Cacus must have had the characteristics of the Greek Herakles and the Vedic Indra; and hence when the Roman became acquainted with the Greek hero, whose name so closely resembled that of one amongst his own ancient gods, he attributed to his own Hercules the deeds which were rightly told of the son of Alkmênê, and doubtless also of the god into whose place he was thus intruded. The god thus displaced was, in M. Bréal's judgment, the deity known as Sancus or Recaranus. The former, answering to Zeus Pistios of the Greek and the Dius Fidius of the Latins, imparted to the Ara Maxima the peculiar sanction which rendered all oaths there taken inviolable.[1] The name Recaranus, which is actually given by Aurelius Victor as that of the slayer of Cacus,[2] must in M. Bréal's judgment be referred to the root *cri*, or *kri*, which has furnished to Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin a large number of words denoting the ideas of creation and power. M. Bréal cites from Festus the word cerus as an epithet of Janus,[3] and connects with it the Greek Kronos and the Kêres, who have power over the life and death of men.[4] If then Caranus or Garanus, is the maker, Recaranus must be the god who makes again, or who, like Dahanâ, renders all things young; and thus Recaranus would denote the Re-creator, and so the Recuperator or recoverer of the cattle stolen by Cacus, Geryon or Vritra. When, however, the Roman, becoming acquainted with Greek myths, found the word Alexikakos among the epithets of Herakles, he naturally came to regard Recaranus as only another name for that hero. But the quantity of the name Cacus leaves no room for this identification. The first syllable is long, and the word, given by Diodoros under the form Kakios, and reappearing in the Prænestine Cæculus, leads M. Bréal to the conclusion that the true Latin form was Cæcius, as Sæturnus answers to Saturnus. What then is Cæcius? The idea of the being who bears this name is clearly that of the Sanskrit Vritra, the being who steals the beautiful clouds and blots out the light from the sky. Such is Paris; such also is Typhon; and the latter word suggests to M. Bréal a comparison of Cacus with Cæcus, the blind or eyeless being.[1] But in a proverb cited by Aulus Gellius from Aristotle, a being of this name is mentioned as possessing the power of drawing the clouds towards him;[2] and thus we have in M. Bréal's judgment the explanation of an incident which, translated into the conditions of human life, becomes a clumsy stratagem. In storms, when contrary currents are blowing at different elevations, the clouds may often appear from the earth to be going against or right towards the wind. Then it is that Cacus is drawing the cattle of Herakles by their tails towards his cave.

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[1] 'Villosa setis Pectora semiferi.'—*Æn.* viii. 267.

[2] In this case the name, as M. Bréal remarks, should begin with s, as in the change of the aspirated Greek numeral into the Latin sex, septem, of ἕπομαι into sequor, &c. *Hercule et Cacus*, 52. M. Bréal further remarks (and great stress must be laid upon his words) that Herakles, like Perseus, Theseus, Achilleus, and the rest, is in the Greek mythology strictly not a god. Though the son of Zeus himself, he is doomed to toil, weariness, and death; and the only offset to his short career on earth is the assurance that when his journey here is done he shall enter the halls of Olympos, there to live in everlasting youth. But it is most doubtful whether the Latin mythology knew anything of heroes in the Greek sense of the word. 'L'esprit à la fois net et abstrait du Romain ne lui a pas permis de créer des êtres intermédiaires entre les dieux et les hommes. Sans doute, il connaît des génies d'un ordre plus ou moins relevé, qui président aux actions humaines et interviennent dans la vie; il sacrifie aux Mânes de ses ancêtres qui après leur mort ont pris place parmi les dieux; mais des demi-dieux comme Thésée, Pérsée, Héraclès, tenant à la fois du ciel et de la terre, on n'en voit pas dans la mythologie Latine. La transformation de Romulus en dieu Quirinus est une tentative tardive et mal réussie, que Rome ne renouvela pas, jusqu'au temps où elle fit de César mort un demi-dieu.'—P. 51.

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[1] Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, 57. The name Semo with which that of Sancus is so often connected is an epithet denoting fertility and wealth, as in 'semen:' and Herculus himself is necessarily included in the number of the Semones, along with Ceres, Pales, and Flora.

[2] *Orig. Gen. Rom.* vi. 'Recaranus quidam, Græcæ originis, ingentis corporis et magnarum virium pastor. . . . Hercules appellatus.' That Victor should look on Recaranus as strictly a Greek word is not surprising; but as it does not occur in any Greek myths, the evidence becomes conclusive that he has here preserved the genuine Roman tradition.

[3] 'Duonus cerus es, duonus Ianus.' The name is found on a cup preserved in the Gregorian museum at Rome and inscribed 'Ceri Poculom.'

[4] κῆρες θανάτοιο. The words κύριος and κοίρανος have passed into the notion of mastery from the obvious fact that he who has made a thing must have power over it. So κραίνειν is to decree, because an effectual command can be given only by him who has a constraining authority, i. e. who can make others do his bidding.

SECTION III.—BELLEROPHÔN.

The monster Belleros.

Virgil notes especially the rough and shaggy (villosa) breast of the monster Cacus: and this epithet carries us to the names of similar beings in the mythology of other Aryan tribes. That the root *var*, to hide or cover, has furnished names for Varuṇa the brooding heaven, as well as for Vritra, the enemy who hides away or imprisons the rain, we have already seen. We may follow Professor Max Müller as he traces the root further through the Sanskrit ura in ura-bhra, a ram (in other words, the wool-bearer), to ûrnâ, wool, the Greek *εἶρος* and *ἔρ-ιον*, in ûrnâyu, a goat and a spider (the Greek *ἀρ-άχνή*), the one as supplying wool, the other as appearing to weave it, in Aurnavâbha, the wool-provider, one of the enemies slain by Indra, in the Russian vòlna, the Gothic vulla, the English wool, in the Latin villus and vellus, and the English fleece. But as in Varuṇa the idea of covering gives place to that of guarding or shielding, so úra*n*a*h* is a ram, but urâ*n*a*h* is a protector. The meaning of the word is further modified from hairiness or woolliness into that of mere roughness, and the term varvara was applied by the Aryan invaders to the negro-like aboriginal tribes, whom the Greeks would have termed barbarians. That this last word can be referred to no other root is further proved by a comparison of the Sanskrit loma*s*ya with the Greek *δασύτης*, words in which the shagginess of hair furnishes a metaphor denoting roughness of pronunciation.[1] But the Sanskrit varvara transliterated into Greek would yield the word Belleros: and thus we retain some notion of a being of whom the Greek myth gives otherwise no account whatever. The invention of a noble Corinthian of this name, to serve as the victim of Hipponoös the son of Glaukos, is on a par with the explanations given by mythographers for such names as Pan, Odysseus, Oidipous, or Aias. Belleros then is some shaggy or hairy monster, slain by the hero named from this exploit,—in short, another Cacus, or Ahi or Vritra; and as Indra is Vritra-han, the slayer of Indra, so is Bellerophôn the slayer of Belleros.[2] Although no mythical being is actually found bearing this name in the Rig Veda, yet the black cloud is one of the chief enemies (dasas) of Indra. This cloud is sometimes called the black skin, sometimes the rain-giving and fertilising skin,[3] while the demon of the cloud appears as a ram, or a shaggy and hairy creature, with ninety-nine arms. This wool- or fleece-covered animal is therefore reproduced not only in the monster Belleros, but in the Chimaira which

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[1] If this can be established (and the affinity of Cacus, Cæcius, Kakios, and the Greek *καικίας* seems to leave no room for doubt), the word Cacus is at once accounted for. Cæcus is one of many words in which the negative is expressed by the particle *ha* denoting the number 1, which Bopp discovers in the Gothic haihs = cæcus, blind, *hanfs*, one-handed, *halts*, lame, *halbs*, half. Cæcus, then, is made up of this privative particle, and *iha* or *aiha*, auge, the eye. The second compound of *halts* is found in the English phrase 'lithe of limb.' Cf. Kokalos and Cocles, p. 88.

[2] *κάκ' ἐφ' αὐτὸν ἕλκων, ὡς ὁ Καικίας νέφος·* a proverb applied to a man who is his own enemy. Bréal, *ib.* 111; Maury, *Croyances, &c.* 177.

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[1] It is needless for me to do more than refer the reader to Professor Max Müller's chapter on Bellerophôn (*Chips*, vol. ii.), where he will find the subject treated at length and most convincingly. Were I to repeat my obligations as often as I feel that I ought to repeat them, I might become wearisome.

[2] We may trace the root in the Sanskrit *han*, the Greek *φόνος*, and the English *bane*. The precise Greek equivalent for Vritrahan would be Orthrophon, a word which is not actually found, although Herakles is really Orthrophontes, the slayer of the shaggy hound Orthros.

[3] Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 180.

Hipponoös is said to have slain, a being, like Geryon, Kerberos, Orthros, and Echidna, of a double or triple body. In the Chimaira the fore-part is that of a lion, the middle that of a goat, while the hinder-part, like that of his mother Echidna and all other cognate beings, is the tail of a fish or serpent.[1] The death of Vritra or the wool-weaver (Aurnavâbha) is followed by the loosening or the downfall of the rain; but although it is not said that this is the effect of the slaughter of Chimaira, the idea of rain or moisture as repressed by the monster is not absent from the myth of Bellerophôn. His victory is won by means of Pêgasos, the winged horse, whom he finds feeding by the fountain or waters (πηγὴ) of Peirênê, and from its back, as he soars aloft in the air, Hipponoös pours down his deadly arrows on the offspring of Echidna, as Indra from his chariot in the heaven hurls his lance against the gloomy Vritra.

Leophontes.

But Vritra, Ahi, the Paṇis and the other dark beings are all of them enemies (dasas) of the gods, and he who destroys them is dasyuhan, the slayer of the dasas—a name which translated into Greek would yield Leophontes. This epithet is applied to Hipponoös as well as that of Bellerophôn; and it is clear that he cannot be so called as killing lions, for he would then be Leontophontes. Nor is it easy to connect this Leo or Deo, of which he is the conqueror, with anything but the Sanskrit dasa, which reappears in dâsapati, the Greek Despotês, or lord of subjects, in other words, of conquered enemies.[2] In the Theban legend this foe is reproduced as Laios,[3] who is doomed, like Akrisios, to perish by the hand of his child, as the night must give place to the day.

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[1] It is possible that the introduction of the word Chimaira into this myth may be the result of a confusion like those already noticed between Arkshas and Rikshas, Leukos and Lukos, &c. At the least, Chimaira is a name not for goats of any age, but only for those which are one year old. The older goats are called Aiges. Theokr. i. 6. A Chimaira then, is strictly a winterling, (i.e. a yearling), just as the Latin bimus or trimus (bi-himus, hiems), denotes things of two or three winters old. But the sun is the slayer of winter; and hence the creature which he slays would be the Chimaira.

[2] With this we must compare not only the Greek λαός, λεώς, people, but the adjective δήϊος, hostile. This word Professor Max Müller (*Chips*, ii. 187), traces to the root das, to perish, although he adds that, 'in its frequent application to fire the adjective δάϊος might well be referred to the root dú, to burn.' The difference in meaning between them is not greater than that which separates Varuṇa from Vritra, or Uranah from Urânah.

[3] Laios, in the opinion both of Professor Müller and of M. Bréal, is an exact equivalent of the Sanskrit Dasyu. To the assertion of M. Comparetti that

Section IV.—THE THEBAN MYTH.

The Sphinx.

The close affinity of the Theban Sphinx with the Ahi, the throttling snake, is manifest from its name, which belongs to the same root with the verb *σφίγγω*, to bind tight, to squeeze, and so to choke. In the Hesiodic Theogony this word is given under the form Phix, and points to the connexion between the words *σφίγγω*, *πήγνυμι*, and the Latin figo, to fix or fasten. If the Thebans derived this name from the mount Phikion, their mistake was but a repetition of the process which traced the surnames of Phoibos to the island of Delos and the country of Lykia. The Sphinx, then, like Vritra and the Paṇis, is a being who imprisons the rain in hidden dungeons. Like them, she takes her seat on a rock, and there she utters her dark sayings, and destroys the men who cannot expound them. In Hesiod, she is a daughter of Orthros and Chimaira, who with her mother Echidna exhibits the same composite form which reappears in the Sphinx. In the Sphinx the head of a woman is combined with the body of a beast, having like Typhon the claws of the lion, the wings of the bird, and the serpent's tail: and in Apollodoros Typhon is himself her father.[1] It is, of course, possible that the so-called Egyptian Sphinx may be an expression for the same idea which has given birth to Ahi, Vritra, the Paṇis, and the kindred beings of Greek mythology; but neither the name nor the figures of the Hellenic Sphinx have been borrowed from Egypt. The

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an Aryan *d* never appears in Greek as *l*, Professor Müller replies by saying that the instances in support of his own position were supplied by Ahrens, 'De Dialecto Doricâ,' who cites *λάφνη* = *δάφνη*, *'Ολυσσεύς* = *'Οδυσσεύς*, and *λίσκος* = *δίσκος*. (*Chips*, ii. 168). He adds (186) a large number of instances in which the same word in Latin exists under both forms, as impedimenta, impelimenta; præsidium, præsilium; considium, consilium; dingua (Goth. tuggô), and lingua, &c. Professor Curtius, when he speaks of the transition of δ into λ as unheard of in Greek, must, in Professor Müller's opinion, be speaking of classical Greek, and not of the Greek dialects, 'which are nevertheless of the greatest importance in the interpretation of the names of local gods and heroes, and in the explanation of local legends.' But if we sought for a Greek equivalent to the Latin lavo, we might look for a form *δεϝω*, not less than for *λούω*; and we find both, as in *Il.* ii. 471, *ὅτε γλάγος ἄγγεα δεύει.*

[1] iii. 5. 8.

Egyptian Sphinx is never winged, and is never represented except as prone and recumbent, or in any form except that of a lion with a human head and bust. The notion that the riddling Sphinx of Thebes was derived from the land of the Nile may have originated with Herodotos, or may have been taken for granted on the bare assertion of Egyptian priests by others before himself; but the name existed in Greek mythology long before the port of Naukratis was opened to Greek commerce. The conclusions which Herodotos drew from his Egyptian informants on the subjects of ethnology and mythology were in almost every case wrong; and the Sphinx is too closely connected with Echidna and Zohak, with Orthros, Vritra, Geryon and Cacus, to justify any classification which professes to account for one without explaining the rest.[1]

The Riddle solved.

In point of fact, few Greek myths are more transparent than that of the monster which is slain by Oidipous. The story which made her the daughter of Orthros or Typhon, said simply that the cloud in which the thunder abode, and in which the rain was imprisoned, was the child of the darkness: the version which made her a daughter of Laios[2] spoke of her as sprung from the great enemy of Indra and Phoibos—the darkness under another name. The huge stormcloud moves slowly through the air: and so the phrase went that Hêrê the goddess of the open heaven had sent the Sphinx, because the Thebans had not punished her enemy Laios, who had carried off Chrysippos from Pisa. Others related that she had been sent by Arês, the grinder, to avenge herself on Kadmos for slaying his child the dragon, or that she was come to do the bidding of Dionysos or of Hades. The effect of her coming is precisely that which follows the theft of the cows of Indra by the Paṇis. The blue heaven is veiled from sight, the light of the sun is blotted out, and over the city broods the mighty mass, beetling like a gigantic rock, which can never be moved until some one comes with strength enough to conquer and to slay her. The robbery and rescuing of the cows are the only incidents which have fallen out of the Theban legend, but in the discomfiture of the Sphinx, who dashes herself from the rock when her riddle is solved, we have the sudden downfall of the waters when the thundercloud has been pierced by the lance of Indra. The issue of the Boiotian story was determined by an explanation given of the name of Oidipous. According to some, the name denoted the swelling of the child's feet as he lay exposed on the slopes of Kithairon; by others who rejected the derivation from the verb οἰδέω, to swell, it was referred to his wisdom in solving the enigma of the feet. That the unintelligible muttering of the thunder should suggest the introduction of some popular riddle into the old myth, was natural and perhaps inevitable; and the time at which it was engrafted into the legend is a matter of little or no importance. Wisdom is among the most prominent attributes of the beings who do battle with the powers of darkness. Whether it be Helios possessed of a knowledge which he cannot impart even to Hermes, or of a robe which makes Medeia the wonder of all for her sagacity and her power, or whether it be Tantalos, or Sisyphos, or Ixîon, whose wisdom is no security against their downfall, whether it be Phoibos endowing his ministers at Delphoi with the gift of prophecy, or Kadmos instructing his people in all art and learning, we see in one and all the keenness of wit and strength of purpose which do their work while gods and men think little of the dwarfs Vishṇu and Hari, the halting Hephaistos, or Apollôn wrapped in his swaddling-clothes at Delos. Their career begins in weakness to end in strength, in defeat to be crowned by victory. In three strides the child Vishṇu traverses the heaven; and the despised Oidipous, 'who knows nothing,' solves the riddle of the Sphinx as surely as Indra and Herakles discover the hiding places of their cattle. It is but another version of the story of Odysseus flouted as a beggar in his own hall, or Boots sitting among the ashes while his elders laugh him to scorn, but each winning a victory which is due rather to their wisdom than to their power.

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[1] In the *Vishṇu Purana* (H. H. Wilson, 514) the sphinx appears as the demon Dheanka, whom 'Rama seized by both hind legs, and whirling him round until he expired, tossed his carcase to the top of a palm-tree, from the branches of which it struck down abundance of fruit, like raindrops poured upon earth by the wind.' The simile here gives the original form of the myth.

[2] Paus. ix. 26, 2.

The Voice of the Thunder.

But if the riddle was introduced into the story at a comparatively late stage, the idea which suggested it is essential to the myth. It is that of the fatal voice of the thunder,[1] the utterances of Typhâôn, which even the gods can only sometimes understand,[2] and which cease when the cloud has been pierced by the lightning and the rain has fallen upon the earth. Thus, in two or three mythical phrases, we have the framework of the whole myth. The first, 'Oidipous is talking with the Sphinx,' indicates the struggle of Indra with the Paṇis, of Zeus with Typhon, of Apollôn with the Delphian dragon; in the second, 'Oidipous has smitten the Sphinx,' we have the consummation which sets the land free from the plague of drought.

Section V.—THE DELPHIAN AND CRETAN MYTHS.

The Pythian Dragon.

In other myths the incidents of the imprisonment and liberation of the waters are marked with scarcely less clearness than in the history of Indra himself. The being with whom Apollôn has to fight is the dragon of Pytho, who had chased and vexed his mother during her journeyings before she reached Delos, and at whose death the imprisoned waters started from the sources opened by the spear of Phoibos. In the Theban myth the snake who is slain by Kadmos guards the well of Arês, and slays all who come to fetch water until Kadmos himself deals it the death-blow.[3] The snakes or serpents are no other than the dragon of the glistening heath, which, in the myths of the frost-bound regions of the north, lies coiled round the sleeping Brynhild and all her treasures. The myth is changed only in the point of view which substitutes deliverance from the deadly cold of winter for deliverance from the not less dreadful plague of drought. The latter idea may be traced in the strange story related by Pausanias[4] of the hero of Temessa.

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[1] βροντῆς αἴσιον φθέγμα. Pind. *Pyth.* iv. 350.

[2] Hes. *Theog.* 837.

[3] M. Bréal (*Hercule et Cacus*, 113) adds the instance of Eurybates: 'Eurybate ayant tiré de son antre le monstre Sybaris qui désolait les environs de Delphi, et l'ayant brisé contre les rochers, à la place où il disparut une source s'elança de la pierre.' This monster, under the form of a huge wild ass, who haunts a spring, is slain again by the Persian Rustem. Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 19.

[4] vi. 6.

The enemy here is not a snake but an evil spirit, or rather the demon of one of the companions of Odysseus who had been slain for wrong done to a maiden of that city. The ravages of this demon, not less terrible than those of the Sphinx, could be stayed, the Pythian priestess said, only by building a temple to this hero or demon, and offering to him once a year a beautiful maiden. From this point the story is but another version of the myth of Perseus. Like him, Euthymos (a wrestler who is said to have won several victories at Olympia between the 70th and 80th Olympiads, but whom his countrymen regarded as a son of the river Kaikinês) resolves to rescue the maiden, and wins her as his bride,[1] while the demon, like the Libyan dragon, sinks into the sea. Of the mode by which Euthymos mastered him nothing is said; but Pausanias adds that Euthymos was not subjected to death, and that the demon whom he overcame was a creature terribly dark and black, with the skin of a wolf for his garment. With this legend we may compare the story of the monsters slain by Beowulf, the wolf-tamer, the first of these being Grendel, who ravages the country of King Hrothgar, and whom he slays after a struggle as arduous as that of Indra with the Paṇis. The second is but another form of the first. It is a huge dragon which guards a treasure-hoard near the sea-shore, and which sinks into the waters when smitten by the hero, who, like Sigurd, becomes master of all his wealth.

The Minotauros.

The same devouring enemy of the lord of light reappears in the Cretan Minotauros; and here also, as we resolve the myth into its component parts, we see the simple framework on which it has been built up. The story in its later form ran that at the prayer of Minos Poseidôn sent up from the sea a bull, by whom Pasiphaê became the mother of a composite being like Echidna, Orthros, Geryon, or Kerberos; that this monster was shut up in the labyrinth made by the cunning workman Daidalos, and there fed with the children whom the Athenians were obliged to send yearly, until at length the tribute-ship brought among the intended victims the hero Theseus, who by the aid of Ariadnê slew the human-headed bull, or the bull-headed man, for this being is exhibited under both forms. To search this myth for a residuum of fact, pointing to some early dependence of historical Athens on the maritime supremacy of some Cretan king, is, as we have seen, utterly useless. We know nothing of Minos, Athens, or Crete at the alleged time to which these myths relate except what we learn from the myths themselves, and these utter no uncertain sounds. The Minotauros is the offspring of the bull from the sea, which appears again in the myth of Eurôpê and is yoked to the chariot of Indra, and of Pasiphaê, who gives light to all. This incident is but a translation of the fact that the night follows or is born from the day. The same notion assigns Phoibos Chrysâôr, the lord of the golden sword, and the fair nymph Kallirhoê, as the parents of the frightful Geryon. The monster so born must share the nature of Ahi, Vritra, the Paṇis, Cacus, and the Sphinx. In other words, he must steal, kill, and devour, and his victims must belong to the bright beings from whom he is sprung. The Paṇis can steal only the cows of Indra, and the Minotauros can consume only the beautiful children of the dawn-goddess Athênê; in other words, the tribute can come only from Athens. But all these fearful monsters lurk in secret places; each has his cave or mountain fastness, where he gorges himself on his prey. The road to it is gloomy and bewildering; and in the expression put into the mouth of the Paṇis, who tell Saramâ that 'the way is far and leads tortuously away,' we have something more than the germ of the twisting and hazy labyrinth—we have the labyrinth itself. This intricate abode is indeed the work of the magnificent Daidalos; but the walls of Ilion, to which Paris the seducer takes the beautiful Helen, are built by Phoibos and Herakles themselves. In this dark retreat lurks the monster who can be slain only by one invincible hero; but although Indra is the destined destroyer of Vritra, he cannot find out where his enemy is hidden away except by the aid of Saramâ. In this lovely being, who, peering about through the sky in search of the stolen cattle, guides Indra to the den of the throttling serpent, we see the not less beautiful Ariadnê who points out to Theseus the clue which is to guide him to the abode of the Minotaur; and thus the myth resolves itself into a few phrases which spoke of the night as sprung from the day, as stealing the treasures of the day and devouring its victims through the hours of darkness, and as discovered by the early morning who brings up its destined conqueror, the sun.

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[1] In a still more modern shape the story may be found in Southey's metrical tale of the Dragon of Antioch.

SECTION VI.—THE GLOAMING AND THE NIGHT.

The Phorkides, Graiai, and Gorgons.

Nor are myths wanting for the other phases of the heaven between the setting and the rising of the sun. If the lovely flush of the first twilight is betokened by the visits of Selênê to Endymiôn, the dusky gloaming is embodied in the Graiai, or daughters of Phorkys and Kêtô, who are grey or ashen-coloured from their birth. Thus the phrase that Perseus had reached the home of the Graiai only said in other words that the sun had sunk beneath the horizon. In the Hesiodic Theogony[1] they are only two in number, Pephrêdo and Enyô, the latter name being akin to Enyalios and Enosichthon, epithets of Arês and Poseidôn as shakers of the earth and sea. In the scholiast on Æschylos[2] they appear as swan-maidens, who have only one tooth and one eye in common, which they borrow from one another as each may need them. The night again, as lit up by a grave and sombre beauty, or as oppressing men by its pitchy darkness, is represented by the other daughters of Phorkys and Kêtô who are known as the Gorgons. Of these three sisters, one only, Medousa, as embodying the short-lived night, is subject to death; the others, Stheinô and Euryalê, as signifying the eternal abyss of darkness, are immortal. According to the Hesiodic poet, Poseidôn loved Medousa in the soft meadow among the flowers of spring; and when her head fell beneath the sword of Perseus, there sprang from it Chrysâôr with his gleaming sword, and the winged horse Pêgasos—an incident which is simply the counterpart of the birth of Geryoneus from Kallirhoê and Chrysâôr. According to another version, Medousa had once been beautiful, but had roused the wrath of Athênê as becoming the mother of glorious children, or as having dared to set her own beauty in comparison with the loveliness of the Dawn herself. The rivalry was indeed vain. The serenest night cannot vie with the exquisite hues of the morning; and henceforth, to requite her daring, the raven locks of Medousa must be turned into hissing snakes, the deadly glance of her joyless face should freeze all who gazed on it into stone, and even Perseus could bring her long agony to an end only by fixing his eye on the burnished mirror while the sword of Phoibos fell on the neck of the sleeping Gorgon.

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[1] 273.

[2] *Prom. V.* 793.

The Night and the Winter.

The notion of these serpent enemies of the bright gods runs through the mythology of all the Aryan nations. Sometimes they have three heads, sometimes seven or even more: but we cannot forget that the words Ahi, Echidna, anguis, expressed an idea which had nothing in common with the thought denoted by the dragon. The latter was strictly the keen-sighted being, and as such belonged to the heavenly hierarchy. The dragons who bear the chariot of Medeia through the air, or who impart to the infant Iamos the gift of prophecy, are connected only by the accident of a name with the snakes whom Herakles strangles in his cradle, whom Phoibos slays at Delphoi, or Indra smites in the land of the Paṇis.[1] But when by the weakening of memory the same word was used to denote the malignant serpent and the beneficent dragon, the attributes of the one became in some myths more or less blended with those of the other. In the popular Hindu story of Vikram Maharajah, the cobra who curls himself up in his throat and will not be dislodged is clearly the snake of winter, who takes away the gladness and joy of summer; for this disaster is followed by the rajah's exile, and his people mourn his absence as Dêmêtêr grieves while her child Persephonê is sojourning in Hades. It is in fact the story of Sigurd and

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[1] In Teutonic folk-lore the night or darkness is commonly the ravening wolf, the Fenris of the *Edda*. This is the evil beast who swallows up Little Red Cap or Red Riding Hood, the evening, with her scarlet robe of twilight. In one version of this story Little Red Cap escapes his malice, as Memnôn rises again from Hades.

Brynhild reversed; for here it is Vikram who is banished or sleeps, while the beautiful princess Buccoulee sees her destined husband in her dreams, and recognises him among a group of beggars as Eurykleia recognises Odysseus in his squalid raiment. Him she follows, although he leads her to a hut in the jungle, where she has but a hard time of it while the cobra still remains coiled up in his throat. This woful state is brought to an end by an incident which occurs in the stories of Panch Phul Ranee and of Glaukos and Polyidos. Buccoulee hears two cobras conversing, and learns from them the way not merely to rid her husband of his tormentor, but to gain possession of the splendid treasure which these snakes guard like the dragon of the glistening heath or the monsters of the legend of Beowulf.[1]

Modification of the myth.

Still more notably is the idea of the old myth softened down in the tale of Troy, for Ilion is the stronghold of Paris the deceiver, and Hektor is the stoutest warrior and the noblest man in all the hosts of Priam. To the treachery of Alexandros he opposes the most thorough truthfulness, to his indolent selfishness the most disinterested generosity and the most active patriotism. But Hektor had had no share in the sin of Paris, and there was nothing even in the earliest form of the myth which would require that the kinsmen of Paris should not fight bravely for their hearths and homes. We have, however, seen already that the mythical instinct was satisfied when the legend as a whole conveyed the idea from which the myth sprung up. Ilion was indeed the fastness of the dark powers; but each chief and warrior who fought on their side would have his own mythical history, and threads from very different looms might be woven together into a single skein. This has happened to a singular extent in the Trojan legend. The warmer hues which are seen in the pictures of Phoibos, Perseus, and Herakles have been shed over the features even of Paris himself, while Glaukos, Sarpêdôn, and Memnôn are children of the dawn who come from the gleaming eastern lands watered by golden streams. Hence it is that Aphroditê the dawn-goddess has her child Aineias within the Trojan lines; and when the brave Hektor has been smitten beneath the spear of Achilleus, she keeps his body from decay as Athênê watched over the corpse of Patroklos.

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[1] In the story of Muchie Lal, the seven-headed cobra is the friend and defender of the dawn-maiden, and is, in fact, the snake who dwells in the shrine of Athênê, the goddess of the morning. *Deccan Tales*, 244, &c.

SECTION VII.

THE PHYSICAL STRUGGLE SPIRITUALISED.

Contrast between Hindu and Iranian mythology.

Thus far the struggle between the bright being and his enemy has been entirely physical; and nothing more than the faintest germs of moral sentiment or conviction as attaching to this conflict can be traced in the mythology whether of the Hindus or the Western Aryans. In the mere expression of the wish that the wicked Vritra might not be suffered to reign over the worshippers of Indra, and in the admission made by Zeus[1] that the fight between the Kronid gods and the Titans is one for sovereignty or subjection, for life or death, we have all that we can cite as symptoms of that marvellous change which on Iranian soil converted this myth of Vritra into a religion and a philosophy. So completely does the system thus developed exhibit a metaphysical character, and so distinctly does it seem to point to a purely intellectual origin, that we might well doubt the identity of Ahriman and Vritra, were it not that an identity of names and attributes runs through the Vedic and Iranian myths to a degree which makes doubt impossible.

Identity of names in Vedic and Persian mythology.

This agreement in names is indeed far more striking between the Hindu and Persian mythology than between that of the former and the Greeks. The names of Ahi, Vritra, Sarama, and the Paṇis reappear in the west as Echidna, Orthros, Helenê and Paris; but Trita or Traitana as a name of the god of the air has been lost, and we fail to find the form Orthrophontes as a parallel to Vritrahan, although such epithets as Leophontes and Bellerophontes would lead us to expect it. In the Zendavesta not merely does this name seem but little changed, as Verethragna, but we also find the Trita, Yama and Krisasva of the Veda in the Yima-Kshaêta, Thraêtana and Keresaspa of the Avesta, the representatives of three of the earliest generations of mankind, just as the Germans spoke of the Ingævones, Herminones and Iscævones as sprung from Mannus the son of Tuisco (Tyr). The identification of these names with the Feridun, Jemshid and Garshasp of the modern Persian epic of the Shahnameh is regarded by Professor Max Müller as among the most brilliant discoveries of one of the greatest of French scholars.[1] Going beyond this, Eugène Burnouf asserts that as Vivasvat is the father of Yama in the Veda, so is Vivanghvat the father of the Zend Yima, and that the father of the Vedic Trita is Aptya while the father of Thraêtana is Athwya.

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[1] Hesiod, *Theog.* 646.

Azidahâka and Zohak.

But Thraêtana is also known as Verethragna, the Verethra or Vritra slayer, although his enemy is commonly spoken of under the name of Azidahâka, the biting snake, the throttling Ahi of Vedic, and the Echidna of Hellenic, myths.[2] These names again M. Burnouf has traced into the great epic of Firdusi; for the Pehlevi form of his name leads us to Feridun, and Feridun is in the Shahnameh the slayer of the tyrant Zohak. But the struggle, which as carried on between Indra and Vritra is clearly a fight to set free the pent-up waters, is between Thraêtana and Azidahâka a contest between a good and an evil being. The myth has received a moral turn, and it suggested a series of conflicts between the like opposing powers, until they culminated in the eternal warfare of Ormuzd and Ahriman. In India the thought of the people ran in another channel. With them Indra, Dyu, Agni, Vishṇu, Varuṇa, were but names for one and the same divine Being, who alone was to them the Maker and Preserver of all things. If it was said that they had enemies, their foes were manifestly physical; nor was there anything in the phraseology of their hymns to lead us to the notion of any evil power as having an existence independent of the great Cause of all things. But on Persian soil, the word

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[1] *Lectures on Language*, second series, 522.

[2] The word Dahak reappears in the Greek δάκνω, and in δάξ, the name for any biting animal, and may be compared with *tiger* and with *dog*. For the changes which from the same root have produced the Greek δάκρυ, the Gothic tagr, and the English tear, with the Latin lacryma and the French larme, see Max Müller. *Lectures on Language*, second series, 259.

CHAP. X.

Verethragna, transparent in its meaning to the worshippers of Indra, so thoroughly lost its original sense that it came to denote mere strength or power;[1] and as from a metaphysical point of view the power opposed to the righteous God must be a moral one, a series of synonyms were employed which imparted to the representative of Vritra more and more of a spiritual character. The Devas of the Veda are the bright gods who fight on the side of Indra; in the Avesta the word has come to mean an evil spirit, and the Zoroastrian was bound to declare that he ceased to be a worshipper of the daevâs.[2] Thus Verethra and all kindred deities were placed in this class of malignant beings, and branded with the epithet Drukhs, deceitful.[3] But the special distinction of the being known to us under the familiar name of Ahriman, was the title of Angrô-Mainyus, or spirit of darkness.[4] This name was simply an offset to that of his righteous adversary, Spento-Mainyus, or the spirit of light. But Spento-Mainyus was only another name for the Supreme Being, whose name Ahuro-mazdâo we repeat in the shortened form of Ormuzd.[5] In this Being the devout Zoroastrian trusted with all the strength of spiritual conviction: but the idea of his enemy was as closely linked with that of the righteous God as the idea of Vritra with that of Indra; and the exaltation of Ormuzd carried the greatness of Ahriman to a pitch which made him the creator and the sovereign of an evil universe at war with the Kosmos of the spirit of light.

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[1] As such, M. Bréal remarks that it became an adjective, and is sometimes used in the superlative degree, a hymn being spoken of as Verethrazançtema. *Hercule et Cacus*, 129.

[2] Max Müller, *Chips*, i. 25.

[3] The word is probably found in the Greek ἀ-τρεκ-ής, not deceitful = trustworthy, sure.

[4] M. Maury, regarding the name Ahriman as identical with the Vedic Aryaman, sees in the Iranian demon a degradation of the Hindu sun-god, an inverse change to that which invested the Trojan Paris with the attributes of solar heroes. 'Mitra a un autre parédre que Varouna, c'est Aryaman . . . . Cette divinité nous offre à l'origine une nouvelle personnification du soleil dans son action fortifiante et salutaire: a ce titre il est souvent associé à Bhaya, l'Aditya qui dispense des bienfaits et qui bénit les hommes . . . . Mais, plustard, Aryaman devint l'Aditya de la mort, le soleil destructeur; car, sous le climat brûlant de l'Inde, on sait combien est dangereuse l'insolation . . . . Voilà comment Aryaman fournit à la religion de Zoroastre le type du dieu mauvais, l'idée d'une divinité adversaire constante d'Ormuzd et de Mithra.'—*Croyances et Légendes de l'Antiquité*, 61. The degradation of Aryaman involved the exaltation of Mithra. 'Une fois devenu la personnification de la vérité et de la bonne foi. Mithra reçut le caractère de médiateur entre Dieu et l'homme, μεσίτης, comme l'appelle l'auteur du Traité sur Isis et Osiris,' *ib.* 164.

[5] Like Thraêtana and Verethragna, the name Ormuzd is Sanskrit. Plato speaks of Zoroaster as a son of Oromazes, which is clearly only another form of the name of this deity. In the inscriptions at Behistun it appears in the form Auramazdâ; but in Persian the word conveys no meaning. In the *Zendavesta* it is found both as Ahuromazdâo and as Mazdao Ahuro; and these forms lead us at once to the Sanskrit, in which they correspond to the words Asuro medhas, wise spirit—a name which suggests a comparison with the Metis and Medeia of Greek myths. See Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, first series, 195.

Iranian dualism.

Such was the origin of Iranian dualism, a dualism which divided the world between two opposing self-existent deities, while it professedly left to men the power of choosing whom they should obey. 'Ahura-mazda is holy, true, to be honoured through truth, through holy deeds.' 'You cannot serve him and his enemy.' 'In the beginning there was a pair of twins, two spirits, each of a peculiar activity. These are the Good and the Base in thought, word, and deed. Choose one of these two spirits. Be good, not base.' But practically Ahriman took continually a stronger hold on the popular imagination, and the full effects of this process were to be realised elsewhere. The religion of Zoroaster has been regarded as a reform; in M. Bréal's judgment, it was rather a return to a classification which the Hindu had abandoned or had never cared to adopt. 'While Brahmanism kept to the old belief only in the letter, Mazdeism preserved its spirit. The Parsee, who sees the universe divided between two forces, everywhere present and each in turn victorious until the final victory of Ormuzd, is nearer to the mythical representations of the first age than the Hindu, who, looking on everything as an illusion of the senses, wraps up the universe and his own personality in the existence of one single Being.'[1]

Its influence on the Jews.

With this dualism the Jews were brought into contact during the captivity at Babylon. That the Hebrew prophets had reiterated their belief in one God with the most profound conviction, is not to be questioned; but as little can it be doubted that as a people the Jews had exhibited little impulse towards Monotheism, and that from this time we discern a readiness to adopt the Zoroastrian demonology. Thus far Satan had appeared, as in the book of Job, among the ministers of God; but in later books we have a closer approximation to the Iranian creed. In the words of M. Bréal, 'Satan assumes, in Zacharias and in the first book of Chonicles, the character of Ahriman, and appears as the author of evil. Still later he becomes the prince of the devils, the source of wicked thoughts, the enemy of the word of God. He tempts the Son of God; he enters into Judas for his ruin. The Apocalypse exhibits Satan with the physical attributes of Ahriman: he is called the dragon, the old serpent, who fights against God and his angels. The Vedic myth, transformed and exaggerated in the Iranian books, finds its way through this channel into Christianity.' The idea thus introduced was that of the struggle between Satan and Michael which ended in the overthrow of the former, and the casting forth of all his hosts out of heaven; but it coincided too nearly with a myth spread in countries held by all the Aryan nations to avoid further modification. Local traditions substituted St. George or St. Theodore for Jupiter, Apollôn, Herakles, or Perseus. 'It is under this disguise,' adds M. Bréal, 'that the Vedic myth has come down to our own times, and has still its festivals and its monuments. Art has consecrated it in a thousand ways. St. Michael, lance in hand, treading on the dragon, is an image as familiar now as, thirty centuries ago, that of Indra treading under foot the demon Vritra could possibly have been to the Hindu.'[1]

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[1] *Hercule et Cacus*, 129. The same view of the origin of the Dualistic theology is taken by M. Maury, *Croyances, &c.*, 97.

The epic of Firdusi.

That this myth should be Euemerised by Firdusi was natural and inevitable, when once the poet had made Feridun a king of the first Persian dynasty. He could no longer represent Zohak as a monster with three heads, three tails, six eyes, and a thousand forces;[2] but the power of the old myth gave shape to his statement that, after the embrace of the demon, a snake started up from each of his shoulders, whose head, like that of the Lernaian hydra, grew as fast as it was cut off. Nor has it influenced the modern poet only. Cyrus is as historical as Charlemagne; but from mythical history we should learn as much of the former as we should know of the latter, if our information came only from the myth of Roland. What Cyrus really did we learn from other sources; but in the legendary story he is simply another Oidipous and Têlephos, compelled for a time to live, like Odysseus and the Boots of German tales, in mean disguise, until his inborn nobleness proclaims him the son of a king. But as in the case of Oidipous, Perseus, Theseus, and many more, the father or the grandsire dreads the birth of the child, for the sun must destroy the darkness to whom he seems to owe his life. This sire of Cyrus must belong therefore to the class of beings who represent the powers of night—in other words, he must be akin to Vritra or to Ahi; and in his name accordingly we find the familiar words. Astyages, the Persian Asdahag, is but another form of the modern Zohak, the Azidahâka, or biting snake, of Vedic and Iranian mythology; and the epithet reappears seemingly in the name of Deiokes, the first king of the Median nation.[1]

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[1] *Hercule et Cacus*, 138.

[2] *Ib.* 130.

SECTION VIII.—THE SEMITIC AND ARYAN DEVIL.

The Semitic Satan.

Thus far it is only on Iranian soil that we have seen the struggle between day and night, the sun and the darkness, represented as a conflict between moral good and evil, the result being a practical, if not a theoretical dualism, in which the unclean spirit is at the least as powerful as the righteous being with whom he is at war. This absolute partition of the universe between two contending principles was the very groundwork of Iranian belief; but the idea was one which could not fail to strike root in any congenial soil. To a certain extent it found such a soil in the mind of the Jewish people, who had become familiar, by whatever means, with the notion of a being whose office it was to tempt or try the children of men. The Satan who discharges this duty is, however, one of the sons of God; and in the book of Job there is no indication of any essential antagonism between them. The position of Satan in this narrative is indeed in strict accordance with the Hebrew philosophy which regarded God as the author both of good and evil, as the being who hardened Pharaoh's heart and authorised the lying spirit to go forth and prevail among the prophets of Ahab. But when a portion of the Jewish people was brought into contact with the fully developed system of Persian dualism, the victory of the Iranian theology seemed complete. Henceforth the notion of two hierarchies, the one heavenly, the other diabolical, took possession of their minds; and the Satan, who ruled over the powers of darkness and exercised a wide dominion as prince of the air, was confined to a level lower than that of Ahriman, only because he had once stood among the most brilliant angels in the courts of heaven. At this level he remained a fallen creature ruling over hosts of malignant demons who did his will among mankind, plaguing them with sorrow, disease, and madness, until the convictions of the first Christian societies magnified him into proportions if possible more overpowering than those of the Iranian enemy of Ormuzd. The Jew, chiefly, if not wholly, from the conviction which led him to regard God as the author both of good and evil, drew no sharp distinction between mind and matter as existing in irreconcilable antagonism; and since as a nation they can scarcely be said to the last to have attained to any definite ideas either of the fact or the conditions of a life continued after death, Satan could with them obviously have no definite dominion beyond the bounds of our present existence. He could torture the bodies, afflict the souls, or darken the minds of men; but of his everlasting reign over countless multitudes ruined by his subtle wiles we find no very definite notion

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[1] The story of Deiokes is certainly not told by Herodotos for the purpose of establishing the divine right of kings; but it is more than possible that the selfishness and rapacity which mark this self-made sovereign, and his inaccessible retreat within a palace from which he never emerges, may have been suggested by the myth to which his name belongs.

Effect of Christian teaching.

But Christianity, while it rested on a distinct assurance of personal immortality altogether stronger than any to which the most fervent of the Hebrew prophets had ever attained, took root among nations who had filled all the world with gods or demons, each with his own special sphere and office. These deities the Christian teachers dethroned; but far from attempting to destroy them, they were careful to insist that they had always been, and must for ever continue to be, malignant devils;[1] but unless their horrible fellowship was speedily to come to an end, they must be under the rule of some king, and this king they found in the Semitic Satan. Of the theology which sprung from this root it is enough to say that it endowed the king of the fallen angels with the powers of omnipresence and omniscience, and made him so far a conqueror in his great struggle with the author of his being as to succeed in wresting for ever out of the hands of God all but an insignificant fraction of the whole race of mankind. The victory of the Almighty God could not extend either to the destruction of Satan and his subordinate demons, or to the rescue of the souls whom he had enticed to their ruin; and if power be measured by the multitude of subjects, his defeat by Michael could scarcely be regarded as much impairing his magnificent success. Of the effect of this belief on the moral and social developement of Christendom, it is unnecessary to speak: but it must not be forgotten that this particular developement of the Jewish demonology was the natural outgrowth of passionate convictions animating a scanty band in an almost hopeless struggle against a society thoroughly corrupt and impure. It was almost impossible for any whose eyes were opened to its horrors to look upon it as anything but a loathsome mass which could never be cleansed from its defilement. What could they see but a vast gulf separating the few who were the soldiers of Christ from the myriads who thronged together under the standard of his adversary? Hence grew up by a process which cannot much excite our wonder that severe theology, which, known especially as that of Augustine, represented the Christian Church as an ark floating on a raging sea, open only to those who received the sacrament of baptism, and shut both here and hereafter to infants dying before it could be administered. It was inevitable that under such conditions the image of Satan should more and more fill the theological horizon for the few whose enthusiasm and convictions were sincere. But these conditions were changed with the conversion of tribes, in whom the thought of one malignant spirit marring and undoing the work of God had never been awakened; and although henceforth the teaching of the priesthood might continue to be as severe as that of Augustine or Fulgentius, it was met by the passive resistance of men whose superstitions were less harsh and oppressive. 'The Aryan Nations,' says Professor Max Müller, 'had no devil. Pluto, though of a sombre character, was a very respectable personage: and Loki, though a mischievous person, was not a fiend. The German goddess, Hel, too—like Proserpine—had seen better days.'[1] It was thus no easy task to imbue them with an adequate horror of a being of whose absolute malignity they could form no clear conception.

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[1] The Christian missionaries were further conscious that their own thaumaturgy might be called into question, if that of the old creed were treated as mere imposture or illusion. 'Die neue Lehre konnte leichter keimen und wurzeln wenn sie die alte als gehässig und sündlich, nicht als absolut nichtig schilderte: die Wunder des Christen erscheinen dadurch glaubhafter, dass auch dem althergebrachten Heidenthum etwas übernatürliches gelassen wurde.'—Grimm, *D. M.* 757.

The Teutonic Devil.

But these tribes had their full share of that large inheritance of phrases which had described originally the covering or biting snake, Vritra or Ahi, who shuts up the rain-clouds in his prison-house. Probably not one of the phrases which furnished the groundwork of Iranian dualism had been lost or forgotten by any other of the Aryan tribes; but like Vritra or Ahi, like the Sphinx or the Pythôn, like Belleros or Chimaira, or Echidna, the beings to whom the German tribes applied these phrases had already been overcome. The phrases also had varied in character from grave solemnity to comedy or burlesque, from the type of the Herakles whom we see in the apologue of Prodikos to the Herakles who jests with Thanatos (Death) after he has stolen away Alkêstis. To the people at large the latter mode of thinking and speaking on the subject was more congenial; and to it the ideas of the old gods were more readily adapted. Hel had been, like Persephonê, the queen of the unseen-land,—in the ideas of the northern tribes, a land of bitter cold and icy walls. She now became not the queen of Niflheim, but Niflheim itself, while her abode, though gloomy enough, was not wholly destitute of material comforts. It became the Hell where the old man hews wood for the Christmas fire, and where the Devil in his eagerness to buy the flitch of bacon yields up the marvellous quern which is 'good to grind almost anything.'[1] It was not so pleasant, indeed, as heaven, or the old Valhalla, but it was better to be there than shut out in the outer cold beyond its padlocked gates.[2] But more particularly the devil was a being who under pressure of hunger might be drawn into acting against his own interest; in other words, he might be outwitted, and this character of a poor or stupid devil is almost the only one exhibited in Teutonic legends.[3] In fact, as Professor Max Müller remarks, the Germans, when they had been 'indoctrinated with the idea of a real devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, treated him in the most good-humoured manner;' nor is it easy to resist Dr. Dasent's conclusion that 'no greater proof can be given of the small hold which the Christian Devil has taken of the Norse mind, than the heathen aspect under which he constantly appears, and the ludicrous way in which he is always outwitted.'[4]

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[1] *Chips*, &c., vol. ii. p. 235. Dr. Dasent's words are not less explicit. 'The notion of an Arch-enemy of god and man, a fallen angel, to whom power was permitted at certain times for an all-wise purpose by the Great Ruler of the universe, was as foreign to the heathendom of our ancestors as his name was outlandish and strange to their tongue. This notion Christianity brought with it from the east; and though it is a plant which has struck deep roots, grown distorted and awry, and borne a bitter crop of superstition, it required all the authority of the Church to prepare the soil for its reception.'—*Popular Tales from the Norse*, introduction, p. xcviii.

Wayland the Smith.

But this freedom was never taken with Satan. While that name remained unchanged in the language of theology, the word devil passed into an immense number of forms, the Gothic tieval, diuval, diufal, the Icelandic djöfull, Swedish djevful, all of them, together with the Italian, French, and Spanish forms carrying back the word διάβολος to the same root which furnised the Latin Divus, Djovis, and the Sanskrit deva.[1] To this devil were applied familiarly those epithets which are bestowed in the Vedic hymns on the antagonist of Indra. Like Vritra, he is often spoken of simply as the fiend or the enemy (ὁ πονηρός); more often he is described as the old devil or serpent, the ealda deofol of Cædmon, the old Nick[2] and old Davy of common English speech at the present day. Like Paṇi, he is Vâlant, the cheat or seducer,[3] who appears in a female form as Valandinne.[4] But to the Germans the fall of the devil from heaven suggested the idea that, like Hephaistos, he must have been lamed by the descent, and hence we have the lame devil, or devil upon two sticks, who represents the limping Hephaistos not only in his gait but in his office. Like him, the Valant is a smith, and the name, which has assumed elsewhere the forms Faland, Phaland, Foland, Valland, passes into the English form Wayland, and gives us the Wayland Smith whom Tresilian confronts in Scott's novel of Kenilworth.[5] Like the robbers who steal Indra's cattle, he is also the dark, murky, or black being, the Graumann or Greyman of German folk-lore.[6] Like the Fauns and other mythical beings of Greek and Latin mythology, he has a body which is either wholly or in part that of a beast. Some times he leaves behind him the print of a horse's hoof, and the English demon Grant, another form probably of Grendel,[1] showed itself in the form of a foal. The devil of the witches was a black buck or goat;[2] that of the fathers of the Christian Church was a devouring wolf.[3] Like Ahi, again, and Pythôn and Echidna, he is not only the old serpent or dragon but the hell-worm, and the walfish or leviathan (a name in which we see again the Vala or deceiver).[4] Like Baalzebub, he assumes the form of a fly, as Psychê may denote either a good or an evil spirit. As the hammer which crushes the world, and inflicts the penalty of sin on the sinner, he plays the part of the Aloadai and Thor Miölnir. As the guardian of the underworld, he is the hellward and the hell-shepherd or host. His gloomy abode lies towards the north, whether as the gloomy Ovelgunne, which has furnished a name for many places in Germany,—the Hekelfelde, Heklufiall, or hag's fell,—or the nobiskroech, nobiskrug, which answers to the gate beyond which the lost souls leave hope behind them.[5] The same process, which converted the kindly Holda into the malignant Unholda, attributed to the devil occupations borrowed from those of the Teutonic Odin and the Greek Orion. But it is no longer the mighty hunter following his prey on the asphodel meadow, or the god traversing his domain in stately procession. The brave and good who had followed the midnight journeys of Wuotan give place to the wretched throng of evil-doers who are hurried along in the devil's train, or in that of some human being, who for his pre-eminent wickedness is made to take the devil's place. In Denmark the hunter is King Waldemar, in Germany Dietrich of Bern, in France King Hugh or Charles V.; in England it is Herne the Hunter of Windsor, and the one-handed Boughton or Lady Skipwith of Warwickshire tradition.[1] Other myths were subjected to the same process of degradation. The kindly Dêmêtêr becomes the devil's mother,[2] grandmother, or sister, who still shows something of her ancient character in the part which she plays towards those who throw themselves on her protection. Thus she shields Thor and Tyr in the house of Hymir, as the giant's mother shelters Jack in the nursery story. In the lay of Beowulf Grendel's mother is less complying, and avenges on the hero the death of her son. The binding of the devil, like that of Prometheus and Ahriman, is implied in the phrase 'the devil is loose,' the sequel being 'the devil is dead.'

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[1] 'Why the Sea is Salt.' Dasent, *Norse Tales*, ii. This inexhaustible quern is only another form of the treasures of Helen or Brynhild. But though the snow may veil all the wealth of fruits and vegetables, this wealth is of no use to the chill beings who have laid their grasp upon it. These beings must be therefore so hard pressed for hunger that, like Esau, they may be ready to part with anything or everything for a mess of pottage or a flitch of bacon.

[2] The Master Smith, in the heathenish story so entitled, entraps the devil into a purse, as the Fisherman entraps the Jin in the Arabian Tale, and the devil is so scared that when the Smith presents himself at the gate of hell, he gives orders to have the nine padlocks carefully locked. Dr. Dasent remarks that the Smith makes trial of hell in the first instance, for 'having behaved ill to the ruler' of heaven, and 'actually quarrelled with the master' of hell, he 'was naturally anxious' to know whether he would be received by either. *Ibid.* cii.

[3] It has been said of Southey that he could never think of the devil without laughing. This is but saying that he had the genuine humour of our Teutonic ancestors. His version of the legend of Eleëmon may be compared with any of the popular tales in which Satan is overmatched by men whom he despises. Grimm, 969.

[4] *Norse Tales*, introd. ciii.

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[1] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 939.

[2] This name, one of a vast number of forms through which the root of the Greek νήχω, to swim, has passed, denotes simply a water-spirit, the nicor of the Beowulf, the nix or nixy of German fairy tales. The devil is here regarded as dwelling in the water, and thus the name explains the sailor's phrase 'Davy's locker.' Grimm, *D. M.*, 456.

[3] *Nib.* 1334.

[4] *Ib.* 1686; Grimm, *D. M.*, 943.

[5] Grimm, *D. M.*, 945. In Sir W. Scott's romance, Wayland is a mere impostor who avails himself of a popular superstition to keep up an air of mystery about himself and his work: but the character to which he makes pretence belongs to the genuine Teutonic legend.

[6] Grimm, *D. M.*, 945. This black demon is the Slavish Tschernibog (Zernibog), who is represented as the enemy of Bjelbog, the white god,—a dualism which Grimm regards as of late growth, *D. M.*, 936.

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[1] Grimm, *D. M.* 946.

[2] Grimm, *ib.* 946–7. The buck was specially sacred to Donar or Thor; but it is possible that this transformation, like that of Lykâôn and Arkas, was suggested by an equivocal name; and the buck may be only a kindred form to the Slavish Bog, which reappears among us in the form of Puck, Bogy, and Bug.

[3] Grimm, *ib.* 948. With these Grimm couples the hell hound and black raven, the former answering to the Hellenic Kerberos. He also compares the Old German warg, a wolf, with the Polish *wrog*, the Bohemian *wrah*, the Slovinian *vrag*, an evil-doer.

[4] Grimm, *ib.* 950.

[5] *Ib.* 954. This word nobis is formed from the Greek *ἄβυσσος*, through the Italian form *nabisso* for *in abysso*—a change similar to that which converted *ἐς κύνας βάλλειν* into *σκύβαλα*.

The blinded Devil.

One legend of the devil's death furnishes some singular points of comparison with the myth of Polyphêmos, although it seems rash to infer any direct derivation of the story from the Odyssey. The devil asks a man who is moulding buttons what he may be doing; and when the man answers that he is moulding eyes, asks him further whether he can give him a pair of new eyes. He is told to come again another day; and when he makes his appearance accordingly, the man tells him that the operation cannot be performed rightly unless he is first tightly bound with his back fastened to a bench. While he is thus pinioned, he asks the man's name. The reply is Issi ('himself'). When the lead is melted, the devil opens his eyes wide to receive the deadly stream. As soon as he is blinded he starts up in agony, bearing away the bench to which he had been bound, and when some workpeople in the fields ask him who had thus treated him, his answer is 'Issi teggi' (Self did it). With a laugh they bid him lie on the bed which he has made; 'selbst gethan, selbst habe.' The devil died of his new eyes, and was never seen again.[1]

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[1] Dasent, *Norse Tales*, introd. lxxxiv. Grimm, *D. M.* 900, 958. In other legends it is Herodias, who, confounded with her daughter, is made to dance on for ever; or Satia, Bertha, Abundia, (names denoting kindliness, brightness, or plenty), who, with Frigga, and Freya, Artemis and Diana, are degraded into leaders of midnight troops.

[2] Here Dionysos is lowered to the same level with Orion or Wuotan, Grimm, *D. M.* 961. The devil, of course, has his children, 'devil's brood,' 'devil's imps.' Grimm remarks that Teufelskind is synonymous with Donnerskind, and that here again we are confronted with old mythical expressions. Thunder is red-bearded, and the devil therefore has a beard of that colour, and the thunderbolts are his followers. Many expressions common to England and Germany come from the same source. The compassionate phrase 'der arme Teufel' was formerly 'der arme Donner;' and the expletives 'Hagel' 'Donner-wetter' and 'unser Herr-Gott' point to the time when the heathen Donar was lord of the atmosphere (*ib.* 965). His conduct to his wife also carries us back to some of the oldest mythical phrases. He is said to beat his wife when the rain falls in sunshine, and the rapid alternation of sunshine and shower is said to be caused by his blanching his grandmother.

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[1] Grimm, *D. M.* 963-980. It is unnecessary to trace in detail all the fancies and notions on the subject of the devil and his works which Grimm has gathered together; but it may be fairly said that scarcely a single point mentioned by him is without its value, as throwing light on popular forms of thought and expression.

The blinded devil reappears in Grimm's story of the Robber and his Sons, which reproduces the narrative of the Odyssey. Here the robber is the only one who is not devoured by the Giant, and he blinds his enemy while pretending to heal his eyes. In the sequel, instead of clinging to the ram's fleece he clings to the rafters of the ceiling, and afterwards wraps himself in a ram's skin, and so escapes between the giant's legs. But as soon as he gets out of the cave, he cannot resist the temptation of turning round, like Odysseus, to mock at his enemy. The giant, saying that so clever a man ought not go unrewarded, holds out to him a ring which, when placed on his finger, makes him cry out, 'Here I am, here I am.' But although he is guided by the sound, the giant stumbles sadly in his blindness, and the robber at last makes his escape by biting off his finger and so getting rid of the ring.

The blinded Kyklops forms the subject of the third voyage of Sindbad; but the myth has gained nothing by being dressed out in Arabian garb. He is the Urisk of the Western Fairy Tale. Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, 396. The Lap story runs as follows: 'There was a Karelian who had been taken by a giant and was kept in a castle. The giant had only one eye, but he had flocks and herds. The night came and the giant fell asleep. The Karelian put out his eye. The giant, who now could no longer see, sat at the door, and felt everything that went out. He had a great many sheep in the courtyard. The Karelian got under the belly of one of them and escaped.' Latham, *Nationalities of Europe*, i. 227.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.—Page 72.

Laios and Dasyu.

The objections raised by M. Comparetti (*Edipo e la Mitologia Comparata*), can scarcely be regarded as of weight against the identification of the Greek Laios with the Vedic Dasa or Dasyu, an enemy. Professor Max Müller, who thinks that *δάος* as a name of slaves, on which M. Bréal lays stress, may admit of a different explanation, still holds that Leôphontês as a name of Bellerophôn is a Greek equivalent of the Sanskrit dasyuhantu, the slayer of the enemies of the bright gods, i.e., of the dasas or demons of the Veda, 'such as Vritra, Ὄρθρος, Namuki, Ἀμυκός, Sambara and others.' He would even be inclined to trace back the common Greek word for people λαός, to the same source with the Sanskrit dasa, were it not that the change of *d* to *l* in Greek is restricted to certain dialects, and that 'it cannot be admitted as a general rule, unless there be some evidence to that effect,' *Chips*, ii. 167, 186–7. Some such evidence may be furnished by *δεύω* and *λούω* as being both the equivalents of the Latin lavare in our Homeric poems. Of the adjective *δάϊος* or *δήϊος*, hostile, he says, that it is clearly derived from the same source, the root being *das*, to perish, though it is true that in its frequent application to fire the adjective *δάϊος* might well be referred to the root *da*, to burn.' But surely a root which conveys the sense of perishing, i.e., of an abstract result, must itself be referred to some means or process which produced that result. We could not say that *mri* was a root signifying, in the first instance, *to die*: but this meaning is accounted for, when we see that it first meant to grind, and hence that the thing crushed may be said to die. The root *das* would thus be simply the root *da* in a different application.

APPENDIX B.—Page 102.

I give this conclusion in Professor Max Müller's words, *Chips* &c. ii. 234, not only because they must strengthen any inferences which I may venture to make, but because I wish to disclaim any merit of having been the first to proclaim it. I must be forgiven if I notice here, once for all, the strange plan which some writers have thought fit to adopt of quoting as coming from myself passages which I have quoted from others. Thus Mr. Mozley, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, rejected the solar character of the Trojan War on the ground that this conclusion was a fancy on my part shared by none others, and cited without inverted commas words which in the *Manual of Mythology* I had quoted with inverted commas from Professor Max Müller's *Lectures on Language*, second series, p. 471. These words are the simple assertion that the siege of Troy is 'a reflection of the daily siege of the East by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their brightest treasures in the West.' I am fully prepared to share the responsibility which may be involved in this belief, supported as it is by a mass of evidence which it is almost impossible to strengthen, and which might rather be thought, and probably hereafter will be thought, ludicrously excessive in amount; but I cannot claim the merit of having been the first to propound it. The solar character of Achilleus and of the Odyssey I had fully recognised and distinctly declared in the Introduction to the *Tales of Thebes and Argos*; but on the meaning of the siege of Troy itself I had said nothing.

I cannot but regret the remarks with which Mr. Gould has closed his excellent chapter on the Tell story, which he thinks has not its signification 'painted on the surface' like the legends of Phoibos or Baldur. 'Though it is possible,' he adds, 'that Gessler or Harald may be the power of evil and darkness, and the bold archer the storm-cloud with his arrow of lightning and his iris bow bent against the sun which is resting like a coin or golden apple on the edge of the horizon, yet we have no guarantee that such an interpretation is not an overstraining of a theory.' Such an overstraining would probably be confined to himself. The elements common to all the versions of the myth are the apple, or some other round object, and an unerring archer: but here, as we have seen, the absolute agreement ends; and it is enough to say that the attributes assigned to Tell, Cloudeslee (whose very name marks him as an inhabitant of the Phaiakian or Cloudland), and the rest are the attributes of the sun in all the systems of Aryan mythology, while no such unfailing skill is attributed to the storm-cloud. Still less was it necessary to insert here a caution which in its proper place may be of great service. This caution is directed against a supposed temptation felt by Comparative Mythologists to resolve real history into solar legends, and it is supported by an ingenious and amusing argument proving that Napoleon Bonaparte was the Sun. The parallel cited by Mr. Gould is drawn out with great cleverness; but with reference to the legend of Tell it is absolutely without point. Mr. Gould has demolished its historical character and cast it aside as a narrative based on actual facts not less decidedly than Professor Max Müller or Dr. Dasent. Like the latter he is perfectly aware that 'it is not told at all of Tell in Switzerland before the year 1499, and the earlier Swiss Chronicles omit it altogether.'—Dasent, *Norse Tales*, Introduction, xxxv. Hence we are dealing with matters which have not only no sort of contemporary attestation but which cannot be made to fit in with the known facts of the time. Thus the warning based on the supposed mythical character of Napoleon applies only to those who may resolve Perikles or Alexander the Great into the sun; and we may well wait until some Comparative Mythologist gravely asserts that we may treat or regard as mythical events and characters for which we have the undoubted and unquestionable testimony of contemporary writers. The lack or the complete absence of all such evidence is an essential criterion in the assignment of a narrative to the respective domains of mythology or history or to the border lands which may separate the one from the other. All, therefore, that Professor Max Müller does for the story of Tell is to group it with other legends more or less closely resembling it, and then to state the meaning of a myth, which is not more a myth in his own judgment than it is in that of Mr. Gould.

APPENDIX C.—Page 115.

The Stauros or Cross.

The forms of these crosses varied indefinitely from the simple Tau to the most elaborate crosses of four limbs, with whose modified outlines the beautiful designs of Christian art have made us familiar. 'Wäre das Kreuz keine Phallus-zeichen, so fragt sich, was sollte die Kreuzigung der Psychê (die Seele ist hier, weil sie zur Sinnlichkeit sich hinneigt, als weibliches Wesen aufgefasst) durch Eros, für einen Sinn gehabt haben? Oder welche Absicht leitete jenen Maler, dessen Kunstwerk den Ausonius zu der Idylle, Cupido cruci affixus, begeisterte?'—Nork, s. v. *Kreuz*, 389. The malefactor's cross or gibbet, the infelix arbos or accursed tree of the old Roman law, is as distinct from the stauros or pole of Osiris as is the Vritra who opposes Indra from the subtle serpent which tempts the woman into transgression. But in both cases the terms applied to the one are, according to the mind of later thinkers, blended with the language used of the other, and on the subject of the cross both ideas have notably converged. But the cross of shame and the cross of life are images which can be traced back to times long preceding the dawn of Christianity. In his chapter on the Legend of the Cross Mr. Gould, *Curious Myths*, ii. 79, gives a drawing of a large cross found in the pavement of a Gallo-Roman palace at Pont d'Oli, near Pau. In the centre of this cross is a figure of the water-god, with his trident (another form of the rod of Hermes) surrounded by figures of fishes (the vesica piscis or Yoni). Mr. Gould also gives engravings of a large number of crosses of various shapes which are certainly not Christian, and then expresses his belief that the cross was a Gaulish sign. Doubtless it was, but Mr. Gould has himself shown that it was also Egyptian. It is unfortunate that he should have looked on this subject as one which might be suitably dealt with by means of conjectures, assumptions, and arbitrary conclusions. He needed not to enter upon it at all; but having done so, he was bound to deal with the facts. Among the facts which he notices are the cross-shaped hammer or fylfot of Thor, and the cross of Serapis or Osiris: he also mentions a coin of Byblos on which Astartê is represented as holding 'a long staff surmounted by a cross and resting her foot on the prow of a galley,' (96), and an inscription to Hermes Chthonios in Thessaly 'accompanied by a Calvary cross' (98). Having collected these with many other specimens, Mr. Gould contents himself in one page (94) with saying that 'no one knows and probably no one ever will know what originated the use of this sign' (the cross with the ovoid handle) 'and gave it such significance.' Elsewhere (105), he asserts that the sign had a religious signification, and that all these crosses (108), were symbols of the Rain-god. We can but ask for the reason; but from Mr. Gould we get only the assurance that he sees no difficulty in believing that the Cross, as a sacred sign, formed a portion of the primæval religion, and that trust in the cross was a part of the ancient faith which taught men to believe in a Trinity and in the other dogmas which Mr. Gladstone declares to have been included in the revelation made to Adam on the Fall. The difficulty of accepting Mr. Gould's solution of the matter lies in the absurdities into which the theory must lead everyone who adopts it. To assert baldly that the phallic hypothesis is untenable, is unphilosophical; to say that he has reasons which he cannot give in a work addressed to general readers is to assign an excellent reason for not treating the subject at all, but certainly not for dismissing the question with the dictum that he has examined the evidence for a given hypothesis and found it wanting. Every fact mentioned by Mr. Gould through the article points to the very conclusion which he curtly pronounces untenable.

In an illustration inserted in his *Tales of the West Highlands*, iii. 339, Mr. Campbell has 'copied all the fish which are figured on the Sculptured Stones of Scotland, together with some of the characteristic ornaments which accompany them.' Among these the phallic serpent and the budding thyrsos are conspicuous enough.

I have confined myself in this chapter to the citation of facts which few probably will dispute; I am not bound, therefore, to examine theories which do not take into account all these facts or their bearings on each other. But I refer gladly to an article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' January 1870, on the Pre-Christian Cross, as bringing together a mass of facts, every one of which points in the direction indicated by the earliest form of the emblems under discussion. Of the reviewer's theory as to their origin and meaning, I can but say that it is a theory resting on assumption. It may be true, but until it is proved, it cannot satisfy those who object to having one set of facts put aside in order to explain another. The reviewer's conclusion is that the worship of the cross or tree was suggested by the date-palm, the 'prince of vegetation,' and asks 'what better picture or more significant characters could have been selected for the purpose than a circle and a cross; the one to denote a region of absolute purity and perpetual felicity; the other those four perennial streams that divided and watered the several quarters of it?' I confess myself quite unable to see either the force of this, or any connexion between the symbols and the ideas; but on the other hand we have the indisputable facts that the earliest form of the cross (a word which has acquired a meaning so equivocal as to mislead almost every one who uses it) is simply the pole or the Tau, and that with this stauros or pole, the ring, or the boat-shaped sign, has from the first been associated in every country. These are everywhere the earliest forms, and for these alone we must in the first instance account. To go off to later developements in which the sign has assumed something like the form of the date-palm is a mere hysteron-proteron. When it has been disproved that the Linga and Yoni have in every country been regarded as the emblems of vitality and reproduction, and as such have been used everywhere to denote the vivifying power of the sun, and therefore adopted as emblems in his worship, we may go on to test the value of theories which, until this is done, have no base to stand on. I feel confident that on further consideration the reviewer will see that the facts which he has brought together do not support his conclusions.

I avail myself, further, of this opportunity of referring to a suggestive paper by Mr. N. G. Batt, on the Corruption of Christianity by Paganism, *Contemporary Review*, March 1870, and of quoting his remarks on the phallic character of the columns used by the 'pillared saints.'

'One of the most extraordinary accommodations of heathen ideas to corrupt Christianity is the now obsolete form of asceticism, introduced by Simon Stylites in the neighbourhood of Antioch, and very popular during the last age of the Roman empire. We are told by Lucian in his interesting treatise on the Syrian goddess, that in Hierapolis on the Euphrates there stood a renowned temple of the Assyrian Juno, in front of which two columns, each thirty cubits high, were set up in the shape of phalli. "Now it was the annual custom for a priest to climb to the top of one of these pillars by the aid of a cord drawn round the column and his own body, in the same manner as the gatherers of dates ascend their palm-trees. And the reason of his going up is this, that most people think that from this height he converses with the gods, and asks blessings for all Syria. He remains there seven days, drawing up his food by a rope. The pilgrims bring some gold and silver, and others brass money, which they lay down before him, while another priest repeats their names to him, upon which he prays for each offerer by name, ringing a bell as he does so. He never sleeps, for if he did it is said that a scorpion would bite him. Moreover, this temple exhales a most delightful perfume like that of Arabia, which never leaves the garments of such as approach it." Now with the classical author's account compare the narrative of Evagrius four centuries later. "Simon of holy memory originated (?) the contrivance of stationing himself on the top of a column forty cubits high, where, placed between earth and heaven, he holds communion with God, and unites in praises with the angels, from earth offering his intercessions on behalf of men, and from heaven drawing down upon them the divine favour."'

In other words, the so-called Christian practice was indubitably heathen; and the heathen rite was indubitably phallic.

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